

issue #22

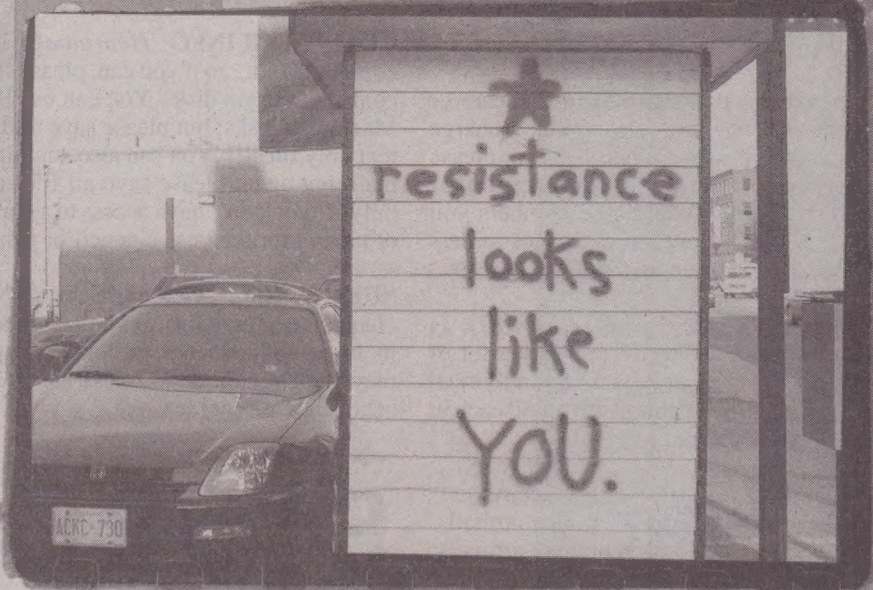
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A Women's Issue
Part 1 of 2

heartattack



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distribution

Issue #22 • 11,000 copies
May, 1999

DISTRIBUTION: *HeartattaCk* wholesales for 5¢ plus postage.

America: \$5 box = 30+ 'zines
\$10 box = 65+ 'zines
World: \$5 box = 15+ 'zines
\$10 box = 30+ 'zines

You can then sell them for 25¢ or 50¢ each or give them away, but please don't charge more than 50¢ each. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition, not HaC.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: *HeartattaCk* is basically free, but we have to pay a lot of postage to send them to you. So individual issues of HaC are available for \$1.50 each in the United States and for:

America: \$1.50 each (1 copy)
Canada: \$2 each (1 copy airmail)
World: \$3 each (1 copy airmail)

Back issues are available at this rate as well. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition, not HaC.

#3-#6 the usual HaC shit
#11 discussion about rape continues
#15 the Steve Snyder highlight issue
#16 discussion about rape continues
#17 interview with 'zine editors
#18 the sex issue
#19 1997 Poll results
#20 DIY issue
#21 response to the DIY issue
All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

COMPUTER INFO: *HeartattaCk* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: *HeartattaCk* contains extremely small text in large abundance. Prolonged exposure may cause blindness, dizziness, bagel tossing, headaches, or anal leakage.

STORES

If you would like to get copies of *HeartattaCk* then please contact Ebullition Records at (805) 964-6111 or by fax at (805) 964-2310. Ebullition also distributes many of the records advertised and reviewed in HaC. If you know of a store in your area that should be carrying HaC or other Ebullition stuff then send the store's fax number or address to Ebullition.

DEADLINES: *HeartattaCk* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. The deadlines are as follows:

January 1st • April 1st
July 1st • October 1st

ADVERTISING RATES: Advertising is available on a first come first serve basis, and please only one ad per person. All ads need to be in by the deadlines. We do reserve the right to reject any ad for any reason. Make all checks or money orders out to Ebullition, not *HeartattaCk*. Please send all ads in on paper.

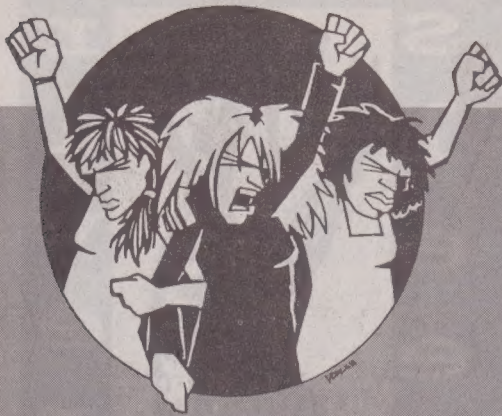
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Lisa "kickin' ass and taking names" **Oglesby**
Kent "I still wanna be first, dammit" **McClard**
Leslie "Ha, ha, ha, Kent finally loses!" **Kahan**

THE MOVERS AND THE SHAKERS: Mike Amezcua, Jamie Gluck, Kieran Aarons, Mandi Ginsburg, Chuck Franco, Adi Tejada, Dylan Ostendorf, John Perry, Jessica Ingram, Dan Fontaine, Nicole Gieck, Paul C. Dykman, Eric Gormley, Jen Hate, Steve Aoki, Adam Brandt, Graham Donath, Denver Dale, Cody Duncan, Ryan Gratzner, Steve Snyder, Brett Hall, and Noel Sullivan.

CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HeartattaCk* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

COVER PHOTOS: Kandis



Vulvalution: A Women's Issue, part 1 of 2

The punk/hardcore community is meant to be a place where diversity and communication are encouraged. A place to feel comfortable expressing the ideas that are often looked down upon or are ignored by "mainstream" society. A place to explore and act upon all of these new ideas and gain a better perspective on your own life, and the lives of others. I know that it does not always live up to its potential, but that is where I see a large part of the value and inspiration in punk coming from. Each and every person in the punk community has a voice.

The point of *HeartattaCk*, for me, is to be a forum for expression—for each voice to be heard and taken for what it is. I never wanted HaC to be filled with page after page of the same message. It is obvious that there are many diverse backgrounds and experiences that lead people into doing whatever it is that they do, and I want *HeartattaCk* to be a documentation of those experiences—a documentation of the human experience. Punk rock is not solely about music... at least not any punk rock that I want to be a part of.

This issue of *HeartattaCk* is largely filled with content created by women. I frequently hear people comment on the fact that there are "no women in the punk community." That statement is simply not true. There are women kicking ass in all aspects—from booking shows to working in collectives to writing 'zines to playing in bands to simply being awesome people that live their lives in ways that make themselves and the people around them think. Punk is about much more than music, and there are a million different ways to be punk. To limit the perception to one small aspect is to deny yourself the opportunity to hear so many amazing voices.

The people who wrote in this issue of *HeartattaCk* are no different than you. We are all simply people, and we all have something to say. In a world that constantly tells you to step into line and shut up, it can be a great challenge to open your

mouth and speak. Even though it may not be easy, it is important—because if you don't speak for yourself then somebody will undoubtedly speak for you and I, for one, don't want my voice to be taken away by Nike or McDonald's or Generation X. Every act of expression takes some bit of control away from those who want to monopolize our voices—it can be expression in the form of columns in 'zines or through making your own clothing or participating in direct action or calling people on racist/sexist/homophobic/classist

essentially Lisa and I wanted to put together an issue of *HeartattaCk* that focused on women in the punk community, though not necessarily limited to their direct involvement in this community. A good part of my inspiration for this project came from the fact that I know a lot of awesome women who are doing so much fantastic stuff, and I wanted their voices to be heard—voices that are often bypassed in the frantic search to hear the new cool band. Voices that are strong and essential and inspirational. Voices that are making such a pronounced and vital impact on the world around them.

I want to make it clear that this is not the token issue of *HeartattaCk* to feature women—like we are some sort of commodity that can be thoroughly and adequately dissected and described in one or two issues of a magazine. The presence of punk women (and of everyone else; for that matter) ought to be represented in every issue, but for that to happen, people need to write in and take full advantage of the forum. I am certain that you have something to say... so say it!

Several people have mentioned to me in that past that they wanted to write for *HeartattaCk* but they have never been asked. There is no way for us to approach each and every reader individually—so please consider this your invitation. If you ever have ideas or questions about submissions, feel free to write in. The majority of the content that is in *HeartattaCk* every issue comes from people who simply write something down and send it in.

I hope that these two lady-centered issues of *HeartattaCk* can, in some way, can remind everyone of all of the brilliantly wonderful women involved in punk rock. Never ignore or forget these women. To do so would be your great loss.

Women as thinkers, women as artists, women as writers, women as organizers, women as speakers, women as cooks, women as supporters, women as musicians, women as shit-workers, women as activists... —leslie



photo by Kandis

attitudes or any one of many other things. The most important part is simply the expression of opinion.

The concept for this "women's issue" was vague from the start—

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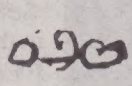
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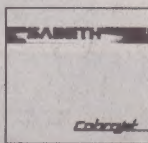
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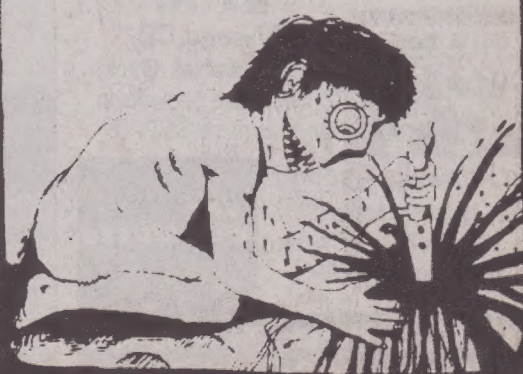
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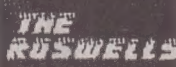
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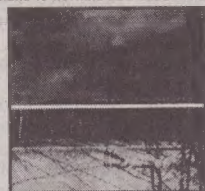
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Dear HaC,

I have been contemplating this letter on and off now for a long while, and right now seems to be the appropriate time to write it. Well, let me get straight to the matter. When I was in high school, immersed in the hardcore scene, I committed an act of sexual assault. I had been with my girlfriend at that time for five months when the incident happened. One day we began drinking alcohol after having had sex, which we had been doing regularly since the end of the first month we had been together. A couple of hours later, she became unconscious, or at least semi-conscious, as a result of the alcohol. She was lying on the floor in her underwear, and in a moment of ultimate selfish passion, I had sex with her. She became aware of my intrusion, but she did not let it be known to me. I pulled out after not too long, and she woke up after a short while. Later she said something alluding to what I had done, but I wasn't sure that's what she was referring to. The next day when I talked to her on the phone, it all came out. We broke up about two weeks after that happened, and although I tried to maintain contact with her, I knew she didn't want anything to do with me, so I stopped calling.

Now most of you reading this right now all probably already sickened by what you have just read, most likely experiencing a strong feeling in your gut, perhaps even like the one I have as I write this. Most people wouldn't expect a person who has done something such as I have to write publicly about it, but I feel a strong need to do so. First, let me explore and explain my motives and reasons for writing, but before I go on, let me say that if I at all sound aloof, it is because I am trying to maintain a somewhat rational approach to this letter insofar as I can. However, it is hard to escape the ultimate subjective nature of my point of view.

First, there is the obvious

letters

extreme feeling of guilt that I carry with me every day of my life, and deservedly so. In the first couple of months following the incident, I wanted her to turn me in to the police, I wanted to be punished. I realize now that no court of law could ever punish me in the way my guilt has, but maybe some of you would tend to disagree with this (I also think that the law does very little to solve social ills, shutting someone in a cage is not going to rehabilitate them, it is going to aggravate their psychological state).

My guilt is my self-expression of punishment for what I did. There are not too many days where I do not think about what I did and the repercussions it has had on my

life. That event changed the course of my life dramatically and unalterably, closing off many possibilities for my future, loss of friends (although not my true friends), and my subtle or not-so-subtle elimination from the hardcore scene. These are the consequences of my actions; I do not think they are unjust, nor do I think they are necessarily bad. They have made me who I am today, and I'm not entirely dissatisfied with who I have become.

Following from my guilt is my desire for absolution. Now I don't mean absolution in any kind of religious sense, but a form of self-absolution from my guilt that also entails a need for approval by others—to be honest, I've never really fit in anywhere, beginning in early childhood. I'm almost certain this won't happen, because a) some degree of guilt will remain with me until I die, unless I experience some kind of spiritual epiphany; and b) people are not so easily forgiving, especially in the hardcore scene. I've always thought about going to a show and going on stage to talk about what I did, but that never happened, for reasons that follow. The scene I was involved in was more concerned about status founded on how PC or straight edge you

were (I'm generalizing—not everyone was like that) rather than open communication based on practical, human experience—it's no coincidence that community and communication have the same root. People turned away from me, in a sense ignoring me. They wanted to cease knowing me, from knowing my experience. Does that not sound a bit akin to ignorance? In this way my scene was incredibly hypocritical. Most of the purpose behind this letter is to *not* ignore my problem and the overlying social ill, and to provoke thought and discussion, and more importantly, *communication*. However, I understand that the situation back then was awkward, and it was an incredibly difficult thing to face and to talk about. There are so many opposing emotions: sympathy/empathy for the victim and vehement anger and indignation towards the perpetrator, as well as many others. I don't blame anyone for the handling of the problem. Turning away is easy and passive; confronting it (in this I mean in a meaningful, productive way, not physical) demands the pro-active intent of the will.

So far most of this letter has mainly dealt with *myself* and *my* feelings. This is where I have to change. I must give of myself significantly before I can lessen the burden of guilt on my shoulders, and in turn help others. I must pursue acts of selflessness, the characteristic opposite of the act I committed. Currently I am seeking to volunteer at a women's shelter or rape crisis centre. I have developed the resolve I believe I need in order to follow through with this, and this letter is part of that strength of will. Above I spoke of being pro-active. This is what I must do. Part of this realization came from conversations I had recently with different people, including my partner I am with now. The reiterated idea was that it would be essential for me to do this. The reason I am only now following through with this (shortly after the incident I signed up to volunteer at a rape crisis centre, but did not follow through) is partly lack of motivation, but mostly fear. I am afraid that if I did volunteer at a centre, they might find out about what I did. This is a fear I constantly live with, but in this case I have to overcome it, regardless of whether the centre happens to find out about my act. I would also like to think that I could communicate with

being)

Sincerely, Anon.

P.S. I am withholding my name because I do not wish to be bombarded with hate mail and possibly even death threats. While I know for the most part, HaC readers are intelligent, decent people (from what I've read in the letters), it only takes a minority to sour things. Besides, I don't really think it's necessary that people know my name; most of you will never meet me anyway. However, it is sad that I can't have direct correspondence with those of you who wish to discuss further. Yes, to an extent I am hiding behind my anonymity, but I feel it's justified.

Dear HeartattaCk,

I'm not sure who wrote the words at the beginning of issue 21. It's only the second issue I've picked up and I'm not familiar with who's who yet. Regardless of who wrote them, the scattered thoughts on that second page were not wasted, were not simply filler space. However disjointedly, they express thoughts and emotions that are almost exactly what mine have been at various times, even very recently. It's always comforting to me in a way to encounter someone who, in suffering the same way as I do, appears to be able to relate. It seems like I've spent my entire life thus far turning over the same ideas in every possible direction, searching for some flaw to get my fingers into, some way to break the thing open and finally see whatever is at the center of it. But all struggle seems to be in vain, which is terrifying. As that someone stated better than I can, "we can exist in ambiguity, but it means the deepest loneliness." Is that a conclusion? I for one can't be resigned to it. The "need to know" is the most gripping passion I have ever felt. I have to ask, why do I feel it? Why have I been formed this way? Am I endowed with a defective mind? I am not alone. What purpose can this instinctual misery serve? It has occurred to me before that maybe, as much as I think of myself as an open-minded individual, I'm not giving fair consideration to everything that deserves it.

Specifically, because there is such a

HeartattaCk • PO Box 848 • Goleta, CA 93116

the person I inflicted so much pain upon. I've thought a lot about writing her, but I've never actually gone through with it. Would she simply rip up my letter? How deep is her hatred for me? Can she ever forgive me? If so, should she? If not, what then? These are questions that I cannot answer, at least not at this point.

The other change that needs to be made is that which corresponds to the overlying social problem of the inequality of women in relation to men, or more specifically, the unequal distribution of power between genders, in this case the power being sexual. What I did was a clear act of a man exercising sexual power and its resultant control. When it comes to gender issues of a non-sexual nature (perhaps this is somewhat contradictory, in that sex is the reference point for gender), I believe that I am on much firmer ground, such as believing in sharing equally in housework, parenting, opportunity, etc. However, I am driven by a strong sexual force which I find extremely hard to reconcile with some of my ideals. This is the hardest thing for me. Volunteering isn't the most difficult task (although I'm sure at times it can be) in that it simply requires your time, for you to be there, and get done what needs to be done. I can do that (am I being presumptuous?). To change innate and conditioned sexual attitudes demands much more, but this is something I must do. I must question every aspect of my perception of women and turn that view upside down. This is not something that can be achieved overnight, but gradually and through stages.

As of right now, what I did comprises the very core of my character, in that it is to an extent all-consuming. I think about it all the time. But I've realized I cannot loath myself forever. A person can't love others if they don't first love themselves, and that is probably the most important thing humans have: love. What I did goes against this, and it tears me apart to think that I was capable of something like that. While I understand that some people (most?) will be incredibly incensed at this letter, I hope that it will provoke debate and discussion which will hopefully help us to understand ourselves, as human beings, better. (Yes, I am a human

widespread anti-religion stance in the hardcore scene, it's easy to be discouraged from evaluating religion with the objective approach we try to take toward other issues. I would go so far as to say that many individuals might be intimidated into a rejection of religion without ever weighing the messages involved for themselves. Last issue's column by Jason, "Terrorism as a Means of Self-Actualization," was very good, and I agree with almost every word of it. Hopefully it is clear to everyone that the cultural terrorism he speaks of is present, especially in hardcore. In the same way many Christians "extend the hand of terrorism rather than the hands of grace," most of the vocal participants in hardcore are saying one thing and doing another.

In a scene that is in large part built around outrage at the general state of things, many people lose their tolerance and compassion. How does telling a person who has personally decided to believe in God that he has no place in the scene help hardcore? How much do the people involved in this scene want to change people's minds and improve the world, and how much do they want to be a part of a clique, an anti-everything club that is at times beautiful and purposeful but is much more often just destructive? The balance doesn't appear to be what it should. It is ironic that there is a call for new voices in the scene and at the same time bands like MK Ultra are writing in their liner notes, "You want to say that hardcore is a place where everyone is welcome and people with differing opinions can hang out and sing together. Count me out." Count me out if that's not what it is. There is a big difference between disagreeing with a person's convictions and saying "FUCK YOUR LIFE." I, for one, don't see the difference between that statement directed at a christian and that statement directed at a woman, or a racial minority, or a homosexual. No one deserves that. The last paragraph of the Born Dead Icons interview in issue 21 is very revealing. "I think that all of the christian bands and this christian label have nothing to do with punk because religion has nothing to do with it. Fuck them. [laughter from all]." It seems like every band has to throw in their token anti-religion statement/song,

often without any thought or originality being put into it so they can continue to conform to the standard politics of a scene I thought was about non-conformity.

One of the most prevalent criticisms of christianity is that it is all about surrender; no one questions their beliefs. This is absolutely true, the vast majority of christians don't put real thought into their beliefs; they inherit them from their families or friends or just want a place to be accepted or whatever. But I ask, who is questioning hardcore? Who second-guesses their positions before ranting about them in a 'zine or at a show that is only seen by others who already share the same opinion. Too often hardcore is more like a pep rally than a forum for debate and enlightenment.

Maybe it is just my misconception of it that leaves me disillusioned. The only thing that is apparent is that people are the same everywhere, whether they are lined up in pews or covered with patches and armed with guitars. Most people are too quick to accept whatever they are inclined to identify with. Most people are hypocritical. Most people are condemning, careless, and intolerant in their speech and actions. I know by now it looks like I have digressed far from my original topic, but I think I know what I'm doing. I feel empty. I seek an understanding. And I am actively seeking. That means crossing the boundaries imposed by the scene and society and tapping the ideas of people who are different than me, not just hearing another perspective but giving it a deep and sincere consideration.

I am not saying that christianity is the substance that will fill the void. I don't know what I believe, but I know that I want to believe something. Either there is a god or there isn't. It's not a question that can be passed off with a maybe. I can't believe that either a god or nature designed me to feel so sick to my stomach with nothingness. There has to be something to be satisfied with. To fail to consider something because the general consensus in your particular community or subculture is against it is simply foolish. If hardcore is really about presenting solutions and not just raving about the problems, then we have to stop professing open-mindedness and start to live it, start to

or review then fuck them... life consists of more than DIY. I mean why should you do this 'zine and label and lose thousands of dollars annually because of a warped punk ethic... I mean you started the damn 'zine because you didn't agree with MRR, but in effect you are doing the same thing with your review and ad policy... fuck it I know I am not making much sense but this was the first article in HaC that moved me enough to write. I mean you have a website... how "DIY" is that. Well thanxxx for listening...

Chad Ingold; Chadedge@aol.com

Hey, Chad, guess what, I have a phone too, and we use pencils and pens. And, hey, I am typing this on a computer. It isn't about the tools that you use, but how you use those tools. A web site is just another tool. Personally I think HaC should be a tool for the community and not for companies that want to use the community as a tool to make money. —Kent

Dear HaC,

I am writing in response to a letter from Zeke Baker in HaC #21 in which he defends Christian hardcore. I figured a good number of people would write in and tell Zeke he was stupid and that he lost major scene points for defending religion. My letter, however, is not the case. Instead I am writing to support him. Before I lose any scene points, allow me to explain myself...

I believe that part of hardcore is questioning authority, and thinking for yourself. I definitely see a problem with people who blindly follow religion because that is the way they were raised, or hide behind religion out of fear. To put your faith in something just because you need structure in your life, or just because that's what you've been doing since childhood, seems to me to be a waste of time. It makes much more sense for somebody to believe in a religion or god because that is who they are, and they have taken the time to figure out that said religion (yes, even Christianity) is truly what they believe in. I have always gone to church with my family, for as long as I remember, and I will continue to, as long as I live with them, if for no other

looking down on a homosexual, or a person who has other beliefs besides their own. To each is own... duh.

One last thing, in the interview with Reversal of Man in HaC #20, they talked about how indie rock is killing hardcore... think about all the "indie rock" bands that are a lot more sincere, and hardcore in ethics, than most of the played out watered down hardcore bands out there. Thanks.

Your Friend,

John Martin/Kerygma 'Zine Distro/Another Name For Nothing 'zine/1609 Persinger Rd./SW Roanoke, VA 24015; namefornothing@hotmail.com

HeartattaCk,

I'm writing in response to the letter Zeke Baker wrote last issue pertaining to Christianity. Zeke, it's people like you that make me question this beloved little scene we all (?) hold so close to our hearts. In your letter you state that you believe in the teachings of Christ, and "That teaching was love, not hate"; Well I've got news for you, the bible states that homosexuals are an "abomination," which, simply stated, means revolting. Gee, an entire group of people considered evil simply because whom they have sexual relationships with? That sounds like hate to me, not love. I'm also certain that the bible states that women should serve their husbands. That is pretty much as sexist as you can get, and frankly I don't see anything loving about that either.

I also wonder, Zeke, how the thousands of people who were killed by these "loving" people would feel about your statements? The ancient civilizations in Central America received a full dose of this Christian "love" when they were killed for disagreeing. What about the Native Americans, you can't forget about them either, they received so much "love" that they

listen to each other, start to care. Something somewhere is the right thing. Something is the truth. And maybe if we will stop being a club and start being individuals we will find it. [laughter from all]

Brian Watson/442 White Path St./Pataskala, OH 43062; onusx@eudoramail.com

Dear Kent,

I have never felt the need to write to **HeartattaCk** before. I usually find most the articles entirely too "PC" for my tastes, but I still buy **HeartattaCk** consistently when it comes out; actually I think I have probably bought every issue since number 1, but that is besides the point. The reason I am writing is to discuss the article you wrote in #20 about your ad and review policy.

I think you are entirely too idealistic. I mean, I think it is good to keep it DIY, but what the hell does that mean anymore, anyway. You said you felt sketchy running ads for Revelation, Jade Tree, etc... but these labels put out good releases while still maintaining as much punk ethic as possible when they get as big as they have gotten. Revelation started out just as small as any other label, they have just had the luck to put out consistently good releases.

Sure Revelation makes money and sure the have major distribution, but after a while it just wouldn't be worth it to keep it as DIY as Ebullition or smaller labels. You always say you don't want to limit what hardcore is or isn't, or what punk rock is or isn't... I mean isn't that the whole reason you started the 'zine... but in essence you are telling these labels that you refuse to review or advertise for that they aren't punk enough to be in your 'zine... granted it is YOUR 'zine and far be it from me to tell you what to do with it... but let's be honest, these labels will give you money to run their ads, and send you promos to review. I don't see anything wrong with doing it. Sure it is that kind of complacent attitude that breeds the death of the DIY attitude, but not in this case. If people are to insecure with their own definition of punk ethic to overlook a disagreeable ad

reason than to spend time with them. I am, however, taking time off to think about why I say I believe in Christianity; if this is really something that I believe in, or if this is something that has been spoon fed to me, and has no place in my life. If I make the decision that religion is not who I am, or that it is something that I don't need in my life, then it will be a decision made all on my own, not because it is the hardcore thing to do.

Putting your faith in religion is a lot like putting your faith in hardcore. A lot of people use both to put structure in their lives, and to feel acceptance. Both cases can let you down. In religion, you can have unanswered prayers, or other such things that may make you lose your religion. In hardcore, it can be something as simple as meeting one of your favorite bands and finding out they're a bunch of jerks, or being on the receiving end of one of the many -isms that plague our community that makes you lose your faith in hardcore.

The difference between hardcore and religion (besides the whole god thing) is that hardcore urges you to think for yourself, and to accept other people despite their differences. In Christianity, the bible does say that homosexuality is wrong along with certain other lifestyles, but nowhere does it say to hate them. Actually quite a few times, it says to love all people. What's wrong with that message? It's better than a lot of hardcore bands that sing about beating people up for not believing what they think is right (Earth Crisis?).

People tend to forget that part of hardcore is accepting people despite differences in beliefs and views, and that includes religion. Hardcore accepts people of different races, sexes, and why not religion. I don't care if you're a Christian, Buddhist, Muslim, Wicca, Satanist, etc... as long as you don't preach to me. Not forcing beliefs is another part of hardcore that originally attracted me. But as soon as some kid says he is Christian, everybody who heard the Absinthe 10" will be jumping all over them trying to tell them that they are wrong, and that they need to change... see anything just a little hypocritical here? I do.

All in all, people who use religion in their lives need not be looked down upon. It is the same as

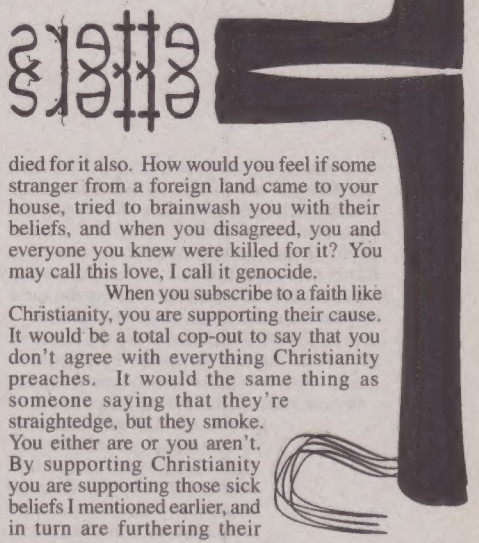
died for it also. How would you feel if some stranger from a foreign land came to your house, tried to brainwash you with their beliefs, and when you disagreed, you and everyone you knew were killed for it? You may call this love, I call it genocide.

When you subscribe to a faith like Christianity, you are supporting their cause. It would be a total cop-out to say that you don't agree with everything Christianity preaches. It would the same thing as someone saying that they're straightedge, but they smoke. You either are or you aren't. By supporting Christianity you are supporting those sick beliefs I mentioned earlier, and in turn are furthering their cause.

Your letter really made me irate when you said that you listen to Born Against. That struck me as being very funny. Born Against, in my opinion, are one of the greatest political hardcore punk bands ever, right next to Los Crudos. How can you sit there and say you listen to Born Against, when they were against everything you stand for? Have you ever listened to "Eulogy," how about "Organ of Hope?" I recommend reading those lyrics, or maybe you already have and it just went over your head?

I've said it before and I'll say it again, religion has no place in the punk/hardcore scene. I've always thought that punk was anti-establishment, while religion being one of the biggest establishments out there. I don't think there should be any punk rule book, but cut me a fucking break already. Next thing you know people will be singing the praises of Jerry Falwell, Ronald Reagan, and the rest of the bigots in their lyrics and fanzines.

If someone wishes to worship a god or practice a religion then be my guest, that's your choice, but I sure won't. I may argue and debate with you, but



in the end everyone has the right to believe what they will. Unlike the Christians I won't kill you for believing different than I do. It's when this religious bile is pushed in the punk scene that I get angry. Save your bullshit false ideals and lies for church because it's got no place in the punk scene. I'm outta breath, flustered, and annoyed, so I hope my point was clear. I'm going to go listen to the Dead Kennedys now.

Thank You,
Joe Hays; jphays@sprynet.com

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

Hello. First of all I'd like to state that I really like *HeartattaCk* very much. I think it's a very inspiring 'zine and a valuable source of information for everyone interested. If I didn't care about *HeartattaCk* I wouldn't even bother writing.

The thing is, almost every time I see a Brazilian band reviewed (or from other Latin American countries sometimes, although Brazil stands out for the obvious fact that it's where I come from, so I know more about it), I see a fair amount of negligence and maybe

even a little less respect than I think a band deserves. No, I'm not talking about "good," or "bad" reviews, and in fact, most reviews tend to be good. What I'm talking about is that almost every time you guys

review a Brazilian band you make ridiculous mistakes like I've seen in issue 20 where you stated that the band Paura is "Buenos Aires Hardcore," when obviously, as the very address bellow states, it's from Sao Paulo, Brazil actually. What the fuck is that about? How did you come up with the conclusion that they're from Buenos Aires??? Maybe because for the reviewing person all those 3rd world South American countries are the same, so it doesn't matter... well, imagine you had a band and you sent

try to talk about matters outside their backyards. It's either "white men guilt" about being "imitated" and colonizing other countries with their culture or a total disregard for hardcore produced in other countries, which, in my opinion are absolutely the same thing. We are not exotic, we are not imitations of US bands (at least not more than US bands are imitations of other US bands) and we are not to be treated any differently. Hardcore is not American, it's worldwide. By the way, (ask Felix Von Havoc), until the '90s there were probably more Brazilian bands influenced by Finnish and Swedish (and vice versa) than by USA hardcore.

But what does the metropolis know and care about its colonies anyway...

Pedro Carvalho/C.P.11190-2/Sao Paulo, SP/
Brazil 05422-970; pedro2@macbbs.com.br

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

Hi, my name is Anita and I'm from Mtn. View, CA (I just recently moved to Gilroy). My boyfriend told me you were making a women's issue and I thought that was hella cool. So I decided to write something that's been on my mind.

I'm so fucking sick of PORN! I'm always hearing about it when I'm hanging out with my guy friends and I get so fucking piss off that they have the nerve to disrespect me like that and think that it's OK to abuse women by looking at naked pictures. What pisses me off even more is when I hear a girl say they like looking at porn because it can be intimidating for the reason girls are constantly in competition for more attention in society. It shouldn't be intimidating. What it is, is disrespectful. That's probably how porn started, girls competing so much they just started to take off their clothes and no one gave a damn to stop it. Instead, some fucking assholes decide to make money off of it.

When I'm watching talk shows on TV I get mad 'cause I see chicks with fake tits talking about how much they love doing porn or how badly they want to do porn and any girl that says it's not right is automatically jealous. They will basically make any excuse for what they are doing, even though they know it's wrong. It

manifestations. I think this is great. However, it begins to seem less genuine coming from males all the time since they generally do not experience the worst effects of sexism. I spoke about this with a female friend who said that hardcore doesn't really interest her because the bands are basically all males screaming and displaying their aggression. She followed by asking, "What the hell do a bunch of white males have to scream about? They undoubtedly suffer the least as a group in this society." She also asked, "Is screaming and yelling about it the best way to deal with sexism, racism, oppression, etc.?"

I think she makes some good points here. If we look at the basic composition of most hardcore bands, we will find that males, particularly white males, dominate, just as they do in the larger society and culture. Likewise, are things like screaming and aggression the best way to deal with the ills of society? Is aggression something that is taught to males in our society to allow them to dominate females and should therefore be discouraged? I am beginning to think so. Most importantly, as my friend has suggested, it would seem quite frustrating for a radical minded female to be part of a scene that is supposedly anti-sexist and find that nearly every band is all male! I think these are some important questions to grapple with regarding the gender situation in hardcore.

Similarly, I find that the vast majority of people in hardcore bands are white. Again, I find it more and more difficult for me to get into the music of a bunch of white kids screaming about racism, for they have, in general, suffered the least from it. As I have already stated, it seems that most of the people who play and listen to hardcore music are white males. In the hardcore scene, I find very little branching out to include people of diverse ethnic backgrounds. The result is, essentially, that hardcore becomes a minuscule, stagnant, mostly white, mostly male clique.

Other issues that keep me from getting too involved with hardcore revolve around class and sexuality. Although I am somewhat less certain about the issue of class, I would venture to say that most persons in the scene come from middle or more

Letters

it to my 'zine and I said "This is Montreal Hardcore," or "This is Mexico City Hardcore," when obviously it's from your own hometown USA? Not that I have anything against Argentina, on the contrary. But is it too much to ask to have a review that indicates the actual place where the band is from (or doesn't talk about that at all)?

In another issue, in another review of another Brazilian band (and it wasn't the only time this happened), the review states that the band sings "most of their songs in English, but also in Spanish," or something equivalent, when in fact this band sings ALL their songs in English and they wouldn't be in Spanish anyway, because in

t h i s
MILLION PEOPLE) speak the Portuguese language. So I believe it's obvious that the reviewer only heard the first song or so and looking at the Portuguese translations to the lyrics in the booklet decided that they were "different songs" in Spanish... no comments... the band has the labor of going to the mail spending money to send you their record for free, just for you to mistake their home language, and worse not even hearing the record... that's ridiculous.

Those are just two examples of what I'm talking about, and although I'm not in any of the bands above I feel personally offended when a 3rd world country band (or from any other country than the USA) is not treated with the respect they deserve. I don't want "good reviews for everyone." I want the minimum amount of respect that I believe the bands deserve. I always read in North American 'zines the PC babbling about how "punk is a new thing in so and so countries" and how "hardcore is an American subculture imitated in other countries." Well, not only that's a load of bullshit, but it also shows the arrogance and lack of knowledge about what they're talking about when they

sucks they don't listen.

All the girls that dance in strip clubs, sell themselves on the street, do porn movies, or take pictures might feel that they're not capable of doing anything else 'cause no one showed them they can do something else. Or it can be the attention they get that gives them a false sense of security. The only attention they're getting is when everybody's masturbating. And plus, these girls are giving away their beauty like it's a piece of garbage and that's exactly how they are thought of.

I know girls don't like porn, but we feel pressured to because we think that's the way a girl is suppose to be because that's how society makes us feel; or it gives us a feeling of power. I see shit every day that is telling girls to look more beautiful, be more skinny, show a little more. There is nothing wrong with looking beautiful, but society has raped the meaning of beautiful.

It's time for girls and women to stop being the puppeteer's puppets and stand up for ourselves. Us girls need to get some fucking self-respect and ethics in our lives and stop being boy's dummies. Guys are at our mercy. If girls stop doing porn, guys have no other choice but to respect us. Girls don't need to be fucking sluts to be noticed. Porn is just another way for white old dudes to make money. It needs to be stopped. And it's obvious that if a girl is taking off her clothes for everybody to see, something's wrong. It just doesn't come out of nowhere that a girl decides to show her ass to the world. It's society's influences.

If you have any comments, write to Anita
Lawson/398 Churchill Pl./Gilroy, CA 95020

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

I have been a fan of hardcore and have been involved with the "scene" for several years now. As time has passed, I find myself straying further and further from hardcore music and the scene for several important reasons. First, I can no longer ignore the fact that the majority of hardcore bands are all male. Often, there are male bands that address sexism and its various

privileged-class background. Obviously, there are exceptions to this. Moreover, people have no control over the class (more like caste) into which they were born. However, it takes something vital away from a message that is intended to foster socio-economic revolution when the persons calling for it are among the more privileged in society. In regards to sexuality, I don't think I would be too far off in saying that most of the bands in hardcore consist of heterosexual persons. Once again, it is frustrating to be involved in a scene that is presumably pro-queer and finding that most of the bands aren't queer.

One thing that keeps me from being completely pessimistic about hardcore is the quote by Margaret Mead I have often heard pronounced by radical and environmentalist groups. It goes something like: "Never doubt the possibility that a small handful of dedicated individuals can change the world. Indeed, it's the only thing that has." Even if the people involved with hardcore are a relatively small number, I do recognize that they have the potential to change this world. I also have much respect for the many courageous, genuine people involved in hardcore who are working tirelessly for change. I still have one question, though: if a revolution is to come by means of persons involved with hardcore, is it a good thing that it will most likely be initiated by predominantly white males? I tend to believe that the most legitimate revolution should come by way of an uprising of those who are the most oppressed.

I think it is great that *HeartattaCk* has decided to put out a women's issue. I believe that this sick, sexist society needs more women speaking out about their experiences and confronting male domination. Also, I think it is important to remember that "women's issues" are the issues of everyone, just as Afro-American, Native American, Queer, etc., issues involve us all. Just as women can change society by liberating themselves from oppressive heterosexist gender roles, males can instigate change by refusing to dominate women.

But the fact that a "women's issue" exists as

a sort of anomaly within hardcore illustrates my basic point: if hardcore were more diverse in terms of both the bands and the people who go to their shows, a women's issue would not be necessary, for the unique viewpoints and experiences of women would be equally represented. The impetus for a women's issue, then, comes not only from the fact that women have important experiences and perspectives, but also from the unavoidable reality that women are underrepresented in hardcore.

I'm sure the issues I mention in this letter have been raised time and again by people both critical of and within the hardcore scene. My primary intention in writing this letter is not only to bring attention to these matters, but also to seek responses from diverse individuals in the hardcore/punk scenes as to how we confront these issues. I welcome responses from any who can help me with these quandaries.

Thanks a lot.

Collin P./3146 Kings Corners West/
Lexington, OH 44904; cp236895@oak.cats.ohio.edu
P.S. If anyone knows where I could find the Assuck State to State 7", please let me know. Thanks.

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

I just wanted to make some comments after reading the DIY issue. In that issue you bring up the band Rage Against The Machine. While this band has made many compromises and a lot of money by becoming big, they also have helped a lot. Over the summer I was a volunteer at the Leonard Peltier Defense Committee. My job was to open mail and send out merchandise orders. Every day I would get one or two letters from 15 year old kids from all over the world that had just seen the "Freedom" video on MTV and wanted to get involved in Leonard's defense. A lot of these kids would send in donations as well which help the committee keep running. Now, I don't know if these kids turned to revolutionary politics because of RATM, but I do know they have helped a lot in Leonard's support and I have to give them credit for that. As for the bar codes, I think that you should continue to have the same

lyrics to records and providing liner notes just a part of fitting the hardcore band formula? When music seems to be so much a part of the hardcore scene, so important in capturing the attention of a wide range of people and expressing ideas, shouldn't that music also stimulate us on non-aesthetic levels and engage our thinking or at least explain to us what it is which makes a band's music its own?

My apologies to the bands that are giving a little more at shows and not just rocking out on stage but conveying ideas and explanations. (Lyric sheets are good too, but often forgotten away in a pocket or "lost" on the floor.) I appreciate that effort. And sorry I seem to be missing you.

Tony Wong/9024 Fall Creek Rd./
Indianapolis, IN 46256; unwonger@hotmail.com

HeartattaCk,

I'd like first off to just say thank you for creating something that is both honest and sincere. *HeartattaCk*/Ebullition makes me feel that the hardcore is something that I can actually be a part of and contribute to. That feeling is sorely lacking in a lot of other punk and hardcore 'zines and labels.

One thing I found downright silly/disappointing/downright dumb in the last issue was in the letters page. It seemed the majority of the letters that were discussing the DIY issue were more concerned with which bands and labels were "sellouts" than discussing the importance of forming institutions and groups that would build the foundation of an alternative community based on caring and compassion. It made me hope that one day my band could become somewhat well known so that people would forget that I'm a human being with shortcomings and capable of mistakes. I can't wait til the day that nothing I do or say can be forgiven. We're so wrapped up in building up (and tearing down) a music scene that we have become completely oblivious to our true goals and what is going on around us. Blood is being exchanged in the Balkans, for pipelines out of the Caspian Sea, and we're too busy talking about what rockstars Boy Sets Fire are to even

who they want instead of submitting to major labels that exploit 'em. And if not, ask Entombed, Cradle Of Filth and all those shitty groups. If Promise Ring weren't DIY, maybe I wouldn't have even heard of 'em. Got the idea? As DIY's ideas spread (even with another names, like "independence," "rebellion," etc.), our numbers increase and we're nearer to the "change." As utopic as it may sound, hc ideas have just "infected" metal and softer music (such as some emo bands), but if we don't avoid it, it could reach other genres and make other kinds of people realize how bad the human condition is. In my opinion, that's basically why I—and a huge portion of the hc/punks—privilege message before music.

I write a 'zine along with some friends, and I thought this first issue (which we've just put out) has far too many interviews. It has three in fact, they are really good, but I'll try to make my 'zine as independent from the hc/punk scene as I can in the issues to come, because, though I want 'punks to read it, I also want non-punks to read it and meet hardcore ideas towards DIY and other subjects. It's an objective for me, to make other people think and realize how wrong the world of today is, warn 'em about propaganda, abortion (because it's illegal here in Argentina), legalization, nationalism, hate groups, etc. I wouldn't say convince 'em because it'd be way too totalitarian; I want 'em to know there's a space to escape from society's dogmatic parameters, which might be related to music, but mainly to ideas, to a place of reunion with other guys who are as unhappy with today as you (even when some of those hc kids have little to do with rebellion).

You can write me to the address below; mail and different opinions welcomed and answered immediately (include or not a stamp).

Juan Manuel Bayón/Aguero

policy. HaC is one of, if not the only, 'zine out there that doesn't review/run ads by those bands/labels—and I don't think that they're going to go bankrupt because they don't get an ad in your 'zine.

Jesse Heckman/845 Missouri/Lawrence, KS
66044

P.S. Leonard is still in jail for a crime he didn't commit. I would like to see more punk/hardcore kids involved in his defense. Leonard Peltier Defense Committee/PO Box 583/Lawrence, KS 66044

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

Why do bands no longer say anything on stage? Oh wait—do they ever? I suppose that depends. The first hardcore show I went to was in Bloomington, Indiana. I had my dad drive me down to this college town so I could spend a few good hours in the basement of a kid's house watching Frail and Spirit Assembly. Besides being really taken back by the energy of the music, I gained inspiration from the ideas communicated by the singer of Frail. The words weren't always articulated well (sort of impromptu) but it didn't matter. It was simply the fact they were speaking to the audience and engaging us and telling us what each song was about that was so important. It wasn't like the big rock concerts I'd been to where the most heard is "thanks" and "this is our last song." Hardcore shouldn't just be entertainment.

Frail and bands of their intensity are hard to come by (and some long gone). However, even in the past couple years it seems like shows are only good for dancing and bobbing heads to the beat. While that's definitely not a bad thing, it also shouldn't be the only thing. Very little is said on stage about the ideas and inspiration which leads a group of people to create music.

Oh yeah—I must be forgetting that all that content, all that substance to the music can only be reached by buying records and reading the inserts, though sometimes meager at best. Silly me. Really, do bands still have something to say or is writing down

fucking notice. It blows my mind that some people are more concerned with getting the elusive Charles Bronson LP than helping out their community and extended compassion to others by working with groups like Food Not Bombs. Dammit, wake up! Music has given me a voice to speak, and eyes to see what's going on in the world. I hope it has to you too.

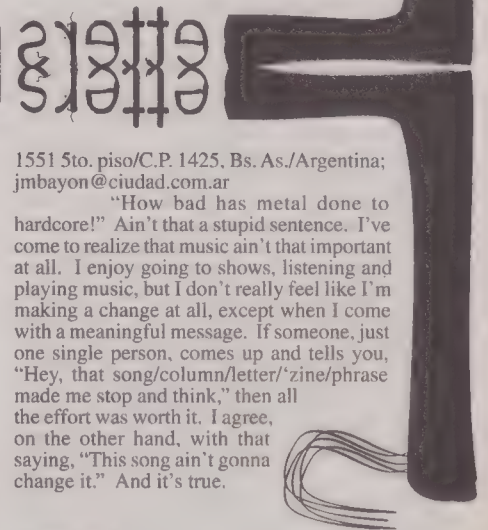
Thanks,

Mark Black/RR #1/East Bay, NS/B0A 1H0/
Canada; paul.black@ns.sympatico.ca
Communication is good.

Dear *HeartattaCk* and readers,

"How bad has metal done to hardcore!"
This is a phrase I've heard a few times in the last months. I haven't figured out just why do people say that kind of thing. It's incredible sometimes how the kids try to change the world from a dance floor. And this gives me the chance to express my views about the DIY thingy (and in relation with #20s main subject).

People usually define hc as "what you want it to be." For me, hc is an instance, while DIY's a way of life. If DIY got reduced to hc/punk, then we'd be pretty fucked up and narrow-minded. Once DIY's spirit has spread to any type of music, its message could reach any horizon and break any barrier. You'd have independent ravers and independent country musicians, and all different people who would all say "no" to animal killing, to sexism, to fascism and all we hate and whine about, and who would salute DIY as a signal for change. Now that would make a change rather than Ray Cappo singing krishna nonsense at the moshpit. If hc/punk kids go beyond their stupidity regarding music, they'd go assault the world instead of just giving the scene a show a week. I want a better world, not a better scene, and though I may not live to see it, I'll die with a smile on my face for just trying... Let's see if you get it: given hardcore has infected metal (or the other way around), now a death/black metal fan can keep himself independent and DIY because of all those heavy as hell bands that play by themselves, what they want and with



1551 5to. piso/C.P. 1425, Bs. As./Argentina;
jmbayon@ciudad.com.ar

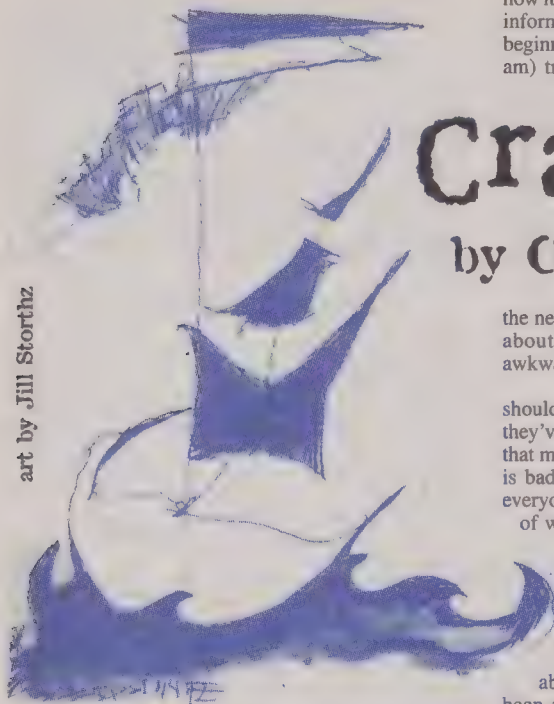
"How bad has metal done to hardcore!" Ain't that a stupid sentence. I've come to realize that music ain't that important at all. I enjoy going to shows, listening and playing music, but I don't really feel like I'm making a change at all, except when I come with a meaningful message. If someone, just one single person, comes up and tells you, "Hey, that song/column/letter/'zine/phrase made me stop and think," then all the effort was worth it. I agree, on the other hand, with that saying, "This song ain't gonna change it." And it's true.

HeartattaCk,

I would like to apologize for the recent statement made in *HeartattaCk*. I, in no way, wanted to hurt any of the bands or offend any of you readers. Obviously I did and I am sorry for that. That statement does not reflect any of the views of Next 2 Nothing, Cold as Life, Reach the Sky, Hatebreed, Buried Alive, or All Out War. I made that statement and I am not part of Pitboss 2000 any more. I left the band 4 months ago and have since re-evaluated my views and standards. I regret the statement that was made and I chock it up to immaturity. I was an 18 year old kid in my first hardcore band and I thought it was cool to talk shit. Well, it was not. I can't make excuses about this statement, but only be a man and admit to it and apologize for it. Like I said, I am sorry for all the troubles I have caused. I don't even agree with the statement that I made in October in an original e-mail to Jonathan. Again I would just like to say sorry and blame me for this, not any of the bands mentioned in the threats. I didn't mean to hurt anyone.

Peace.

Mikey Callas; xrated2000@hotmail.com



"Mood disorders are one of, if not the major health problem for women. They're painful, costly and lethal illnesses, but they're almost as treatable as they are serious." —Kay Redfield Jamison

When I was fourteen years old I was picked up by the police and put in a mental hospital after a friend read a suicide note I had written. I stayed in psychotherapy for roughly three years, never took medication, never received an official diagnosis. If I hadn't suffered from depression, my life would have been ideal. I probably would have survived my depression if I hadn't gotten therapy or become involved in mental illness awareness. I probably wouldn't be as healthy and strong as I am now, either. My story is not dramatic or romantic, but that doesn't mean it isn't valid. It is also not a representation of what it is like to live through a mood disorder. There is no model or example of mental illness. We are all guided by it and through it in our own ways. I haven't had a serious bout of depression for over a year, but I won't say I'm recovered. I cannot take for granted that my depression could come back at anytime. For many people, there is no control over whether you will ever be what most people consider "recovered." I never know, I could be one of these people.

Depression was devastating for me; I was a complete and lonely wreck. I was so self-loathing that I developed delusional paranoia, which then developed into a sort of dependency. I had very reserved and conditional trust, silent expectations no one could ever be expected to know. I felt very angry and betrayed by my friends' lack of interest and sensitivity in what I was going through, even though it was no secret that I suffered from clinical depression. It was hard enough that they *couldn't* understand what I was going through, but that they didn't even offer support for me to work things out was much worse.

When I was first released from the hospital I found out that my best friend was saying that my depression was a fabrication, that I wanted attention. Months later, when our friendship was declared over, she asked in a letter what I had to be depressed about. She listed all the horrible things that had happened to her in her young life and how my white, middle-class, drama-free life was so easy. With one cruel, swift stroke she invalidated everything I had cried through for the previous two or three years. For all I knew, she was right. I felt even more guilty and confused because I could not figure out any rational reason to be "feeling sorry for myself." I was angry with her for years, for the same reason I was frustrated with my other friends' silent lack of active support. I never thought about how ideas about mental illness affected "healthy" people,

how it was not their fault that there is no real, supportive information about mental illness available. Now I am beginning to understand that the way I was (and still am) treated was not because of insensitivity. Rather,

us three times as susceptible than men. Because of denial, shame, embarrassment and poor health care, two-thirds of these women aren't seeking any care for their condition. Clinical depression the number one cause of disability for all women.

Crazy On The Inside

by Caroline Hostetler

the neglect I received was because of socialized views about mental illness discussion being taboo and awkward.

I don't want to imply that I think people shouldn't be responsible for their attitudes just because they've been socialized. Stigma is the underlying belief that mental illness should not be talked about, or that it is bad. What I want to make clear is that stigma is everyone's problem, we are all affected by it regardless of whether we live with mental illness ourselves or not. When I was in high school a girl had scratches on her arm from playing with her cat, and another girl teased her about "cutting" herself. They were two close friends of mine who knew about my history, that I also used to cut myself, and yet they were making a joke about self-mutilation in front of me. It would have been ridiculous and unfair of me not to hold them completely responsible for what they did to me, and not call them on it. But what they did had left me feeling so hurt that I never confronted them on it. It was too upsetting, and made me feel vulnerable and expendable.

Clinical depression in and of itself is horrible enough. For me it was crying and hating myself and beating myself up over anything and everything. Sometimes I couldn't feel anything at all (apathy is considered the most severe stage of depression). The nail in the coffin was not knowing why any of this was happening to me. I would stay awake every night trying to figure out why I was so sad and hateful, and the only conclusions I ever came up with were that I had done something wrong. I took the blame for everything in my life and other people's lives, crushed by the slightest failure or rejection. I was acutely aware of anything that could be construed as criticism. If I couldn't find someone else to criticize me, I'd take it upon myself. I am still dominated by internal and physical self-image problems that developed because of my depression. I wear the emotional scars of my illness and deal with them every day.

Despite all the shit I went through and am still going through, I had what is considered "moderate" depression. I cannot even begin to imagine how much worse "severe" depression and other mental illnesses are for a person to live through. I do strongly understand how the attitudes and actions of friends, family and community affect mental illness and each person's journey through it. I believe in the chain reaction, that once the information is out for the taking, communication will spread. If we change our attitudes, we can change health care, we can make demands and finally liberate everyone from the oppression associated with mental illness.

Our attitudes about mental illness are in need of a revolution. Western culture has a long-standing history of stigmatizing mental illness, and in the last few decades we've even managed to romanticize it at the same time. In fact, depression is becoming more common with each generation, and no one is really sure why. It's a problem that causes death and emotional destruction, but it's also a problem that has solutions. Clinical depression will affect roughly 1 in 5 Americans at some point in their life. They may suffer from a single episode or a long-term/recurring disorder. There is no rhyme or reason to who will suffer from a mental illness. Factors such as family history, class, race, sexual orientation or social situation usually have little affect on someone's likelihood of having mental illness. There are no strong patterns or predictors for who will fall "victim."

Women are the exception to this rule. One in 4 women will have clinical depression, which makes

Each depressive has an individual combination of chemical and psychological factors and there is no way to measure either of them. Major depression goes undiagnosed in half of the cases, and even when there is a diagnosis, most of the time patients are undertreated. About 80% of depressed patients respond to medication or psychotherapy, when the therapy is adequate. There is no excuse for poor treatment. Solutions are possible. Mental illnesses are life-threatening diseases. Many, if not most, depressed people are suicidal, and the majority of them will make an attempt, 20% of them succeeding. Depression shuts down a person's instincts. The instincts to survive and avoid physical pain are dulled. Clinically depressed suicidal thinking is more impulsive and painful than that of people who are suicidal because of perhaps a tragedy, or old age. There are more deaths from suicide than homicide, and suicide is the third leading cause of death in people under 24-years old.

A simple way to look beyond our internal prejudices and perceptions is think of mental illness as a medical illness. The fatality rates, lack of diagnosis, quality of treatment, and the fact that the majority of patients do not take their medication would never be tolerated in the medical community. Mental illness is also unfairly distinguished from medical illness in that people are often held personally accountable for their illness. Saying, "She's crazy," has a much harsher connotation than "She broke her leg." Silent prejudices seem to take over and instead of action there is an overall belief that mental illness does not affect everyone, even indirectly.

The vast majority of people with clinical depression can be helped through therapy, and almost all of them respond to antidepressants. Contrary to common belief, antidepressants do not affect people without mental illness. They will not offer a high. This is because they are meant to balance chemicals in your brain, rather than make up the difference. Another misconception about antidepressants is that certain drugs are worse than others. While this may be true in some isolated cases, this belief is usually based on secondhand stories. People shouldn't reject a prescription based on what someone has told them about their own experiences. The fact is that each individual has their own reaction to the drugs and some work for some, and others not. There are different "families" of antidepressants that have certain affects on different types of people (for example, a person with nervous habits should not be prescribed Prozac). But this can be avoided by making sure a prescribing doctor is chosen that has a lot of experience with different antidepressants. Misconceptions and impatience result in the majority of patients not taking their prescribed medication, often because they do not wait through the 2-month period it takes for most antidepressants to take effect.

Any combination with drugs, alcohol, other medications, and diet pills can all create harmful situations for a person's body and mind. People should always communicate with their doctor if they are taking anything other than prescribed medication, especially women, whose chemicals and hormones are already vastly adjusted from what is considered the medical (a.k.a. male) norm. While most patients are undertreated, drugs are often overprescribed for women based on prescriptions meant for men. Studies are being done currently which are examining the affect female hormones may have on medication. Evidence from these studies is already implying a strong biological link between women's hormones and mood disorders. Also, biological differences in ethnic groups cause different ways and rates of metabolizing drugs. Unless you're a white male, drugs and dosages may need to be adjusted by a prescribing doctor with special training or medical experience.

Little is known about how different drugs interact with women's hormones, especially fluctuations due to menstruation, menopause, contraceptives, birth control, and replacement hormone therapy. Women of childbearing age are not allowed to take part in FDA drug trials that judge the toxicity and metabolism of medications at different dosages and the effectiveness and safety of drugs. Women can be prescribed the drugs, however. And the FDA does not require that the effects or dosages on women be known before they are approved. This is great for the pharmaceutical companies because additional testing means additional costs. Women's health is an economic inconvenience.

Another common form of therapy, electric shock therapy (ECT), is still in use and is actually a safe and effective practice. Although ECT is often thought of as dated and cruel as a lobotomy, there is very little controversy over ECT. ECT is often used as a quick fix when antidepressants will not take care of an immediate problem. 80% of people treated with ECT said it worked (as opposed to medication, which has a lower response rate of 60-70%), and almost all of these people said it was no more frightening than visiting the dentist. ECT has to be followed by antidepressants and therapy, or there is a 30% chance of relapse within 6 months.

Although a recent study shows that therapy and medication are equally successful treatments in mild to moderate depression, medication is the treatment of choice for most people. I have come across a lot of articles, both professional and independent that encourage taking medication as a primary treatment, implying that medication is "necessary" for "recovery." For the last five years, the American Psychiatric Association (APA) policy has been that medication is more effective than psychotherapy. Drug companies that will sell you a cure are now running ads in magazines and on television. Our minds have become a consumer battleground. The problem of mental illness and health care extends beyond those who are ill and suffer from the stigma in our society. The mentally ill are perhaps even outnumbered by "healthy" people who have been lured by either self-help books or forced by their HMOs into mental illness.

Before HMOs were taken over by managed health care, their members could get treatment for all kinds of problems (for example, marriage and family counseling) without a label of mental illness. The logic from the HMOs was that preventing illness was a good way to cut health care costs. Managed care, on the other hand, believes in cutting costs by cutting benefits, only covering the cost of treatment for those who are already sick. Now people who are covered by HMOs need a diagnosis if they want any treatment for emotional or mental problems. Take a quick flip through the 900-page Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM-IV, the APA book by which mental disorders are classified and diagnosed) and any person would be hard pressed to not find a mental illness that could be applied to their life. On top of this, there are drugs for every illness, and a therapist with a huge list of easily manipulated symptoms to give you the diagnosis. People are being told they are mentally ill even though they are suffering from every day problems, simply because of their health care policy. All kinds of potential limitations, especially with jobs and insurance, arise because of the label of mental illness on their records.

HMOs aren't the only problem. The psychiatric community has a history of not encouraging the questioning of the established social order's affect on emotional health. Standard practice looks at how a patient is rejecting or rejected by society, rather than how their differences with society are not necessarily unhealthy. One could argue that psychiatric professionals are a kind of police officer to the social order, reinforcing cultural beliefs by defining the terms by which "normal" is judged. Although this strongly affects everyone in treatment, it even more acutely affects women because the social expectations specifically placed on her are not challenged but skillfully and subtly reinforced.

One possible explanation for why women are more likely to suffer from clinical depression has to do with the coping skills those men and women are taught. Men deal with stress by acting out. Negative

coping skills for men include aggression and alcoholism, but at the same time men will often use work, sport, friend and preoccupation as a positive outlet. Women internalize stress by brooding and dwelling. We are not taught ways to work out our problems. At the most we are told to "discuss." An upset girl is told to stop crying, and perhaps even given a reward, such as a compliment. Sometimes she is asked to talk about it, and she learns that this is supposed to make her feel better. An upset boy is told to be a man, stop crying, and go play with the other boys. The boy is taught that activity is the way to deal with stress. Although on the one hand the many roles of a woman (work, children, marriage, community) are extra pressure, the more activities a woman has the less likely she is to suffer from depression because she has so many outlets for support and activity. Often activities, especially exercise, are highly successful forms of therapy.

Even the explanations and definitions of female problems are different from male problems. Perhaps this is because the APA has never had more than a few women in the 40 years of DSM committees. Three of the 126 psychiatry department heads in med schools are chaired by women, and only 25% of all psychiatrists are women. The teaching, defining, name and judging of standards by which normal and pathological behavior are dominated, if not determined, by men.

Traditionally, women are thought of as more emotional than men. This belief that women are "overemotional" is always attributed to our chemistry, never socialization. Personality traits such as codependency and masochism (Self-Defeating Personality Disorder) are considered inherent female characteristics, not socialized characteristics. The DSM-IV lists several gender-specific illnesses, and it sends the message that women's problems are their problem.

Characteristic problems for men are drug abuse, rape, and violence. These problems are rarely, if ever, attributed to the psychological profile of all men, but rather to upbringing, personality and environment. Questioning the sanity of men in general is dangerous. We always ask why women stay in abusive relationships, never why are men abusive. Women are thought of as provoking and masochistic. Men are not thought of as sadistic the way that women are thought of as masochistic.

Examining attitudes expressed about Pre-Menstrual Syndrome (PMS) shows a lot about attitudes toward women's health in general. There is strong evidence that supports a connection between mood disorder symptoms in relation to a woman's menstrual cycle. This shouldn't come as a surprise in a culture where anytime a woman is not in the best mood she is subjected to a PMS joke. Derogatory comments about PMS are completely invalidating to women. They are not funny or appropriate, they only send one of two damaging messages: 1) Assuming there is a definite link between PMS and depression, agitation and irritability (as most people do), PMS jokes reduce women's health into a non-issue. The message that is sent is "You're health doesn't count, because you are a woman." 2) Derogatory attitudes invalidate women who are depressed or agitated, but not because of their period. A woman who is suffering from a legitimate health risk in the form of a mood disorder other than PMS is sent the message that her health isn't worthy of concern.

While PMS affects roughly 50% of menstruating women, 3-5% have Pre-Menstrual Dysphoric Disorder (PDD) which can cause a woman to have serious problems even functioning at work and in her relationships. The symptoms are essentially the same as moderate or severe depression, but occur within the week before and after the first day of her period. Run consecutively, PDD affects women anywhere from 4 to 8 years. So while men are making jokes, a strong portion of women are suffering from a very serious and damaging disorder.

Not only is depression more than a "bad mood," but it can be a symptom for a medical illness. Depression can be caused by heart disease, thyroid dysfunction, cancer, infectious diseases, or because of vitamin/mineral deficiencies. Undiagnosed head trauma from battering can cause depressive symptoms. Depression can also be a symptom of other serious mental disorders. Attention Deficit Disorder can cause

severe depression and agitation in adults. Seeing a physician when you start seeing a therapist is a good idea. It's a good idea to be an expert on yourself, mentally and physically. Not only can it save you excess diagnoses and health problems, being your own expert is an empowering feeling of control.

The idea that clinical depression is something to be ashamed of is losing out to the rise of our self-help society. In the past decade our culture has been bombarded by self-help books that sell the message that depression is just a negative, down mood, and that it can be overcome by will power. Much like dieting, where eating just the right foods is not likely to make anyone thinner, thinking just the right thoughts is not likely to make anyone happier. And just like dieting, mental health is now an industry for marketing and profit. "Self-help ideology has rooted itself so deeply into our culture that 75% of adults said that being positive could make a depressive better. This is as ridiculous as telling paraplegics to will themselves into health. However, just because it's ridiculous doesn't mean it isn't common.

Ideas about mental illness affect every aspect of a person's life. Stigma is based on misconception and discrimination. It can affect the type of treatment, support sought, support received and how a mentally ill person is treated in their community. Cycles are created by rejection (both intentional and unintentional) by friends, relatives, neighbors, employers and the community, leading to even more internalized rejection, loneliness and depression. It is hard, if not impossible, for people who suffer from mental illness to speak up for themselves, especially when others are not willing to talk about it. It's a process for all of us to work on.

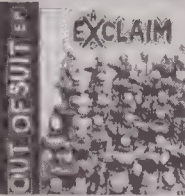
It isn't even terribly hard to actively support people in your life with mental illness, and it doesn't even mean that you have to get wrapped up in someone's depression. By all means, if you don't feel comfortable offering active support, it's better for everyone involved for you to keep a safe distance. At the very least, deconstructing your own internal ways of thinking about mental illness can help lift the stifling effect of stigma. It can be as simple as wiping the idea that people who are depressed just want attention or need to get in control of their feelings.

But actively supporting people in your life with mental illness does not mean getting involved in their lives and stuck with obligations. If anything, the point of active support is to help people get rid of their crutches. Depressed people often find it hard to think they can be helped, because either they think they don't deserve help, they're lazy or they won't be believed. They can be frustrating because they are often illogical and self-defeating. That doesn't mean they don't want or need support. A lot of times it helps to just let them know they will not be abandoned.

A central part of support is to emphasize that you will stick around, that is, if you're willing. It's fine to not be willing to be the support a person may want or need. It's not okay to lie about it to make someone feel better. Don't tell them you understand if you don't, because they'll know. Don't try to get them to talk about it, just let them know that you'll listen to them if they want someone to talk to. And when they talk to you about how they feel, don't ask them, "Do you feel better now?" or offer solutions. Don't suggest the kind of therapy they should be involved in, because you can't know what's best for them. The important thing is to offer a shoulder, or volunteer to go with them to their first appointment with a therapist. Offer to be a wall. I have been lucky enough to have a wall in my life, and his friendship and strength got me through some of the worst times because he was never presumptuous or expectant of me.

A year or so ago, I got a letter from a friend and he wrote to me, "I love my crazy self." When I read it I got so excited because it just clicked for me. I had found a small little phrase that said so much about what I'd been through and what I believe about mental illness. I don't want myself or anyone else to ever feel guilty about being sick. I don't want myself or anyone else to feel that they are responsible or outcast. I don't want to be ashamed of the fact that this is who the fuck I am. And, yeah, I've been through the crazies, but I am very much who I am now because of them, and I will not be ashamed of that.

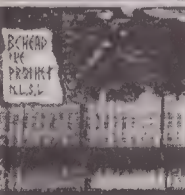
SOUND POLLUTION



EXCLAIM

"Out Of Suit" 7" EP

7 song debut from Tokyo. Old Bad Brains meets modern Tokyo speed and insanity. More fucking energy than a fucking nuclear power-plant.



BEHEAD THE PROPHET N.L.S.L.

"Making Craters Where Buildings Stood" 7" EP

7 new hectic jolts - amazing destruction. More devastating than Y2K.



KRIGSHOT

"Maktmissbrukare" LP/CD

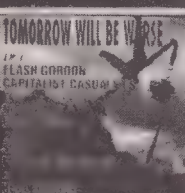
26 songs of raging Swedish HC thrash. Think MOB 47 overdosing on speed. CD includes the "Terroristattack" EP.



NEMA

"Bring Our Curses Home" LP/CD

12 tracks of severely crushing HC from MI. CD has all the EP tracks, over 70 minutes!



V/A TOMORROW WILL BE WORSE

4x7" EP box set

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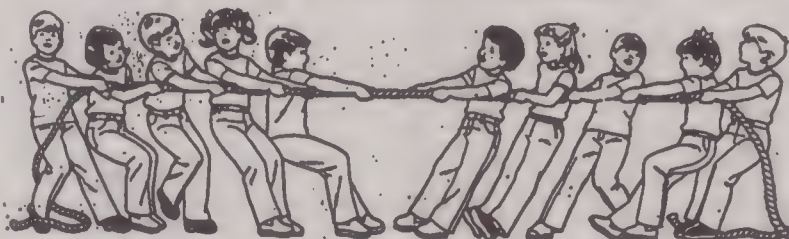
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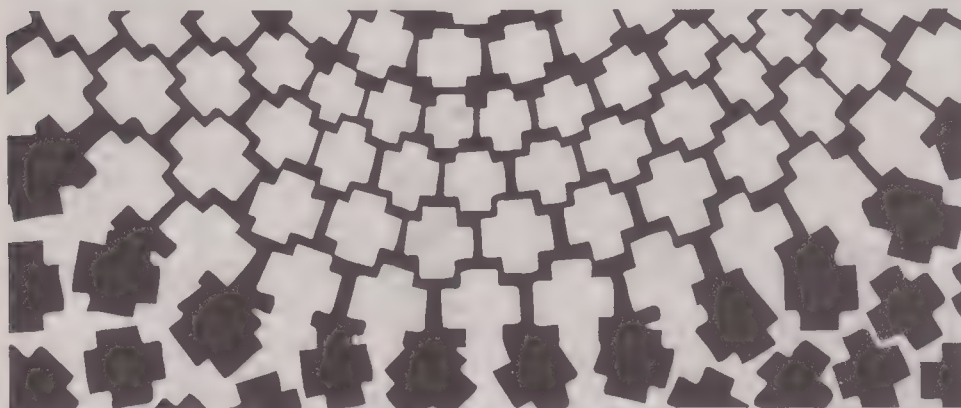
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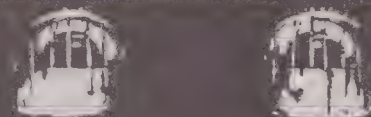
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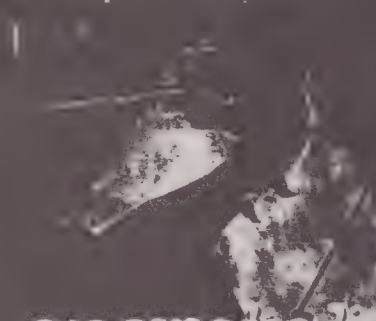
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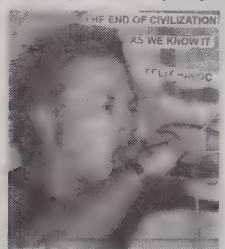
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Readers of *HeartattaCk*, after reading Daryl's letter in response to my comments about nudism I have experienced a profound transformation. My negative, sexually confused, macho, out of touch with my own body days are over. From now on you



can call me Felix Von Cuddles! I've taken all my leathers, boots, studs and chains down to the Salvation Army. I never looked good in plaid bondage pants anyway. I've decided that short hair is so conservative and now I'm letting mine grow in free and natural, only it's going to take time so I've made an appointment

for a hair transplant. It took some doing but I managed to trade my 1971 GMC 4x4 Pickup and my 1967 Triumph Daytona in for one of those cute new VW beetles. Anyone who wants any of these negative, macho hardcore records can come over and take them off my hands. I'm grooving now on these mellow Grateful Dead and Phish CDs while I let it all hang out. Straight Edge? So restrictive and un-natural I'm learning to dig the herbs, the product of the natural earth brother. FREE THE HERBS! All of this ganja is really opening my mind to the negative world I've been living in. We organized a naked badminton game but I don't think East Lake and Bloomington Ave. are ready for a full nudist revival yet. They called us "crazy white boys" and beat us up, then we got arrested. So much negativity in the world! By the way, I am quitting Code 13 to become a singer-songwriter. I am really getting more in touch with my feelings and the restrictive constraints of traditional rock music weigh heavily upon me. Now I am really going to emote with my acoustic guitar. My songs have been compared to Elliot Smith, but that guy is so negative. I'd like to think of myself as being more like Donovan, you know a sunshine superman! Look for Felix Von Cuddles on tour at a coffee shop near you. All that revolutionary political stuff is so negative and macho. If we just smoke a lot of chiba and spread good vibes while wearing no clothes the system will like totally realize what a bummer it is and free the weed then dissolve.

No, but seriously folks. Daryl has read a lot into a few sarcastic sentences. Punk rock is a nice big movement with room for lots of opinions. I think nudism is silly, Daryl thinks '80s hardcore is silly. Jumping to crazy conclusions that I am homophobic or "sex negative" 'cos I don't like naked people at shows is really stretching it. I refuse to buy into the "sensitive '90s guy" bullshit society pushes on us. Am I threatened by The Smiths? NO, I just think their music sucks! Just like you think Minor Threat and SOA suck, deal with it. Am I threatened by wimpy boys? NO, but I do think the integrity of hardcore is threatened by shit sell-out indie rock bands who use the hardcore scene as a springboard into the corporate rock world. Anyway, this is supposed to be the women's issues issue and here I am talking about all this manly stuff.

OK, a few issues ago I started writing about the influential bands that were all or mostly women. I live downstairs from four 17-19 year old girls who are starting a punk band. They, of course, have access to my records, so I'll tell you what they listen to around the clock and is inspiring them to enter the male dominated punk world. Blasting from the speakers upstairs I hear a lot of X-Ray Spex, Dirt, Sacrilege, and Bikini Kill. I guess those are some of the best and most inspiring women fronted bands ever. X-Ray Spex has been inspiring women in the punk scene since day one. Here in the Twin Cities we have a lot of women involved in some excellent bands. Scorned and Calloused both play raging crusty hardcore with female singers. The Smeggs and Menstrual Tramps are totally rocking punk rock bands, all or mostly women. Before The Strike moved to Chicago they had a woman on bass. The Salteens were all or mostly female punk. Erishkigal is a wicked brutal metal influenced modern HC band with a female singer. Disembodied has a female bass player. Local film maker Patti Rhodes is soon to release a documentary about the Twin Cities scene and played guitar in Faction Fatigue and the Decoy Voices. So you aren't impressed. I know there's room for improvement but the visible presence of these women has and will give others the inspiration to act themselves.

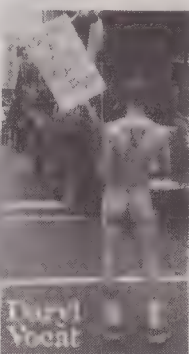
I was really shocked at the ugly, vile, homophobic remarks of Pit Boss 2000 and One Life Crew printed in the last issue. To tell the truth I never

really took those bands seriously. I just figured they were trying to provoke people in order to market themselves as "un-PC bad boys." But the remarks about violent fag bashing really set me off. There is no room in hardcore for these sentiments. Punk and hardcore were founded by miscreants, rebels and outsiders, not conformist jocks. The early punk scene provided an opportunity of self expression to women, gays, minorities, and varying political and artistic fringe groups who had previously been excluded from the music industry. This diversity has always contributed to the strength and durability of the medium. As I've said before, it was a mistake to let the jocks into the hardcore scene. I think it all started with right wing jock core bands like Slapshot. People still give that shit props. Remember that "punks dead, you're next" shit. And beating up the "purple haired freaks." We tolerated that shit and now we reap the rewards. A right wing jock movement inside hardcore. I'm not saying punk/hardcore has to be left wing, I'm just as critical of the radical left as the radical right. But the rightist agenda is so close to the agenda of mainstream society punk sought to escape, and normally backed by violence. All this shit about "beating down faggots with baseball bats" sounds exactly like the nazi skinhead rhetoric of the late '80s. It took a long time for that nazi stuff to die down and the scene was severely damaged for several years as a result. Now the same intolerant attitudes are back with immigrants and gays as the targets. I'm not going to label these groups as Nazis or Fascists—I studied fascism enough to know its trademarks (see my article in PE years ago). However, these are intolerant right wing bigots from the KKK tradition. As such they are just a radicalized expression of mainstream American culture, with no place in counter or sub cultural group based on tolerance and diversity. Who is to blame for this onslaught of right wing hardcore? WE ARE. We sat back and let it happen. We decided to allow hardcore to be marketed to dumb jocks in suburban malls and we sold out our scene to the mainstream!

I will admit that I enjoy a lot of tough guy hardcore like Blood For Blood and Comin' Correct but it's time to see some lines drawn on racism and homophobia in that scene. I say no tolerance for the right wing jock core. Let's quote one of my all time favorite bands, NOTA, from 1983: Redneck Mentality

I don't believe what I see
Now your shit is in our scene
I think assholes know what I mean
No matter how you look it's all the same
Get the fuck out this ain't no game

I'm sitting here in the Regina airport and my brain is about anywhere other than here. I'm on my way to Toronto to see my boyfriend. We haven't seen each other for seven months and the energy is frantic.



The flight won't be quick enough and the minutes go by like hours.

Let me try to explain a few things about our relationship. My boyfriend lives in Toronto with Peter, his lover of seven years. Most of the time they sleep in the same bed but they generally don't have sex with each other. Both partners have their own bedrooms and basically do as they wish. It is not uncommon for either of them to frequent various bath houses and sex clubs around town. Their relationship is anything but monogamous. I don't want to give the impression that they have a horrible relationship or anything because the love both of them share is quite special and apparent.

The first day I met David he was walking down the street on Pride day holding hands with Peter. I suppose you could say it was love at first sight and I felt a bit disappointed that he had a partner. I made the assumption that I would not even be able to have sex with him because he was holding someone else's hand. Well, David and I got to talking and he ended up inviting me back to their house. We had a shower, ate supper and talked for half of the night and had sex the other half. I felt so connected and excited about meeting him. I left the house the next day and called him back that night. We got together again and I stayed that night too. In the morning he drove me to the airport to catch

my flight back to Regina. I was a bit sad to see him go yet I was glad to have met him. I didn't really think I would hear back from him, but I decided to e-mail him and let him know that I thought we made a really good connection and that I appreciated the time we shared together. I decided that I would at least share my feelings and hope he felt a bit of the same. Much to my surprise he replied almost immediately and in the next few weeks to come I would spend approximately 5 hours a day both reading and responding to his e-mails. It was glorious yet completely exhausting. After a few days he asked for my phone number and gave me a call. Before I knew it we both had huge long distance bills and were talking for between 2-4 hours a night. In a short time I returned to Toronto to stay with David and Peter for three weeks. During this time our love for one another intensified.

Before I met David I had never given much thought to open relationships even though I was basically in one at the time. Things in my other relationship seemed to work out in regards to issues of non-monogamy even though there were a lot of other problems between she and I. I wasn't sure how or if things could or would ever work out with David over such a long distance. It seemed like the odds were against me. To my surprise I was more hesitant than I thought to enter this relationship. However, after getting to know David I realized that I would be a fool to let things go and dating seemed to be logical. I knew this would take work.

I kept wondering if I was coming in between David and Peter. I didn't and don't want that. I am assured that everything is fine on all accounts and that I have nothing to worry about. After spending a bit of time with the two of them that realization was clarified. At one point David even mentioned that Peter was a bit jealous, but not because David slept with me but because he didn't.

In the last month or so I have been seeing another boy in Regina. As it turns out this new boy is/was quite sold on me and essentially fell in love with me immediately. One day he had told me that he did not want to be in an open relationship and felt like he couldn't get close to me because I "belong" to someone else. After much discussion and clarification we came to a better understanding of one another and he knows for a fact that our relationship will never be monogamous. When it is all boiled down this fellow had never really even considered an open relationship as a possibility. He says his friends generally aren't supportive, but he realizes that we have a good thing going even though neither of us would claim to be the other's boyfriend.

From my experiences, the two most vital things for ANY valid relationship are honesty and trust. I believe that without these two things we have nothing. I want people to be honest with me even when it is difficult or icky. I don't want people to have to hide things from me for fear of hurting or letting me down. Trust seems to go hand in hand with honesty and I always try to trust people until they give me a reason not to.

While I'm in Regina I have sex with a number of people as does David in Toronto. When we share sex stories I sometimes get a bit long-faced because it makes the distance between our cities that much more apparent, but for the most part we get really excited and end up turning things into cheap phone sex.

People have trouble understanding how my relationships can work. How I can be in love, have multiple partners and have sex with numerous people. In order to make things easy for people to comprehend I mostly say that the relationship with David and Peter is rather like roommates. I could go on and on and explain all of this for hours but it gets extremely tiring and I often wonder if people even care. The roommate scenario is not the whole story but it sort of works as an analogy that people can understand. In any case, both David and Peter are committed to one another and that isn't about to change. Then again, David and I are quite committed to each other as well. This too is not changing anytime soon. I try to fully express myself to the people I care about and sex is often part of that, a way to be close to someone.

No one is cheating on anyone and the lines of communication are always kept open. Having this type of relationship takes a lot of time, effort and energy, but after all is said and done I think it is definitely worth it. The problem I have with a lot of "monogamous" relationships is that many people only give lip service to the idea while practising otherwise. Just think of

how many people break up due to a side lover. Monogamy is taught to us and is expected of us. We are afraid to deviate from that and are often unwilling to at least try and have open relationships. Again, I'm not saying that open relationships are for everyone, but rather we should not invalidate them because they are not the norm or because they "don't make sense." In open relationships people have no choice but to come up with their own rules and boundaries for living. I find this exciting.

Another thing people aren't receptive to or can't seem to understand is the fact that I have sex with a number of people, some of whom are strangers. I view sex as another way to share with people, a way to get to know someone and a way to potentially have a lot of fun. We relate and interact with strangers every day. We work with them, talk to them on the street, watch them at shows and so on. So why not have sex with them too? It is another way of interaction that seems to be easily discounted in the hardcore scene. I find when meeting people a lot of the initial talk is superficial and that we put up boundaries on what we will share with others. We work up to feelings of intimacy. When you have sex with a stranger you can move beyond this. While I may not know someone before I have sex with them I know a lot about them afterward.

There is a sense of assumed or immediate intimacy during sex with people you don't really know. You can tell a lot about a person through sex; how they feel about themselves, how they feel about you, how they feel about people. Often you know more about a person after having sex with them than you do after talking to them for an hour and this is a good thing in my books. Obviously this isn't desirable with every person we meet, but I don't like to immediately rule out that option. We have too much to gain to pass off people so quickly.

A lot of people associate multiple sexual partners or even sex in general with disease. I always get letters from people responding to my columns and writings saying that sex is fine as long as it isn't promiscuous and that I'm only going to die if I have sex with different partners. As I have mentioned in previous columns there are plenty of ways to be safe and plenty of ways to have sex that are safe. Sex is NOT just about fucking, there are so many more possibilities. Sex can be about kissing, licking, touching, cuddling, jerking each other off. It can be about spreading chocolate over someone, being tied up, dildos, dust pans, paddles, floggers, restraints, feathers, the list is essentially infinite. Recognize the toy in everything!!

Another thing I find interesting is the fact that I am 22 and most of the people I end up having sex with are 30+. I get all these weird reactions when I tell people that my boyfriend is 34 or that I had sex with a guy who is twice my age. On one occasion I ended up having sex with someone who was probably as old as my dad (mid to late 50's). I guess I felt a little apprehensive at first but was quick to realize that I have basically been programmed to think that this is a bad thing when it isn't. If people treat each other as equals, with dignity and respect, I see no point in worrying about how old someone is. There are older people who I would definitely not want to have sex or be in a relationship with because I am treated as a child rather than an adult, but after experiencing great connections with "old" people I have realized that discounting a person because of their age is pretty absurd.

I guess my main point to all of this is that we can't condemn any relationship without trying it first hand. I don't claim that as a rule monogamy doesn't work but I definitely would say that it doesn't work for me. We should be careful not to make generalizations about people and relationships. We should not immediately pass off casual sex or open relationships because we are raised in heterosexist and patriarchal societies. Have sex with who you want, how you want and when you want! Explore things and PLAY SAFE!!

I don't see any point in hiding our feelings for one another. I don't see why we feel the necessity to have sex with one person in particular or only within a dating context. Sex can be an extension of basically any friendship and an expression of love and/or affection. We need to analyze and think about how we view things if we are to have the most fulfilling lives we can. We can only gain from sharing ourselves to our full capacity. Who knows, maybe that person you have a huge crush on also digs you, take a chance. "Drink deep it's just a taste and it might not come this way again." Take care.

Daryl Vocat/PO Box 22172/Regina, SK/S4S 7H4/Canada; safe23@hotmail.com; www.gypsy.rose.utoronto.ca/people/spike/dv

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GUEST COLUMNIST: Kadd Stephens



Since x-mas eve of 1997, I've been shooting blanks. That's right. I will never naturally conceive a child, and yes, it was a conscious decision. One morning, I walked into a urologist's office, let him shoot a local anesthetic into my scrotum, and surgically lay to rest the possibility of me ever inseminating another human being. It took me an entire year to decide to do it, and all of 20 minutes for the actual procedure (I am, of course, leaving out the part where I walked around for two weeks as if I had just received a swift kick to the sack, afterward). The receptionist said that she'd had nightmares (about me being so young—I was 20 at the time) from the day I made my appointment. The doctor said I was the calmest patient he'd ever had.

One of my all time favorite records is a collaboration between anarchist folk singer Utah Phillips and Ani DiFranco. Maybe some of you have heard it. It's mostly Utah doing various spoken-word segments with Ani doing everything from dance music to old west-style country/folk stuff underneath them. I highly recommend it. The fourth track on the record is entitled "anarchy," and in it Utah talks about his experiences in Salt Lake City at the Joe Hill house, with a rather historically famous pacifist-anarchist named Ammid Hennessey, shortly after Utah had returned from the Korean war. There is a part where Utah mentions a conversation where Ammid explains to him why he has to give up violence and become a pacifist (he told him it would save his life, much in the same way that giving up booze would). What's interesting about Ammid's characterization of non-violence is that he asserts that it is more than just giving up "guns, knives, angry words, fists, clubs..." He says that non-violence is giving up the weapons of privilege, and going into the world completely disarmed. He tells Utah, "You were born a white male in mid-20th century industrial America. You came into this world with a whole arsenal of weapons... armed to the teeth with the weapons of privilege: racial privilege, sexual privilege, economic privilege..." Basically, he emphasizes the side of Gandhian non-violence that most people forget: going into situations without fear of being harmed. In its truest form, non-violence is the refusal to harm another living being, while being willing to suffer harm to oneself (be that harm physical, social/psychological, or emotional).

Believe it or not, this notion of non-violence had everything to do with my decision to have a vasectomy.

Let me just say, first of all, that the decision was not made on the grounds that most people make it, it wasn't a birth control decision, really. From the outset, we had always discussed it as a radical challenge to existing norms concerning overpopulation, racism (in terms of the subconscious desire to concentrate social privileges within one's own bloodline), and to an increasing degree—sexual privilege. My partner (at the time) and I first discussed the possibility of me having a vasectomy based on the fact that it simply didn't seem logical to bring another child into the world when there are already so many who do not have families. It was also a practical issue as, with many sexually active couples our age, birth control was a legitimate concern. We were both in college, and couldn't afford a child, nor did we think we were prepared for something of that magnitude. Though entirely necessary to inhibit the spread of sexually transmitted diseases... in a committed (somewhat monogamous) relationship, condoms seemed to make sex about as enjoyable as getting an enema, and we sort of resented that while technology and other approaches to the situation were viable, our sexuality had to be inhibited in such a way, much less for the sake (ultimately) of profit (all you sexually repressed, morally invasive abstentionists out

there can eat one). Still, the option of a vasectomy was still discussed as a measure to be taken in the long run, it wasn't something we were discussing as a rapidly approaching decision. My partner went on the pill for several months, and found herself in the midst of nearly violent mood swings, and extremely emotional reactions to the slightest of things. She was also very self-conscious of weight she had put on since taking the pill and was extremely sensitive to the ways in which I complimented her appearance, as far as their correlation with times when she appeared slimmer than normal, etc. It was something I wasn't even conscious of, but then again, I am not judged intensely enough based on my weight or appearance for something like that to even cross my mind. I'm a guy, and we're not subject to that sort of arbitrary scrutiny, as a norm.

Eventually, she decided she wanted to try a different form of birth control and opted for Depo-Provera, a shot taken once every three months that has much the same effect as the pill, but requires less maintenance. For three months, she suffered all of the same side effects that came with the pill, and in the end, due to a screw up with the transfer of her medical records, could not get her second shot on time and was told she would have to wait for her body to finish one menstrual cycle before she could get another shot. It turned out to be the most irregular cycle I've ever heard of. She literally had her period for about three months straight, complete with all of the nearly debilitating cramps and other side effects that were mitigated by the pill and Depo, with the exception of a few days. I couldn't believe that our culture was inflicting so much pain on women and screwing with their bodies in such a way just to give men the freedom we enjoy. It seemed typical of the marginalization that the medical industry has afforded women historically, leading to such crises as widespread cases of breast cancer, as well as other sex-specific disorders which have been given minimal attention, not to mention funding. I was incredibly angry with myself and with men overall for standing idly by and accepting this sort of thing as normative or necessary, as I was sure that my partner's experience was not uncommon.

Originally, I had been reluctant (to say the least) about the idea of actually getting the vasectomy. I thought of it as something in the far off future, and when my partner suggested it as a more immediate measure, I wasn't completely receptive to the idea. The thought of taking such a permanent measure and giving of myself in such a way was comfortable in the abstract, but altogether different when proposed tangibly. Once I had seen everything she had gone through with birth control, and lost all romanticism about my sexual privilege as a male, it took only a few months for me to decide that I didn't want to wait any longer, I wanted to have the vasectomy. Not solely because, in practical terms, it eliminated the need for my partner to suffer so extensively, but because it challenged the central notions which made that suffering acceptable and normative. Why is this burden exclusive to women? Why are they the ones stuck between the fear of becoming pregnant and the fear of destroying their bodies with chemicals? Whether I was actively demanding that my partner engage the latter option or not, I was complicit in the disparity of responsibility because I was not challenging it in any way. I was too afraid of the burden of one day deciding I wanted to naturally conceive a child, and not being able to. I was too afraid of how permanent surgery was. I was afraid of that suffering. As radical a decision as the vasectomy was, it made perfect sense. Whatever suffering may come from the permanence of my decision, it was not even in the same ballpark as that of what women everywhere deal with on a daily basis. It was not enough for me to NOT take some sort of action that would set a challenging example to other men, not that I thought it appropriate for every guy to run out and have a vasectomy, but my example implied and demanded that other measures, which required accountability for men, be sought. Symbolism was perfectly OK with me.

It's difficult for me to really put the whole of the experiences leading up to actually going through with it into words that really convey the complexity that I see in all of this. For one, I find it unconscionable that something like birth control is almost exclusively the burden of women, and in such an extremely physically destructive way. Secondly, I think it is completely unacceptable that an industry has not only grown out of these issues, but has begun to shape the dialogue, and has such incredible control over what is acceptable, and what is available as a means of redressing the obvious

disparity resulting. This doesn't even begin to touch on the fact that because the information and the technology implicit in the process are so advanced, the power implicit in them is subsequently concentrated in the hands of a relatively small group of people (mostly men). Once again, capitalism concentrates power in the hands of those who can profit from it. So while companies are reaping huge gains from this, at the expense almost exclusively of women, they have no accountability to us and there is very little way for us to really pressure or challenge them to shift the focus to how men can be allotted responsibility for their bodies, and women can actively participate in determining how technology concerning their bodies is researched. I wanted a way to participate in the situation directly, a way to bring the power back to a more personal level, that didn't require the authorization of a corporation, and (to be completely honest) I wanted a way to sort of spit in the face of the industry that inflicts this subtle (or not so subtle, however you want to look at it) violence on women, without any accountability. I wanted to say "fuck you" and take responsibility for my body and my privilege in a very personal, tangible way. I wanted a way out of passive enlistment in the wrong side of this battle. This was where it led me, and I am more in touch with, and grateful for, my decision now than I was over a year ago.

On that same Utah Phillips/Ani DiFranco record, Utah talks about a guy named "Fryin' pan Jack" who once said, "If I cannot dictate the conditions of my labor, I will henceforth cease to work." I sort of think of my decision to have a vasectomy as the same sort of thing. I'm not at all implying that surgically impeding your body's natural processes in a permanent manner is the way to go. I'm simply asserting that until the situation of sexual oppression changes, and the burden is no longer exclusively that of women (which is not likely to change that radically in my lifetime), I will not force my partners to suffer whatever consequences come with that—social, emotional, and physical (including the possibility that the delegation of responsibility for birth control will shift in such a way that my vasectomy will become obsolete). I don't need the masculine validation of "fertility" to feel human. In actuality, the fact that I was willing to sensitize myself to the suffering being inflicted on others, on behalf of that notion of masculinity, makes me feel more human than I ever did with the ability to procreate.

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GUEST COLUMNIST: Ron Campbell



It's been over two years since my last column appeared in these pages, two years since I was released from prison after serving almost five years for burglary. If you've read my column before, you know that I wrote about prison issues, and the life of someone living through the hell that we call home.

I built a lot of relationships because of the things I wrote. I made a lot of friends. I had a lot of people behind me, and received mail almost every day, from all over the world. I thought I was happy, but once released from prison, I found out differently, and in the process destroyed the faith that a lot of people had put in me. It is because I hurt these people, everyone who knew me, or wrote me a letter voicing their support, that I am writing this column today. I need to apologize to all of you, for the pain I caused you, for the confusion I caused, and for the seed of mistrust I planted in you.

When I was released in February 1997, I bounced around for a couple months, living in a Catholic Worker house for a month, and in Denver for another two. When I returned to Chicago, I stayed with some friends from The Autonomous Zone, who only wanted to help me adjust to life outside. Although fine for a while, the emotional turmoil I was in kept building and building, until I finally lashed out in the way I always have—I stole from the people closest to me, and went back to the streets.

What I stole is irrelevant, it's that I stole from my friends that matters. These were people who'd supported me while inside, and who knew I had problems adjusting before, but wanted to help me any way they could. I was, and still am, screwed up inside, and I accept the blame. I have had so much conditioning

to the prison lifestyle over the past 22 years that it's going to take a lot of hard work, and a lot of painful admissions to myself before I can make progress. I distrust everyone, and won't get involved with anyone on any but the most basic level. I don't voice my problems, instead I try to deal with them myself—a prison necessity. You learn not to trust inside these walls, and I haven't been able to break the walls down that I've built up over all the years inside prisons, hospitals, jails, and foster homes. I've been alone in my own head for close to 25 years, and my life, and those of people who've tried to get close to me, have suffered for it.

The prison I'm now in is unique—it's Illinois' only full treatment prison. They have 675 inmates, and we're all either drug addicts, or have severe problems relating to life outside. 70% of us are repeat offenders, and are here solely for help. A lot of guys, like me, have been locked up most of their lives, and don't know any other way. I figured it's time to live, to let go of whatever pain and unhappiness keeps me locked up inside. I want to have friends, without hurting them, or my self by doing stupid things. I've paid my dues, and I want to live, damn it.

One of the Chicago anarchists who I hurt, Mike, suggested that I start writing again, because I do it well, and there's a need for it. He also thinks it'd be beneficial for me to share some of the things that have eaten me up inside for so long. Things like being raped, ignored by my parents, not encouraged in my interests, feeling alone. A lot of people feel these things, but don't voice them. I just haven't found any outlet for these feelings but writing. But, I wonder, will the community give me another chance? Will people accept that I did what I did, and allow me to go on? Or will they condemn me? I want to believe that I'll be accepted, but I know people, and I expect to be rejected. Not without cause, I admit.

If you have comments for me, hate mail, or just want to write, you can write to Ron Campbell #N-30537/PO Box 129/East St. Louis, IL 62202

Thanks for your time, and I'm interested in hearing some reaction.

Last weekend was the 5th Detroit fest (oops, actually Michigan Fest 99) and for the second year in a row, we set up The Vegetarian Grocer in the back, took over the kitchen and made a fantastic mess of food and dirty dishes. It was incredible to watch how self-sufficient the store has become in the past year. Last year there were plenty of people helping me, but it was my friends who noticed I was busier than I could handle alone and spontaneously pitched in. This year, there was a swarm of the regular people who frequent and help out around the store volunteering; it was actually to the point where I felt sort of left out because everybody else had a better idea of what was going on and I was more in the way than anything. This is how it should be.

I did not start this space alone because I thought it would be a lucrative business opportunity or because I wanted the recognition it would generate. I did it because I wanted so badly to see it happen and when I'd discussed similar projects with people, the plans we made always fell through. The energy that should have been expended on the initial work of finding a building, doing flyers, finding distributors, designing the layout, fixing the building and all the other crap that you have to do in the beginning was expended having discussions about what we should be doing. Nothing was ever accomplished. So I decided I had to do it on my own, and if I created something that was ideologically sound and was a real place to have exist, then kids would come out of the goddamn woodwork to keep it going and make it larger. This has been so much the case that it's almost staggering. Probably 70% of the people who help run this store on a daily basis I did not know two years ago when I started doing this. Probably a remaining 20% of the people who help out here I barely knew 2 years ago.

There was a cheesy movie (*Field of Dreams*) and a cheesier commercial that followed that used the statement, "If you build it, they will come," and I swear it's the fucking truth. We need more spaces like this all over the world and if everybody is always waiting for somebody else to start one, we'll all be waiting a long fucking time. Of course, when you do get started on a space, you're going to need something

quick, easy and satisfying to eat, right? Personally I would recommend:

Faux (pronounced 'fuk') Tuna Sandwich

1 15 oz. can Garbonzo Beans

4 tbsls Mustard

6 tbsls Nayoanase

1/4 of a Large Onion, diced

1/2 Carrot, diced

1 Stalk Celery, chopped

Drain garbonzo beans and mash with a fork or potato masher in a medium size bowl. Add chopped veggies, mustard and nayoanase and mix thoroughly. Season to taste with salt, pepper and garlic powder. This is great on whole wheat bread for a quick sandwich or on crackers or toast for a good snack; once, when I was particularly lazy, I think I just ate it. If you have extra energy though, you can add cucumber, green onions, mushrooms or any other raw veggies to make it a little more nutritionally worth while. Remember kiddies, the less processed the food, the better. Summertime is here which means decent produce for the midwest again, which is a good thing. For information regarding The Vegetarian Grocer, Utilitarian Records, Voglio Capirlo, whatever else, contact me at 162 N. Saginaw St./Pontiac, MI 48342/(248) 332-9997; james@vgkids.com

The *Collateral* comp CD is out now and it's the perfect opportunity for all the out-of-towners to support the space... \$7 ppd.

I think I have a few general things that must be said but at the same time I'm gonna keep this short. This issue of *HeartattaCk* is one of the most important ones to date and I do not want to take the focus in anyway away from the amazing women writing this time. So here I go...

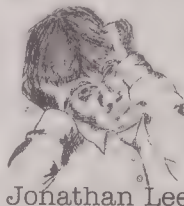
I write this with anger... with frustration... with the intention to try and understand what the fuck is going on so I can stop being confused. What have we as a punk community decided to accept and tolerate? Has our philosophy changed and our focus been blurred? Or is it just

that we know what's wrong and that's good enough? If so, SPEAK THE FUCK UP! Silence is acceptance... silence is shit...

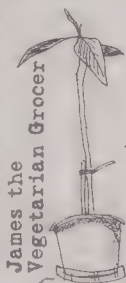
The words we use, the actions we back them up with, our very attitudes reflect who we are in some form or fashion. So when a band sings about the problems with fags, why they should be bashed, and how women should not only be coat racks but cock suckers/receptacles, why do we justify it if it's a so called joke (or if it's not even)? Why do we turn our heads and pretend it's OK when a band says bitch and faggot all the time yet when someone in the scene is accused of rape we jump on them without a thought? I'm not saying don't get angry about rape (so don't twist my words), I'm saying more things need to be attacked with such ferocity. Joke or no joke, bands that sing about fagbashing are fagbashers... lyrics about bitches are written by sexist... songs advocating negative violence are performed by those who create it.

The most important aspect of punk should be the movement towards change, which is set in motion by positive, progressive action. Silence is not progress and it's not rebellion. If a band sings about fucked up things, joke or no joke, good music or bad, DON'T SUPPORT THEM IN ANY WAY AND DON'T STAND THERE IN SILENCE! Let them know that this community doesn't accept or support their bullshit, but do it with intelligence. I could sit here and list all the bands I could think of that had fucked up lyrics but listing them would just give them the attention they feed off of. Pissing us off and seeing our extreme reactions is what makes them stronger. The best way to deal with such bands are don't give them attention unless it's right up in your face. Don't book their shows, don't buy their music, tell your friends about them so they don't support them. Don't yell pointless crap, talk about the issues more than the band. All of this may sound repetitive and elementary to some of you but so many just aren't getting it and it needed to be said. Make them not exist.

I think I'm gonna end it here. I have more to say, but I did say I'd make it short. I promise you'll never get a column from me like this again (at least I hope I can promise...). I like rants and all but having detailed information/thoughts is more important, I think. Come back next issue for another column like last time. Thanks, and please read all of the women's issue, it is



Jonathan Lee



so incredibly important.

Love: Jonathan Lee/1479 Carr Ave./
Memphis, TN 38104; axegrinder@mailcity.com

P.S. Guarantees and the bands that use them (like Braid and their \$600/\$400 if it's a benefit show, etc., etc.) aren't punk. Don't do their shows; they don't deserve to be a part of the punk community. I'm not saying you should not like them, I'm just saying they don't have anything to do with DIY punk.

Punk rock, consumerism and what seems to be our community's prime purpose: selling. It has all been discussed before, and yet I find myself somewhat preoccupied with the issue. For better or worse, punk and commerce go hand and hand in America. Only in the US could

Bryan Alft



a "protest" movement be so intertwined with selling and making money. It is sometimes as ironic as it is sad.

Most of us enter the realm of punk rock as consumers and music fans. We buy zines and records—often obsessively. We are most likely drawn in by the ideas and politics of punk rock as much as we are the music. We learn to love it, and it becomes an integral part of our lives and identities. It is an enormous part of mine, and yet I find myself asking once again, if this is all there is.

I don't know exactly what it is I am trying to say. I spend more hours than I care to count actively involved in the punk community—often selling things. I understand the necessity of having to sell products—punk or not—to pay for their production. But in the end, getting caught up in "sales" leaves me feeling, deep down, like a hypocrite. I never feel like this type of involvement is enough. This feeling could have to do with my own hang-ups, but I think it also has something to do with the nature of punk rock.

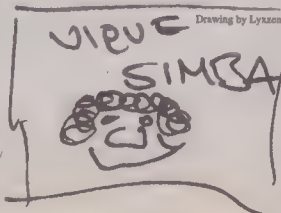
It isn't that punk is devoid of political influence and motivation. Punk has exposed me to left-wing politics more than anything else in my life. I write about politics because punk rock initially inspired me, and I have raised a lot of money for social and political causes through punk rock activities. I do not want to belittle what punk rock does, or its importance—love punk rock and have no regrets about my involvement. However, at some point, despite all the sloganeering and posturing of punk rock, things don't ever really function politically in the punk community on the scale that you'd think they would. Sure, there is ARA, Food Not Bombs, Positive Force, and countless benefits of all shapes and varieties. But, considering the resources and money poured into punk rock—into the sheer commercial side of punk rock—it seems we are falling short of our potential. Just imagine if even a half of the effort and resources that were put into creating networks to aid the selling of products in the punk rock world were focused on networking activist activity, protests, political outreach, etc. It is actually hard to believe it hasn't happened.

When a wave of cynicism washes over me, I think, "Punk rock isn't a movement, it's a shopping mall." When I feel more optimistic, I think we, as a community, can do so much and I am excited by the prospects. Either way, my involvement in punk in its current state leaves me feeling a little foolish from time to time. I feel like I am play-acting political involvement—that we use our ideals to excuse the fact that we spend the vast amount of our time and energy producing and consuming. We act so self-righteous, and so self-congratulatory, but what are we really doing?

Contrascience #6 is available for \$3ppd in N. America. PO Box 8344/Minneapolis, MN 55408/USA. Or, contact me at: balf@isd.net

You blame anything that you can think of as a believable reason for the demise of our relationship rather than acknowledging the truth.

You state all these factors as responsible for causing you to not want to be with me any more whilst never addressing the real reasons. They are too embarrassing. They aren't impressive or empathy inducing. They don't make people nod in sympathy or shake their



heads knowingly. The real reasons make people think you are lame. And they don't even want to hear the real reasons. They play the same games too. They use the same scapegoats and hide from the truth, for they are as scared and ashamed as you. For you are nothing special in this scenario. Most people use the same reasons, cling to the same excuses. You are no different from most people, you just like to think you are.

But there is no "one reason" why you left me. It's one of three choices, and you won't admit to any of them, for you can't be anything less than the martyr. You have to be all deeply emotional and intense, anything less would ruin that image you try so hard to create/maintain. There is no more running from the truth.

Option number one is that you never really loved or respected me in the first place. That you are stupid and cannot understand your own feelings. That you wanted to feel that way, for whatever reason (liked the idea, didn't want to be alone, or any one of a myriad of explanations) and so convinced yourself (and everyone around you, especially me) that you did. But you couldn't keep it going forever. You got bored with it. Or perhaps you didn't get bored with playing the game of loving me, perhaps you actually got bored with loving me for real.

Choice number two is that you did love me, but woke up one day and stopped. Shallow or fickle, it's your choice. One day the emotions that were previously SO strong and heartfelt just disappeared. But, true love doesn't disappear. To claim to be in love and then claim not to be. It's not possible. It doesn't go anywhere. Either you were never in love with me, your shallow emotions waned and disappeared, or you are lying now.

None of the above are quite as glamorous as your explanations, are they? Reason number three is selfishness. That your love for me got dull when it became (I became) demanding. Well, fuck you, relationships are demanding. They take work and they are worth that work. So, which is it; stupid, shallow or selfish? Or perhaps a combination of all three?

I don't believe the bullshit "reasons" that are churned out as excuses for leaving. People who love one another work at their relationship(s). Either you never loved me, it wasn't deep enough or it wasn't strong enough. Whatever the answer, be enough of a fucking man to admit it. Yeah, it won't show you in the best light, but at least (perhaps for the first time in your entire life) it will be an honest light. But why I even bother I just don't know. I fully realise that you don't have the balls to do that. You'll carry on blaming me for our demise. Well, my conscience is clear. I sleep at night. I understand my own emotions. I am content. Can you say the same? Didn't think so.

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GUEST COLUMNIST: Daniel Gatewood



He said his name was William. I met him in a park downtown. I worked across the street and liked to eat my lunch on the benches in the park. He came to feed the pigeons sometimes. They seemed to know him. They came to greet him even before he took out his brown bag of stale popcorn. He always wore the same clothes, an oversized brown suit and vest with a beat up old hat and a great big overcoat. After seeing each other in the park several times we started exchanging greetings. He seemed content to be alone with his birds, and I didn't want to impose. But I found myself thinking of him while I was working, wondering if I would see him today. I made up stories about him, who he was, why he came to the park, what his life was like. Finally one day I gathered up my courage and sat down with him on his bench. He always sat on the same bench. I said "Good afternoon," and he nodded to me and went about the business of feeding the birds. We sat in silence awhile, him feeding his pigeons, and me sitting there feeling uncomfortable and trying to think of something to say. I was just about to give up and leave when he asked me if I worked near the park. I told him I did, and introduced myself. We talked of trivial things for a time; about my job and the weather. Then it was time for me to go. When I

got back to work, I realized that I had told him about myself, but I still knew nothing about him. I resolved to ask him some questions about his life the next time I saw him. The next day, I took off for my lunch break early, and got to the park before he arrived. William always came to the park at 12:15. I sat on his bench and waited for him. When he arrived, he smiled at me, sat down and went about his ritual feeding. I marveled at the way the birds seemed to come out of nowhere when he arrived. He told me he got the popcorn from the dumpster behind a nearby theater. He said there was always popcorn there, you just had to break open the garbage bags. That night, after work, I went to the theater dumpsters and collected some popcorn of my own. When I showed up the next day, he was pleased, and we fed the birds together. I offered him half of my sandwich, but he refused. After a bit of prodding however, he caved in and accepted. That became something of a ritual between us in the following couple of months. I would offer him half of my sandwich, he'd refuse, then later accept after I pestered him for a while. He'd always complain that my sandwiches never had any meat in them. We met in that park on the same bench almost every weekday if the weather permitted it. Whenever the weather didn't permit it, I would sit in my office and wonder what he did on those cold and rainy days.

He said he'd been coming to the park for a long time. I believed him. Many of the people who walked through the park smiled and said hello to him. But nobody seemed to know his name. William was 84, and too thin (a point I'd always make in the sandwich-giving ritual). His wife had died five years earlier. They had been married for over fifty years. He met her when he was on leave from the army. Her name was Loretta, and he said he missed her a great deal. His children had grown up and moved out a long time ago. He didn't like to talk about them. I think they had some sort of falling out somewhere in the past.

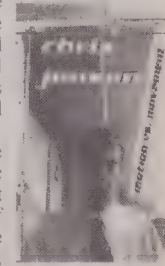
William liked to talk about his life with Loretta. He talked about how they had lived in Milwaukee almost all their lives. They used to go bowling every Tuesday. He said he missed that. I looked at him and thought how funny it would be to see little William tossing a bowling ball down the lane. He spoke of how the city had changed. He told me about the buildings that used to surround the park, and when the streetcars still ran. He used to ride them as a child.

I liked to listen to William tell his stories, and he seemed to like to tell them to me. I don't know if they were all true, but I knew I didn't care. Then one day in August, William stopped coming to the park. I went and waited for him every day. By this time the pigeons had come to know me as well, and they came to greet me each day as I arrived with a new bag of stale popcorn. After two weeks, I realized my friend William wasn't coming back. But I kept going to his bench every day anyway. At the end of September I had finished my job downtown and had decided I would move to Texas for the winter. And so I stopped going to the park. Every once in awhile I go back there. I always hope to see William. The pigeons have forgotten me, but I haven't forgotten William. Perhaps they haven't either.

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I have a pretty difficult homeroom class this year, an ever-evolving group of thirty students collectively labeled as "186." By the school's hierarchy of homogenous grouping, this isn't the "lowest" class; all of my students are one wrong step away from the infamous "187," a self-contained class that resembles a special education program, even though its students are not formally diagnosed as having "special needs."

It's almost impossible for a 186 class to remain static throughout the year. As the lowest class still afforded basic freedom of movement around the school, there are a lot of kids coming and going. Some kids look around and see that they are surrounded by peers with serious problems; they decide to start doing their work and avoid conflicts with teachers and other students, "achieving" their way out of 186 and into "higher" classes. Others, deemed unable to handle their anger and prone to outbursts of "inappropriate behavior," are sent to 187. No student gets placed in



187 for not doing or not being able to do their work; 186 is the last stop for the academically challenged.

These are not entirely constructed problems. Many of my students have severe learning difficulties—it doesn't matter whether you accept "testing" as an objective measure of ability, as I do not—these kids will have many problems functioning in the world outside of school unless we manage to save within them basic communication and conceptual skills. The same story applies to our students with "emotional difficulties." It's not just that the school rules are oppressive—these kids will have trouble interacting with other people in a variety of contexts, inside and outside the school. If we can't help them manage their anger and frustration, they are likely to meet a variety of unhappy and violent ends.

Still, many of these kids enter into an educational institution that exacerbates their already festering academic and emotional problems. Heaping upon their pile of pre-existing difficulties, the school constructs new "problems" within these children through a battery of rules and assessments that disadvantage specific segments of the population. Anyone who has gone to school knows what I mean. If you are a very talkative person who does not like to sit still, the school rules turn your personality into a problem. You may learn "self control" and manage to avoid manifesting this "problem," but that doesn't change the fact that you have to actively suppress yourself while others who are more naturally inclined to a less active demeanor are rewarded for simply "being themselves." Academic assessments problematize student aptitudes in the same manner—testing rewards so-called "logical" thinking, emphasizing particular mathematical and verbal skills that come more naturally to some students, while discounting other sensibilities and aptitudes as intellectually valuable. Entering the school, a child who does need help in developing certain skills may find that the institution has defined within the student additional shortcomings. These extra "problems" don't make tackling real needs any easier.

I am the mediator. I have to constantly negotiate between the two forces, school and student. On the one hand, I must constantly push the students to meet expectations and "succeed" by completing their work, accumulating certain academic and interpersonal skills, and avoiding disciplinary entanglements. Most of the time I can pressure the students in these directions with little internal conflict; the majority of the work I assign is instructive, the bulk of the skills I demand are valuable, and most of the behavioral constraints are either logically necessary or boil down to basic respect for fellow human beings. Occasionally I must push in the other direction: school rules and assessments that seem unfair or useless must be silently modulated to gel with my own sense of what is productive and just. Often, I must openly challenge school procedures in order to maintain my sense of dignity and my belief in teaching. This dual role can be trying and stressful, and often leaves me feeling like the lonely, tiny negotiator trying to bring peace between two enemy giants.

Teachers want to be liked by students. Foremost in the mind of all successful teachers is the axiom: "good teachers must be respected by the students, not necessarily liked by the students." Still, we all wonder: "do the students like us?" It's a basic human need, to be appreciated by others. For me there is some clarity in this realm; from an expressive minority I can gather that a few students clearly do not like me at all and a few others really do like me. But there is always this big question regarding the feelings of most students, who don't necessarily manifest overt signals of like or dislike.

Occasionally I get an insight into this unknown realm. About two months ago a student in 186 handed me this letter:

Dear Mr. Jensen,

Hi! How are you. I'm just writing to tell you sorry for talking in your class, just playing. I mean sorry for coming late to school, its that I have asthma and I'm always having problems. I also sorry for failing your class. I'm also sorry that I am changing school. I'm going to I.S. 55. Please don't tell no-one because no-body is going to care anyways. So I'm sorry for everything I have done to you. I'm sorry for things you thoughts I did. If I go just remember that you was a cool, kind, nice teacher. Thank you for everything you did for me.

Lucie was not the easiest student to deal with. She could be very nice but she was also extremely moody, and I often was forced to confront these moods

when, as her letter suggests, she arrived to school late for a week straight or failed to complete any of her science assignments. The letter was concurrently heart-warming and heart-breaking, and an incredible insight into the mind of my student.

On the outside students rage against all perceived threats. Sometimes, as teachers, this is all we see. We don't realize that defense mechanisms are on the outside, and don't tell the story of the inside. The entire point of defense is to protect the inside, not just from harm, but from exposure. I had experienced this raging outside of Lucie on several occasions, but she had also come to realize that I could be trusted, and had confided in me many problems. She had chronic asthma that often prevented her from sleeping and coming to school, and once this year had hospitalized her for a week. Her family was experiencing many financial difficulties, and had been forced to relocate to a tougher neighborhood. She did not get along with her parents, and was miserable at home. All these problems came to school with her, creating an external that seemed incorrigible and uneducable to most teachers. And yet inside Lucie was really steeped in self-doubt and self-blame, plagued by misperceived notions of how her teachers and fellow students viewed her. The letter, and the reality, are enough to break my heart.

Letters like Lucie's make me wonder if I am doing the right thing. As the constant mediator between students and school, am I really providing fundamental aid to needy kids? By becoming part of the system, do I change it ever so slightly? Do I make things better? Or am I like the inner city principals described by Jonathan Kozol in *Savage Inequalities*, who in their dedication to poor children actually protect the unjust system by making the best out of horrific conditions? I know my internal motivations are pure, but do my external actions do these inner inspirations justice?

Lucie brings to light these conflicts. Everyone involved is in a state of misperception. What students think teachers think is inaccurate. What teachers think students think is inaccurate. The school diagnoses false origins for student failure. The public diagnoses false origins for school failure. We're all missing the point.

Everything is inter-connected. Students like Lucie are "failing." Externally we [the school] blame Lucie for not behaving and for not applying herself; internally we [the school] wonder if we couldn't do a better job of educating students like Lucie. Externally Lucie [the student] rages against the school and its teachers as oppressive and inadequate; internally Lucie [the student], blames herself for her shortcomings. Both parties omit a third player, the outside world, from regular consideration. The truth is that Lucie is in part to blame because she probably could better herself in spite of her problems, as many people have done. And certainly the school is in part to blame because we could do a better job of educating students like Lucie in spite of her problems. But what about her problems?

Clearly Lucie, a child born into her situation, is not responsible for having abusive parents or for suffering from asthma or for living in a resource-starved, crime-ridden neighborhood. When Lucie arrives at the school she brings these problems with her; the school is equally blameless for these situations. All too often failure is the result, and the student and school suffer. Is there any point in struggling to solve the problems of school and student when society bears such a large portion of blame for this failure? If Lucie grew up in a society that embraced environmentalism and provided quality health care to all residents, would she be impeded by asthma? If Lucie had been born into a society that refused to tolerate economic oppression of women and minorities [or anyone!], would she have to live in a dangerous and stressful environment? Would she suffer from so many conflicts with her parents if teenagers were provided with space and resources for self-expression instead of being bombarded with the conflicting messages of "you're not a child anymore"/"you're not an adult yet"? It just isn't valid to judge these kids or the school they attend in isolation, somehow separated from the brutal society at large.

I really wonder what I am doing. Why should I play mediator between student and school when both are victimized by an unjust society? Should I be here when there are so many fundamental injustices which guarantee that in the years to come I will receive many more heartbreaking letters like Lucie's? Am I just helping an obsolete and destructive system survive? Am I a salve rather than a cure? I don't know. For now,

I try to do what I can to minimize the suffering of all I come in contact with, remembering at all times that I must also fight for justice in all facets of life. Almost all of the time this mandate seems like more than I can handle all alone.

Thank you to everyone who responded to my last column. If you have not heard back from me yet, please be patient. As always, the best way to get in touch with me is at my e-mail address, cjensen22@earthlink.net. If you want to use the regular mail, my address is: PO Box 3146/Steinway Station/Long Island City, NY 11103/usa.

GUEST COLUMNIST:

OB aka Mike O'Brien



Fellow punks, the 'zine you now hold in your hands is under attack by hippies! It is but a few steps away from becoming one of those new age journals that you find near the checkout counter of the local health food store. I am at a loss to pinpoint when this evil and subversive hippification of *Hearst* began. However, I do know that each issue that finds its way off the press is becoming more and more comprised of odes to nature, love, peace, nudity, granola and other things that are more at home at a Dead concert than in a punk publication. Granted, this is more an aesthetic problem than anything, but if punk ain't about aesthetics then what the fuck is the point of having a mohawk? Even I will admit that the philosophies that most hippies tend to follow are right on, minus the parts about worshipping a certain five-fingered leaf. It's the clothes, the music, the patiroili, the bare feet, and the general "naturalness" of these earth children that should make me (and all other real punks) cringe. This column is an effort to retake this 'zine from the likes of that flower child usurper, Steve Snyder and his hippie brethren. I am relating a story about an event that is the furthest thing from the hippie aesthetic, an event that embodies the punk rock holy trinity of violence, noise, and senseless destruction, the Demolition Derby.

Late last summer I attended a Demolition Derby at Wall Stadium (your home for racing at the Jersey Shore). The thought of seeing a dozen drivers of Detroit steel pummel each other mercilessly while a screaming throng of thousands urged them on was more than an appealing way to spend a hot and humid summer night. After purchasing my ticket I sat down in the bleachers as the very loud and very fast street stock race was getting under way. While cars driving for what seems endlessly in a circle appears to be more boring than the most boring thing you could ever imagine (which is a Promise Ring/Get Up Kids double bill), it is actually somewhat interesting in person. You can look behind the leaders to see cars bump into each other, pass, and occasionally crash. The current leader of the race was the Hooters car. Needless to say I was not cheering for a driver with such an unPC sponsor. The Hooters-mobile eventually was passed by car 34, and all was well with the world.

After a brief interview with the winner of the race, it was time to "crush some cars." Tonight's demolition derby featured four heats. The cars rolled into the pit and the crowd counted down to the starting flag and the destruction began. It was quite an awesome sight as Ford, GM, and Chrysler battled under the New Jersey sky. Some notable entrants in the derby included: two cars dressed up like sharks (including fins), Car 421 (damn, just a minute too late), a car sponsored by the local classic rock station—"The Rat" (I rooted against this sucker), 4 cars sponsored by the cub scouts (blue and yellow corrupters of America's youth, also a personal nemesis), and a hot pink car (featuring a "lady driver" who, in the tradition of Pinkie Tescadero, was a true crowd favorite).

The action was pretty good with the most violent collisions receiving the best crowd response. The action between heats was excellent too. The track served three of the four carnival food groups: funnel cake, cotton candy, and popcorn. Unfortunately the fourth, corn dogs, was nowhere to be found. Additionally you could bring beer (or basically whatever you wanted outside of maybe firearms) into the grandstand. Hopefully most of the crowd was following the designated driver rule or else there would surely be an additional demolition derby held in the stadium parking later that night. Anyway, back to the derby itself.

After the four preliminary heats it was time

for the finals. A driver could reach the finals in one of three ways. He/She could win their heat, or be the heat's crowd favorite (as determined by the world famous Wall Stadium Sound-o-Meter), or be the judge's choice for a heat (basically the car that fucked up the most shit). Thanks to a screaming group of 300 cub scouts, the final had a distinct BSA flavor. Also making the final were car 421, the Rat, and the "lady driver." Car 421 kicked so much ass. At one point he left the enclosed pit area to chase down some wimp who was hiding outside the designated derby boundaries. That coward was left with little more than a steaming scrap heap of a car. Unfortunately car 421's brazen attacks left him without a radiator and he fell short of the victory. In fact, there was no clear-cut winner. Instead a draw was declared when the two final auto gladiators became hopelessly entangled after a collision. The crowd was not the least bit disappointed and heartily cheered the co-winners efforts. Everyone went home happy, including myself.

Hell, if you ever find yourself at a show and think that the pit would be all that much better if the sweaty guys running into each other were encased in about a ton of steel then the demolition derby might be for you. And it is definitely a hell of lot more punk than a damned drum circle.

Towards Environmental And Social Justice: Challenging The Greening Of Hate by Chris Crass



It's the latest trend in politics—attack the rights of immigrants under the banner of "ecological sustainability." My conservative Grandfather told me not too long ago that he was worried about the impact of immigrants on the environment. Having always heard my grandfather praise unregulated capitalism and never once raise concern for the environment, I explored his new found concern for sustainability and the "carrying capacity" of the earth. In less than two minutes our conversation came to the core of his concern, "white people are going to a minority in California real soon, and I don't like it" he informed me. My Grandfather's admission to his real concern helped me realize just how pervasive the "green anti-immigrant" rhetoric is, especially in California, where all calculations predict white people will indeed become numerical minorities quite soon.

In the June 98 issue of *Z Magazine*, Emanuel Sferios' essay "Population, Immigration & the Environment: Eco-Fascism and the Environmental Movement" explored the recent vote on immigration before the countries oldest, and widely respected, Sierra Club. Ballot initiative A was put on the ballot of the Sierra Club this past spring by anti-immigrant groups that argue high numbers of immigrants are a major cause of environmental problems in the US. The Sierra Club has been neutral on issues of immigration, but if this ballot measure would have passed, the Club would have become yet another voice scapegoating immigrants for social and ecological problems in the US. Voters from the Clubs 550,000 members voted against ballot measure A and reaffirmed their position of neutrality. The debate over immigration and environmentalism in the Sierra Club saw the mobilization of anti-immigrant groups like the Federation of American Immigration Reform and the building of a grass-roots campaign of both environmental and social justice groups led by organizations such as the Political Ecology Group in San Francisco. The debate also signaled the need for radical activists to look critically at the movements they are involved with.

I'm writing this article because I frequently hear environmentalists and white social change activists make arguments about over-population that are nearly identical to those of right wing groups, or even go a step further and popularize the slogan, "Love Your Mother, Don't Become One." I wanted to address these issues because I often hear discussion in the radical/anarchist movement asking why "our" groups/communities/movements are predominately white, middle-class in background, countercultural and generally dominated by men. Looking at the ideas of overpopulation and the slogan "Love Your Mother" is a brilliant place to begin unraveling these questions.

In his essay, Sferios writes, "While most environmentalists today agree that profit-seeking corporations and government policy play a critical role in the environmental crisis, many still harbor

oversimplified notions that population growth, if not a direct cause of environmental degradation, is nevertheless the main ecological threat."

Sferios argues that population control advocates debate in terms of numbers of people impacting the environment, but rarely do they discuss the impact of social institutions and economic classes. "Despite the fact that the wealthy consume far greater resources than the poor, it is not consumers, but producers—and the social institutions in which they operate—which accounts for the vast majority of environmental degradation," writes Sferios. Therefore, the essay continues, "Overpopulation is not so much a cause as it is a symptom of the same corporate and government policies that produce both environmental degradation and social injustice. The solutions, therefore, are not coercive population control measures like forced sterilization or militarizing the borders, but rather the radical transformation of the global economic system."

The second half of Sferios essay documents the creeping influence of right-wing "environmentalist" groups and think-tanks on the environmental movement, most notably with the recent anti-immigrant campaign in the Sierra Club (which was soundly defeated in their election). The essay also warns against the dangers of division between environmentalists and social justice activists.

The debate about population control and the popularity of slogans like "Love Your Mother, Don't Become One" have dramatic effects in the larger social change movement and, I argue, marginalize white radicals from radicals and communities of color. Debates about population control, are in all reality debates about controlling the reproduction of women of color. Advocates of population control frequently use racially coded and gendered words, phrases and images. The image of Brown bodies crossing borders and the words "out of control" figure prominently in the white social imagination. The image of Brown women's "uncontrollable, illegal, irresponsible and undocumented" mothering of "alien, unamerican" children is the backdrop used by population control advocates. It is not just theoretical, as policies to control population have routinely targeted women from poor communities of color. Through forced sterilization programs African American, Mexican American, American Indian and Puerto Rican women have experienced the reality of population control; the invasion of one's body and the physical attack against one's self-determination and reproductive freedom. In communities of color the struggle for reproductive freedom has centered around ending forced sterilization; forced sterilization programs have been understood as tactics of genocide. The ideological framework of population control has been white supremacist eugenics theory. Eugenics theory places white, economically privileged folks at the top of their genealogical hierarchy. Poor people, people of color, and others at the bottom of a class and race based, segregated society were said to be genetically inferior and that a "good, prosperous" society must engage in genetic cleansing and limit the population of these large segments of society. Eugenics theory has continued to gain currency in popular discussions as the "new scientific racismism" (re: racism) that has produced such books as the Bell Curve.

While I do not think most white social change activists or most in the environmental movement subscribe to white supremacy, I do argue that people need to challenge the underlying racist assumptions that shape population control discourses. Even if you advocate population control out of the goodness of your radical heart—it is furthering the campaign of white supremacist thought which structures US society. Angela Y. Davis' essay, "Racism, Birth Control and Reproductive Rights" has important insight into sterilization abuse and population control, check it out.

The slogan "Love Your Mother, Don't Become One" is a perfect example of how/why anarchist/radical white folks have alienated people of color, poor folks, and us white folks who are either mothers ourselves or comrades of mothers. Perhaps the white nuclear family of middle class America should be challenged, but not motherhood and families generally. To begin with, families have very different histories and must be analyzed differently. Bonnie Thornton Hill's essay, "Fictive Kin, Paper Sons, and Compadrazgo: Women of Color and the Struggle for Family Survival" lays out the basic framework to incorporate race, class and gender oppression into understandings of families. When activists universalize

the experience of white middle class existence as the norm, white supremacy is re-enforced and everyone who does not fit into this category (the majority of humanity) is marginalized and discounted from this analysis.

Supporters of this slogan must also come to understand that women, and mothers in particular, have been at the center of struggles for social change and continue to be. Black feminist Cheryl Townsend Gilkes writes, "if it wasn't for the women, racially oppressed communities would not have the institutions, organizations, strategies, and ethics that enable the group not only to survive or to maintain itself as an integral whole, but also to develop in an alien, hostile, oppressive situation and to challenge it."

Feminist writers have been exploring the relationship of activism to women's lives and have found that many women come to activism through the experience of being mothers. Celene Krauss writes about this in her essay, "Challenging Power: Toxic Waste Protests and the Politicization of White, Working Class Women" from the book *Community Activism and Feminist Politics: organizing across race, class, and gender*. Krauss writes, "toxic waste disposal has been a central focus of women's grassroots environmental activism. Women of diverse racial, ethnic, and class backgrounds have assumed leadership of community environmental struggles around toxic waste issues" and that "these women have constructed ideologies of environmental justice that reveal broader issues of inequality underlying environmental hazards... [this activism] grows out of the concrete, immediate, everyday experiences of struggles around issues of survival." Krauss also writes, "Women identify the toxic waste movement as a women's movement, composed primarily of mothers."

"Activist Mothering" is a term used by feminist Nancy Naples to describe women organizers doing anti-poverty organizing in their communities. Naples demonstrates in her new book, *Grassroots Warriors* how the skills, strategies, and roles of motherhood contribute significant to the making of community organizers. Slogans like "Love Your Mother, Don't Become One" not only blame the current ecological crisis on women's reproductive power, but also undermine the historic and contemporary roles that mothers play in movements of resistance.

The latest issue of *Slut & Lettuce*, #56, has a column titled "The Oppressions of Mothers" and is a must read for anarchists/radical activists; write to Christine Boarts at PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261-6632 for a copy. The author, Chiná, explains that "What makes it so hard to be a mother, is how things are arranged in America," and this most definitely includes the anarchist/activist movement. The isolation, neglect, and oppression of mothers that China writes about is part of the same injustice of patriarchy that produces a slogan like "Love Your Mother, Don't Become One." She quotes from the *Radical Mothers Voice*, and mentions that when you write for this 'zine at Cricket Farm/Rt. 1 Box 750J/Elgin, TX 78621 you can also order a pamphlet put together by radical parents to help make future activist gatherings kid (and parent) friendly. Articles by women like China also contribute to making activist movements kid and parent friendly.

If we are to further the possibilities for radical social change then we must not only fight against the injustices of capitalism, white supremacy, patriarchy, and authoritarianism in society but also the ideological effects of these institutionalized powers on our movements. For environmental, social and economic justice—activists must consciously, consistently, and comprehensively develop analysis and strategy that integrates race, class and gender into a radical political challenge that includes all of us who feel the heel of this system on our neck.

For more information about the greening of hate campaign and what you can do about it, write to the Political Ecology Group at 965 Mission St. Suite 700/San Francisco, CA 94103, or e-mail at peg@igc.org and check out their webpage at www.igc.org/peg.

GUEST COLUMNIST: Mike Q. Roth



1980 was a year when the DIY punk/hardcore scene was blooming in such places as DC. It was a time when many of "our" ideals began to form and take on a more universal acceptance. One of these ideals

was the \$5 show, a virtual sacred cow in many scenes across America even to this day. Many punk/hardcore kids are quick to point out when a show breaks this unwritten law. "Holy shit!! This show's \$6!!" "\$7?? What the hell???" Cries of "Sellout!" and "Greedy Bastards" fill the air.

Let's take a logical look at the \$5 show. If we assume 1980 as its year of origin, we will all be celebrating its 20th birthday in the year 2000. The important question we should ask at this point is, "Has punk outlived the \$5 show?"

Assuming a 3% rate of inflation (rather modest, considering that during the Reagan/Bush years, inflation was usually in the double digits, hitting as high as 15%), \$5 would be equal to \$9 in the year 2000. Now what does this mean? Well, let's take a look at a quick example. If I did a show in 1980 and then another in the year 2000, charged \$5 at both and 100 kids showed up at both, I would bring in \$500 at the door each time. However, the \$500 I raised in 2000 is only worth 55% of what it did in 1980. While the price of renting a hall, renting a PA, and the associated cost of bands touring have risen over the years; the price that a kid pays to get into the average show has remained rather constant.

What are we left to deduct from this? There are a couple different options. Either our founding fathers of punk were ripping the kids off back in 1980 or the kids doing shows today are ripping themselves off. I tend to think it's a little from Column A and a little from Column B.

Am I trying to say that the \$5 show is dead? I'd have to answer a definite "NO!" In fact, I just did a \$4 show where everyone got a free copy of my 'zine. I'm doing another show in a couple weeks for \$4, where the kids can possibly get in for \$3. However, these are small shows, with mostly local bands. If I put on a larger show for a bigger, touring band than my costs associated may rise (i.e. hall rental, traveling costs for band, etc.) To think that a \$7 or \$8 show is drastically overpriced would be to ignore the reality of real-world economics.

And here is where I run into a problem. The producers of the punk medium, whether it be records, 'zines, shows, etc. are constantly held up to strict ideals produced almost two decades ago. While many of these ideals age gracefully, like DIY, anti-authoritarianism, equality, etc., certain factors change that necessitate us changing with them. In particular I mean economics.

Economics continues to be a taboo topic amongst punks. We can talk about the broad economy from a punk viewpoint (Capitalism sucks!), but we cannot talk about punk from an economic standpoint. I am starting a 'zine project to do just that. Bull Market is going to be a project dedicated to examining the economic aspects of punk and the entities that constitute the punk community. It is my opinion that punks have for too long avoided looking at their community in economic terms when that is precisely what we need to do. Economic power is in many ways absolute power. If we continue to weaken ourselves as an economic unit than we will weaken ourselves as a power for change.

For those interested in learning more about this project or my ideas contact me at Mike Q. Roth/ 2036 Wendover St. Apt. #4/Pittsburgh, PA 15217; roth2@andrew.cmu.edu.

P.S. Time to toot my own horn. You can get copies of my current 'zine, *Here Be Dragons* for \$1 from the address above. Issue #2, #3, and #4 still available.

GUEST COLUMNIST: Ravi Grover



A book published in 1968 titled *The Population Bomb* claimed that the number of people on Earth would eventually grow so high that the planet would be unable to provide for its population leading to a high rate of eco-degradation and causing a severe drain on resources. So, the solution is simple: cut down the planet's population, implement birth control programs, and the Earth will be healthy. WRONG. Unfortunately it's not that simple. Contrary to popular belief, population is not a major factor in ecocide. But certain environmentalists believe so, alongside several prominent eco-organizations, many with the backing of wealthy right wing groups.

Many organizations have focused the population control agenda on reducing immigration in

America. Groups like Negative Population Growth and Carrying Capacity Network, along with well known "environmentalists" like Garret Hardin say that an increase in foreign population will severely hurt the US' environment and make living conditions worse for the rest of the American population. Again, the problem has been simplified. Instead of addressing the root causes of immigration, these "environmentalists" are attacking a symptom of a much larger problem. Multinational corporations (many of them FROM THE US) go to countries like Mexico and Brazil and destroy rainforests, exploit the environment and human labor, create single crop plantations, and basically leave the local population with nothing. It then takes resources that belonged to that foreign nation and brings it to first world countries like the US, so that privileged Americans can live high impact lifestyles, eat hamburgers, have gasoline for their cars, and consume useless products that create more waste. Governments and corporations don't recognize borders when they rape the environment and bring food from 3rd world countries to the US, but anti-immigrant groups expect foreigners to not come to the US when they are left with nothing. The people in the United States represent a mere 6% of the planet's population but consume one third of the world's raw material and half of the world's non-renewable resources. It also creates the most waste on the entire planet. It's military is the largest toxic polluter, it has the highest car ownership in the world (from cuts in public transit due to corporate control of the US government), it emits the most greenhouses in the world, but somehow this is the all the fault of foreigners! Garret Hardin once suggested sending A-bombs to the Third world, while Dave Foreman (sellout & former Earth Firster) had no problem with genocide (as long it didn't involve him or the first world). The truth of the matter is, many organizations that advocate "population control" have another agenda, supported by the right wing and white American elitists who want to continue to enjoy their "way of life." When one digs deeper and looks into the population control movement, what's found is a strong connection to the Eugenics movement (Eugenics=reducing numbers of "unfit" people: immigrants, poor, etc.), white supremacy, and a call for US' domination and privilege.

In the 18th Century, Reverend Thomas Malthus preached that population increase would eradicate the world's food supply. Malthus was also anti-poor saying that they deserved to suffer, and opposed environmentalists fighting industrial pollution. He also said the poor should not be helped because it would increase their population, while resources should be used by better off people such as himself. It is this from where Eugenics and environmentalism were first connected, and this twisted ideology is carried on today through population control groups. Well known population control advocates like Hardin and Paul Ehrlich have positions in groups like the Federation for Immigration Reform (FAIR) a supporter of the California's racist Proposition 187 anti-immigrant ballot. FAIR has also received over half a million dollars from the Pioneer Fund, an organization out to prove the "genetic superiority of white people" and some of its supporters are (unfortunately) members of the well known Sierra Club. Other ecologists have followed Malthus saying that sending food to poor countries helps starving people and in turn causes them to have more kids. It's been found that the highest birth rates are mostly among those that are least educated and impoverished. But again it needs to be stated that population is not necessarily a direct link to resource depletion. The first world is only 20% of the Earth's population but is consuming 70% of the world's energy! Forty times more industrial waste and 75 times more hazardous waste is produced by the average person in the first world compared to that of a third worlder. As for not enough food to feed everyone the US government subsidizes farmers to STORE crops while telling starving people that they cannot feed everyone, and many corporations export food from starving nations mostly to fatten livestock so that Americans can eat their meat based diet. When poverty is addressed & lessened by providing the basic needs to the poor, and rich countries stop leeching off of the rest of the world, the population will go down. This can be seen in India, the 2nd most populated country in the world. In the Indian state of Kerala, the local government tries its best to give necessities (food, health care, education, etc.) to ALL of its residents. The fertility rate in this state is 1.8 children/woman. Kerala is also one India's most lush states when it comes to nature. On the other hand, in

states like Uttar Pradesh where there are high levels of poverty and lack of education for women, the fertility rate is 4.4-5.1 children/woman. The reason being is that more children means more workers, meaning more food for the family. Women grow half the food on this planet but somehow they make up the majority of the poor. Deforestation, mining, clearcutting, factory farms, toxic pollution, are things caused by major corporations, their pollution far outweighs that of poor person! Also take this into account: a rich American family, who drives cars, lives in a spacious suburb (destroying more wilderness), and consumes more products due to their economic status is hurting the environment more than a poor person. How? Poor people are more likely to live in less spacious crowded slums, use their money for basic necessities (not advertised products), and are more likely to be using public transportation. Poor people are not living high-impact lifestyles. Another example is that of Brazil, while only having 120 people/1000 hectares, its Amazon rainforest is being destroyed at an alarming rate. Not by Brazil's local population but a small hand few of multinational corporations from countries like the US, Japan, and Germany. And yet so-called environmentalists are saying that the Earth's decay is caused by the poverty-inflicted majority!

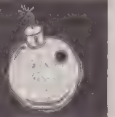
This is a time when reactionary forces have a stronghold in Amerika. When companies are gaining more freedom to destroy the Earth through economic agreements like NAFTA and GATT. Human rights are trampled upon to fulfill corporate greed. Opposing forces for a healthy planet need to unite. Those who call for "population control" need to be recognized not as an ally in the environmental struggle, but looked upon as extension of American nationalism trying to preserve their privilege. If these groups were true environmentalists they would address issues of corporate pollution, wealth distribution, and the first world's role in over-consumption and global ecocide. True environmentalists should form coalitions and work with others for social change. For instance anti-pesticide activists could team up with immigrant laborers working in agriculture. Sustainable practices could be learned from farmers in 3rd world nations. Black and Hispanic neighborhoods where most toxic site dumps are at could work alongside environmental activists in opposition. With larger numbers in the environmental movement there could be a more effective push for alternate energy use like solar power, mass public transit, and an end to habitat destruction. They could also push to use foreign aid to help Third World inhabitants through education, teaching sustainable practices, providing health care, raising the status of women, and promoting eco-preservation.

Believe it or not, the human race can actually live healthy lifestyles without hurting the Earth!

Ravi/PO Box 660881/Birmingham, AL 35266; sanyasi@juno.com

Generic Plug: Send a \$1 and a stamp to receive both my 'zines, *Strife* and *Indian Attack*. For \$12, support Earth First! by purchasing a benefit t-shirt and large vinyl sticker of the same design reading "ANIMAL LIBERATION!" A peaceful society must start with a peaceful diet." Includes a graphic of a cow's head, designed by my friend Jacob Isaacs who's also the bass player of Bear Witness, a hc band trying to be the next Third Eye Blind (j/k... maybe).

GUEST COLUMNIST: Scott Sundvall



As I sit here looking at a blank screen, I feel as though there must be something I can write about for a column. However, as always, my mind has come up blank and I am going to resort to writing about the last thing on my mind: life in general.

I mean, if there is one true thing we share in common it is the "ins" and "outs" of life. We all live life, feel life... we are life. But what is the meaning of life? And, no, this is not a rhetorical question.

Of course, as long as human existence has been around, we have pondered the question and have accepted the fact that the answer, if any at all, lies in the hands in something beyond our comprehension.

But, knowing what we do about life, what conclusions can we draw. Of course, we're all products of different eras and different environments and therefore our conditioning is going to cause a difference in answers. Like for example, a Russian Communist

from the 19th century may say it is the constant struggle to improve the means of life and to seek equality for all man-kind because they have been conditioned by politics, while a person from the Middle Ages may say it is to live as "holy" as possible because they have been conditioned by religion.

Of course it is much more difficult to eliminate all these variables then we think. Think about it, everything we think is a result of something else we have experienced in our life. To try and get as objective as possible when pondering the question of life itself, we must forget all that we have come to learn as "right" or "wrong" and merely resort to our intellect.

However, many are going to disagree with me and say that we must forget our intellect and resort to our subconscious instinct. However, like I mentioned before, all of our instinct is based upon what we have been conditioned to feel. So that would be a variable that would interfere with the objectivity in the answer.

So, back to the question at hand. Like I said, we must imagine as if we've just been born, pure of thought, however still holding onto all the intelligence you have now. This is hard because a lot of the intelligence you may think you have, may just be very biased knowledge. But, we're going to try.

So, consider all factors as to why life may exist. Seriously, let's try and solve this—let's make history. (1) There's the assumption that a higher being put us here for reasons we cannot fathom. (2) There's the notion that we're just organic irrelevance. (3) And there's the thought that both of the above theories are irrelevant and life is truly baseless, thus saying that there is no true meaning for life.

We can divide these three theories into three different categories: religious/supernatural, scientific/natural, and of course the third being the ever day pessimistic nihilist. If you're like me, however, you may have the feeling that it could be any one of these three theories but there's something more, something we missed. You know it's there, but you can't put your finger on it.

Oh, yes, that's right, the one I forgot to mention. This is a little radical, but remember, we're pure in thought and opinion, and we're thinking with a totally open-mind. What if the meaning of life, in complete human-made summary, is to ponder the meaning of life?

The meaning of life is for us as humans to not just question our existence, but ponder and question everything that comes with this existence. There is no "right" answer to the meaning of life, and that itself is the meaning of life. Of course, right about now, I am leaving my objectivity stance and am resorting to pure opinion. But this theory, however, doesn't really eliminate any of the theories above. Because while this theory says that there is no meaning to life, which kind of agrees with theories 1 and 2, it also states that the question itself is the meaning itself which could be the intention of a higher being which we cannot comprehend which would agree with the first theory.

CONFUSED?

Yes, me too. But maybe that's the meaning of life: an eternal journey and quest out of this confusion we know as life.

Oh well, I hope I may have had an inkling of influence on how you think, otherwise it was a great way to fill up space. Good fight, good night.

GUEST COLUMNIST: Doug Mosurak



On January 28 of this year, the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) of the United States proposed something that could potentially squelch the established monotony of Top 40 and money-driven music and talk radio. It's a proposal that, deep down, has the corporate-owned broadcasters in your area shaking in their collective boots. It gives the voice of public broadcast back to the people in your community and will allow you to hear music, ideas, and personality that before may have only been a notion.

The FCC has proposed a new class of FM radio service, called low power frequency modulation (LPFM). Within this proposal, individuals acting in the public interest can obtain licenses to broadcast FM radio signals ranging from 1 to 1,000 watts. The price of these licenses, and the broadcast equipment needed to make the goal of obtaining these licenses a reality, is

significantly more than probably any of you have in your pocket. What is real is the power that you have within your scene, your college, or your town to establish and organize support and funding for such an endeavor, to send the signals you want across the air, and allowing you to take an active part in what radio has to say and play.

These licenses are not currently available—yet. The FCC has been petitioned time and again to create such space for radio on the FM dial over the years. The past few have seen a greater number of crackdowns on pirate radio broadcasters than ever before. Some of these "outlaws" tried to justify what they were doing by claiming their broadcast space in the name of neighborhood and community interest, such as Spanish language programming geared towards specific areas of primarily Spanish-speaking people. But despite their intentions, the act these committed was deemed criminal, since their signals happened to interfere with 40,000 watt major broadcast dynamos within the space of a few blocks of a town. The availability of such low power FM licenses could have averted fines, confiscation of equipment, and jail time for concerned community members who wanted their voices to be heard.

On the other side of the coin, community radio is the ideal place for independent musicians and DIY labels to get their music played for-and-by-an attentive audience that seeks out new music in basements, bars, record stores, recital halls and small clubs all over the country. Such use of the radio dial exposes listeners to myriad artists and genres of music they may have never heard before. Not only does radio boost awareness and potential sales of records in this respect, it creates connections between DJs and audiences that will totally make your day. Trust me on this one. Getting all wrapped up in someone else's vision of music is an incomparable experience; it's like someone just made a great mix tape and decided to play it for anyone who could hear it.

I should mention here that I've been a part of WRCT, a free-format college radio station in my hometown of Pittsburgh, for the past six years. As a wide-eyed and impressionable 13-year-old, I got my first taste of college radio through exposure to WRCT and its sister station, WPTS (broadcasting from Carnegie Mellon and the University of Pittsburgh, respectively). This was around the time just before Nirvana broke, when you couldn't get in a car without the illegitimate strains of "Ice Ice Baby" shining your speakers and sully the air. I thought that there was something wrong with me that I'd rather be listening to my mom play her accordion than this pap. So one day I sat down and honestly tried to understand what the big deal was, and I realized that there was no big deal at all, that this music was designed to make someone else some money and not much more.

I spent the next two years stringing up antenna wire all over my room and running aluminum foil up the rain gutters of my parents' house, spending lots of time outdoors playing with the headphone wire on my Walkman, sitting patiently by the stereo with a tape deck on record, trying to catch all these new, alien sounds on a tape and play them for my friends. They weren't too interested in hearing the Fall or Void or Godflesh, or Cecil Taylor or Merzbow. But I needed more. So during one summer vacation I coughed up bus fare and went down to WRCT to see if they'd let me help out. There I met Steve Snyder and Dan Fontaine (two very close friends of mine whose names you regular *HeartattaCk* readers are probably familiar with) and the majority of the friends and acquaintances I hold today. And I learned more about music, people, and myself than I could have anywhere else. I always told myself that I wanted to give back that experience to people who listened to my shows. I felt fortunate to have been able to pick up so much unique radio at a formative time in my life (Pittsburgh has over half a dozen non-commercial or low power radio stations on both bands that I would rate anywhere from "really good" to "fucking awesome"), and I often wondered what kind of jerk I'd be if I hadn't made these discoveries.

Thirty years ago, anyone could obtain such space on the FM dial. Back then, the big money was in AM radio; when the FM dial opened up in the late '60s, not many people even owned radios that would pick up the FM band. FM radio stations were bought and sold as a novelty, and the programming you could hear on anything within the band was as varied as you could imagine. The parameters of FM broadcast didn't hold back radio programmers from taking chances in planning the nature of programming. But over time—

particularly around the time that bands like Kiss, Led Zeppelin and arena-rock-era Who broke through—it was patently obvious that to play this album-oriented rock (AOR, dude) music on a Top 40 radio station would drive away the audience outright. That's when the importance of FM radio programming really started to come through. And with that importance, you better believe someone found a way to make money off of it.

Fast-forward to today. I guarantee you that just about any commercial FM radio station above 92 MHz you tune into will be playing the most rigid, lockstep loops of pre-formatted, test-marketed music imaginable. It's important for these stations to sell advertising space on the air to stay in business, so they stick to the tried and the familiar in order to gain market share and avoid disrupting what they have decided "the people want to hear." Those stations claiming to offer "new music first" are a crock; their concept of "new music" is nothing more than a tired, pasty example of what has been done time and again (be it an Alice Cooper retread or a New Order cover, to cite two recent examples too banal to name here), and further calcifies the position the mass media holds over what we're meant to hear. Above the minute "non-commercial" band of FM radio, these are the rules. But we don't have to follow them.

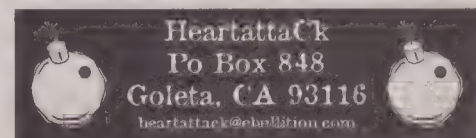
The effect that college and community radio stations have had on independent music thus far has been recognized in the media and by the artists. But it's a level of support that's too patchy to gain mass acknowledgment. A good number of colleges and universities currently run carrier-current radio stations (available only to students living in dormitories through a coaxial cable connection) or only broadcast part-time, due to the enormous costs now associated with FM broadcasting. Many large American cities (for example, our nation's capital) are endemic of the problem at hand. Last year, two commercial radio stations changed hands for \$11 million and \$13 million, respectively, while there is virtually no voice of the community on the radio, save a few hours a week on a pair of stations far left of the dial. One wonders how much the impact of the thriving music scene and art community of Washington, DC would have been fortified, particularly to the outlying areas of town, if there were some sort of established network of community radio stations to support and supplement the participants involved. You'd think you'd be able to hear a Fugazi song with some sort of regularity on the radio in their hometown, but you'd be wrong.

The biggest opponent of the low-power FM radio proposal seems to be the broadcast lobby. They're the second most powerful interest group in Washington, and their intent seems to be to bury this proposal before it hits the floor of Congress. It's just as important to prevent this from happening, as well as put a cap on large broadcasting concerns snatching up all of these low-power licenses, if introduced, as it is to support the cause at hand.

You can check out all of the proceedings, examine the grass-roots level of support that's already been established, and contribute to the cause yourself by checking out the work done by the Low Power Radio Coalition. They're a group of people as concerned as I am about the future of this development, and the impact that a crop of community radio stations can have in our towns and institutions. Here's their info: Low Power Radio Coalition c/o Michael Bracy/601 13th St. NW/ Suite 900 South/Washington, DC 20005; mbracy@bracywilliams.com; <http://www.lowpowerradio.org>

Comments on the FCC's proposal are due no later than June 1, 1999, and replies to the comments no later than one month after that. The amount of interest this plan has generated considerable interest, but a lot more work still needs to be done. If you're a supporter or participant in radio, it's imperative that you voice your support to help see this plan through. We'll all be much happier people if this all goes through, so don't wait!

If you have any comments or questions for me on this subject or any others, here's how to get in touch with me: Doug Mosurak, c/o WRCT 88.3 FM/ 5000 Forbes Ave./Carnegie Mellon University/ Pittsburgh, PA 15232; progeriarecords@yahoo.com. I look forward to hearing from you. Thanks.



Red Monkey is an awesome band from Newcastle, UK who could be considered to be the Northern Hemisphere's forefronting warriors of the no-wave revolution. This interview was done via the wonders of electronic mail with Rachel (heavily bass/vocals), Pete (king of guitars/vocals), and Marc (beat wizardry) over a period of a few weeks in March 1999. Red Monkey have several 7"s (on their own label Slampt, Kill Rock Stars, and Troubleman Unlimited), a track on the new Slampt/Troubleman compilation Taking A Chance on Chances, a full-length release available on Troubleman entitled Make The Moment, and a forthcoming album entitled Difficult Is Easy which will also be available on Troubleman. Having accomplished their first US tour last year, they plan to tour the US and Canada again this summer, so be sure to check them out. Red Monkey are rock. Interview by Esther Choi.

HaC: With regards to the punk/hardcore scene in general, I've found it interesting that many times while all-boy bands often play music that is not typically aligned with what is considered to be "hardcore" in terms of sound, they are often still considered a "hardcore band." For instance, you can look at bands like Moss Icon who don't fit in the category of typically aggressive music but would still get invited to play hardcore/punk rock shows. But lately I have been thinking about the way in which when girls involved in the hardcore or punk scene start bands that aren't aligned with that sound but share similar political convictions, they aren't normally included in that manner. They are

to be in any club which would have me as a member," and I know what he meant. That's not an attack on the H/C scene—we actually had a lot of support from different people involved in hardcore, and I like a lot of hardcore bands. Furthermore, a lot of people describe us as a hardcore band. But at the end of the day, I don't really care whether we are deemed a "true" hardcore band or not—I have too many other things to worry about.

R: But if you're a real woman trying to be a real person, where DO you turn culturally? Mainstream is so hung up on soundbit 2D personas (and any female who ventures into it is... dismissed as sexy or not), and the Underground that exists is generally cold to us. (Could it be that this is what Riot Grrl was about? Dare I speak it?) Could any hardcore boys say "We are ACTIVELY welcoming to female people and know it to be the truth? How could it be truthful when they don't speak the same language as their female acquaintances, when they cannot deal with something that is borne out of experience they have not experienced? The closest thing to that is a RESPECT OF DIFFERENCE. (But I still believe that questions sometimes need to be asked...) Can you actively welcome the unknown? Of course there are girls in the scene but what roles are they playing? And if they're not interested in the playing of roles, then how long do they stay in the scene... Because a scene is about an awful lot more than Music or Politics; it's about human interactions and only the greenest would say otherwise. Where is the space for these others, these females, when all the silhouettes are boy

Grrl scene and the inevitable influence that has on our music. It seems that to a lot of people, hardcore (and in the wider sense, punk) is a specific set of conventions and ideological concerns and we just don't fit. There are examples of punk/hardcore labels supporting "girl bands"—such as Dischord (with Slant 6, etc.) and Gravity (with Huggy Bear) but, unfortunately, they're few and far between. To be honest, I don't care what's considered punk or hardcore anymore (and whether we're excluded from certain scenes or not); I'm just glad that there are people involved in punk/hardcore that are supportive of us that appreciate what we're doing.

R: I have been at times, most dismissive of the "Hardcore Brotherhood." Like I couldn't fit in with all the rules as regards aesthetics and knowledge of certain aesthetics. I didn't know what the rules were... I have at times been smitten with paranoia when faced by a room full of hardcore boys all dressing the same. I cannot find the energy to conform to the FASHION thing. Skateboarding is not important to me. Neither is whether The Offspring are selling out and watering down the form. Earth Crisis are only important to me for a few seconds of my life because it is a drop in the ocean against you as a woman. It pisses me off for a second because I am a woman trying to find my own personhood, and not because it fucks up scene p.c. politics... All of this should be followed by the disclaimer "I know not all hardcore boys in the scene are like this..." which is true, but anyone with half a brain knows that anyway. I'm just talking about why hardcore can seem so excluded from other things it may have broader



RED MONKEY

commonly considered to be a "girl band," defined by their gender, and are subsequently relegated as an "other." Often times, girls aren't exposed to any feeling of inclusiveness. I suppose that this is more of an invitation for you to comment on this, if you agree or disagree, and not so much a question.

Rachel: It seems as though (through my personal experience) the statement is true. My experience is that I have always been outside of punk/hardcore circles. This was to be the case because of the musical aesthetics I was into, even though I can appreciate your Native Nods. Currents... At times it is evident I don't fit because I am a lady... because I don't want to listen to boy angst much. I don't even know HOW one would fit into hardcore circles or why someone would want to. (Thoughts I have had on the subject include safety in numbers... or new openings for discussion, discourse, disapproval?)

Pete: You're quite right that plenty of "girl bands" (and other supposed "minority" aspects of the punk scene) get thrown out of Hardcore Heaven for dubious reasons. But ultimately, who gives a fuck? I don't think that many people outside of the hardcore scene aspire to getting inside the scene, and if you DO want to make a splash in hardcore it's not going to be that difficult to acquire the relevant clothes, attitudes and music style, provided you've got the money for expensive trainers and the spare time to learn to play an instrument in that style. I believe Oscar Wilde once said "I wouldn't want

shaped. There isn't anywhere to fit in unless you spend a fuck load of energy... and how much energy do you have left to be creative with? I think the question is more general. Could "hardcore," which is a definition of several aesthetic (and at best ideological) considerations EVER be about growth rather than exclusivity? Of course it can be, in theory, but is anyone bothered to do that when they spend so much energy constructing impenetrable selves?

Marc: Red Monkey's relationship to hardcore is such that we're on the periphery of the scene here in the UK. We've had a lot of support and encouragement from individuals involved in hardcore over here and there are people (inside and outside hardcore circles) who consider us to be a hardcore band. Having said that, there are many people in the hardcore scene who have... completely ignored us. I've always assumed this is because the aesthetics of our music don't fit their idea of the genre. As regards the content of the music, again they don't seem to be interested in engaging with that either. I get the impression that certain bands get support from the hardcore scene, even if they don't seem to be a hardcore band in terms of their music... because their members previously played in more generic hardcore bands or bands which came out of that scene. I'm all for diversity of style and content in hardcore. I think that to some people, we're considered a "girl band" (despite that two of us are men) and I think that's got to do with Pete and Rachel's involvement with the Riot

ideologies in common with. It's the details that can be so elusive (and of course we do appreciate all the kindness that has been shown by individuals in the scene). If I were to be involved much in the hardcore scene this is what I would like it to be about: mutual support and politics as life. Dealing with things, not hiding from it.

HaC: To follow up on the first question, there seems to be this constant push-pull relationship between meaning and form in hardcore/punk rock; is this genre can ever really be defined by solely one or the other. When taking into consideration the aesthetics of music (the form) and the politics behind it, do you think that one ultimately takes precedence over the other?

M: What a band's feelings are, as regards whether the form or content are more important in their own music, depends on their own beliefs and experience as individuals. I don't personally think that one takes precedence over the other, as types of expression have some kind of formal qualities and that is what gives the message its impact. I don't see the point in denying that. The form and content aren't necessarily in competition; they can co-exist quite comfortably. The form is important to us—that's why we play music. It's also the case that what we say in our music is also very important to us.

R: Making the form, we try to be as much of a question

as the lyrics... I believe they are equal in importance, but we do tend to blab more about with words because that's easier to justify (politically) than the indulgence of choosing one note or time signature over another. However, the WHOLE thing... generates (for me) psychic resistance and celebration of being alive. KICKING against the PRICKS if you will.

P: It's completely apparent surely, to anyone who knows anything about hardcore, that to a lot of people in the scene it is about music and clothes and skateboards and not anything else. But hardcore does have a pretty large amount of political baggage thanks surely to certain individuals such as, off the top of my head, Richard C. of the UK's *Armed With Anger* 'zine/label. Looking at punk rock more generally, I have mixed feelings about its political agenda. Punk rock has helped to expose me to some pretty radical ideas, such as squatting, which is really the heart of European punk in my opinion. And one of the excellent things about punk is that it gives people a solidarity, viewing themselves (quite rightly in my eyes) as being completely at odds with the rest of society. But recently I have come to thinking that it's not enough to just have such a relatively small space for a relatively small number of people to live out an "alternative" life style, particularly since punk is so often the preserve of the young. Punk rock has given me a place where I can be myself and I can't over-emphasize how important that has been to me as an individual. But I'm impatient—I want a completely different type

of society and punk definitely has its limitations in that sense because it is generally sub-cultural rather than being counter-cultural, especially in recent years. If you get to know political activists (in the UK for sure, I don't really know about elsewhere), then you notice pretty quickly that a lot of the people involved are into Bjork or Billy Bragg... or whatever... but it is pretty stupid to judge people's political views on what music they enjoy. I know for a fact that some people enjoy Red Monkey's music, but they couldn't give a fuck about the message of our lyrics. It doesn't bother me that much although obviously I'm happier if people are into the lyrics, but ultimately, politics and music have been bedfellows for many centuries and will continue to work together in the future I'm sure. But attempting to justify the value of art solely on political grounds seems to me to be a blind alley. Like you say, it's a push/pull relationship.

M: I'm glad that an underground music scene exists in order to nurture more radical approaches to music, but I find the attitudes of some of the bands that are nurtured in the underground depressingly conventional and reactionary when it comes to anything other than music. By the same token, there's also a tendency in punk/hardcore circles to take the moral high-ground when it comes to the issue of form over content because punk/hardcore is often (though not always) associated with some kind of political stance—I sometimes get the impression that there are people who view this association to assert the moral superiority of their preferred style of music.

HaC: Tell us about how Red Monkey started, how long

lot of people who don't fit that sexual/racial/gender category aren't involved because the music doesn't interest them. A lot of it might seem to an outsider (and even a lot of insiders) to be generic and musically reactionary (i.e.: guitar-based). People aren't necessarily waiting for punk/hardcore to include them, they might want... their own culture based on their own aesthetic and political concerns. That's why Riot Grrl happened—women who wanted to make their own style, express their own agenda went ahead and did it. That's why hip-hop exists. It's a shame there isn't more co-operation between these genres, and that that is partly due (again) to aesthetic preference. Surely the punk/hardcore network extends to supporting artists whose music might be radical in form and/or content, who are not a corporate product, and there are people involved in punk who have power (and, particularly in the US, the money) to change this situation and encourage more diversity.

HaC: I've been trying to avoid any discussions in this interview regarding riot grrl, but I can't seem to curb the urge, especially when considering your previous involvement with that scene. I was thinking the other day about how even though riot grrl had its problems and often became over-simplified by the media and those involved in it, it was still really important that it existed for the mere fact that there was a strong, visible female presence in music and other forms of creative expression. I think that after a while, many girls and women took that for granted, and now want to fill in that absence. How do you see women's involvement in

about in. If riot grrl was exclusive, it was to not make apparent what was going on in any way and deliberately so, to those that had long been excluding us (sometimes purposefully, sometimes thoughtlessly, or out of naïveté) because we were not boy shaped. I had been hanging around on the edges of independent culture for years, having started doing 'zines at the age of 17, thinking "Why the fuck am I the only girl I know doing this?" It provided me with the rebellious female voices I'd been longing to hear and the excuse to just start being in bands and take myself seriously. It... was a huge affirmation to me. Having been told all my life "No," I was wanting to hear that "Yes." And I was no longer crazy, because truck loads of other women came out as feeling very similarly to me... Riot Grrl and my involvement with it helped me to have a safe and volatile place to explore mine and other females' identities. And I do feel that in a way that is now missing, or certainly not as visible as it was before. Ironically in many ways, riot grrl's very strength is that the people involved... in most cases moved on. However, they have left a gap, or rather the crack they opened up has mostly closed behind them. There is much valid female culture going down though. Petty Crime, Submission Hold, Sleater-Kinney (dare I say Red Monkey?) is a more complex (and, I believe, honestly varied) culture than Skinned Teen or Heavens to Betsy or Bikini Kill, but less likely to start a riot and less appealing to those with a short attention span. I think that something I went through with riot grrl was first finding my rage, and then using it as a powerful positive force. But if all you are is rage, at some point

you have been together as a band for, and how your label Slampt ties in with all of this...

R: Pete and I met at school in Kent when we were 17/18. We wrote Marc a few years ago. We were legends Spinach because, a) he was in Newcastle, and b) he smoldered intelligently behind a drumkit. We formed in October of 1996.

M: I got together with Pete and Rachel because Slampt was the only thing happening in Newcastle at the time that excited me musically and because I'd seen their previous band, Matter of Exact, and thought "I want to make music with these people."

R: Slampt was something Pete and I started doing way before we had a zine/tape thing that became records and videos, etc., and it was just about documenting whatever we thought was interesting surrounding us. The usual independent record label thing. But the Slampt Underground Organization is also a variable philosophy of just doing it, being true to ourselves, not submitting it to just grey.

P: It is fanzines, records, gigs, tapes, food... and drawings. It is independent of multi-nationals and defiantly underground.

HaC: In terms of hardcore/punk being a white, middle class, male-dominated scene, do you think that much progress has been made over the years to change this? Do you think that there is much more diversity now or



that a consciousness has grown in time? Do you think that it is possible for a genre to get past its prejudices and really change?

P: To me, hardcore doesn't seem to be very diverse ethically, culturally, nor in terms of class and gender. I don't see that as changing, but I also don't see that it necessarily invalidates the "message" of hardcore, if a message of hardcore even exists.

R: I don't know. Some of it has got more considerate and complex and some of it has been simplified (of form and politics). I don't think it's possible for a GENRE to change because then it becomes a different genre altogether? I don't care what genre I am in so long as I am true to my beliefs. Change is always going to be part of that. I would go so far as to say that a genre is just something that someone does for a while, it's not who they are. I can listen to Inuit throat songs, Lungfish and Ani Difranco on the same day and work it out whether or not I am fitting into a genre. I don't believe that it is possible for individuals—on mass even—to get past their prejudices and really change, i.e.: white middle class kids engaging with (and listening to) non-white, non-middle class peoples of all ages and sexes and sexual preferences while bothering about whether or not this other is hardcore or not.

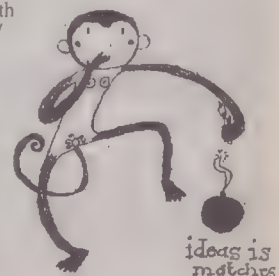
M: I don't think that much has changed in terms of gender. There are still far more boy bands than women. Hardcore/punk has been a predominantly white, middle class, and male scene for a long time, and I think that a

music as having changed? Do you think that people are now looking beyond identity politics into a more individual identity? In other words, where's the rock?

P: I had hoped the riot grrl explosion to be very exciting and inspiring, and it turned into a bunch of other things. But in terms of "identity politics," these days I feel more inclined towards a more specific critique of capitalist modes of production, and more interested in what direct action can be undertaken to make ALL our lives better. Last time I went to a Gay Pride even in Newcastle, I couldn't shake the thought of how our sexual inclinations are probably less important to me than the lack of shown political beliefs which are pretty apparent at any Gay/Lesbian/Bi night in Newcastle... Business monkey is still a business monkey and a cop is still a cop, regardless of what they do in bed. And I don't like business monkeys. I don't like cops. Looking at issues of homophobia, gender, race or class in isolation is not where I'm at right now. I don't whether that relates to the riot grrl scene or the homocore scene, but I know that I am a different person now to the person I was then.

R: Riot grrl created a crack in punk rock/independent circles where women were answerable only to themselves. As we all know, this is really fucking rare in life and it was not important just because of that, but also because it meant that, for example, what was going on in hardcore, re: its general exclusion of the ladies, just didn't matter because we all had out space to fuck

what you are raging against is going to win out. It becomes more valid to learn about yourself, to allow yourself some areas of balance and calm, for your own good. I no longer feel as though I have something to prove, except possibly to myself. I am glad that some of the culture women are making expresses that we are people and not cartoon characters. This was much of the battle: making women the space to be real, complicated, mighty, flawed, emotional... sometimes sexy and frumpy, but just plain old people. I have lived most of my life (and am not free of it still) with the whole good girl/bad girl dichotomy going on and not even recognizing it. It would be great though if there was even more female culture going on in independent circles. There's still not an equality in visible female numbers.

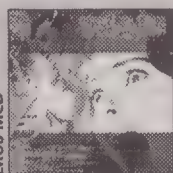


Red Monkey is available for discourse via The Slampt Underground Organization/PO Box 54 /Heaton, Newcastle Upon Tyne/NE6 51W/U.K.

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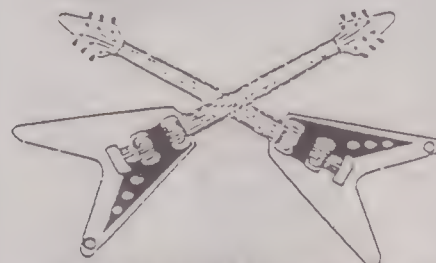
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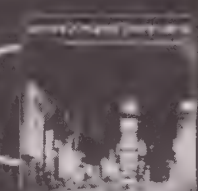
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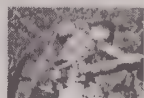
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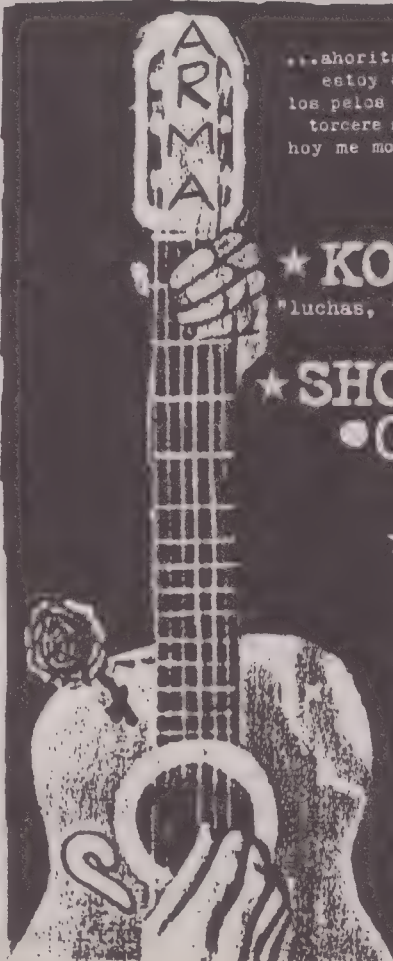


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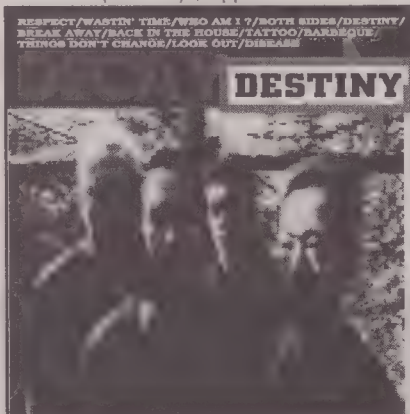
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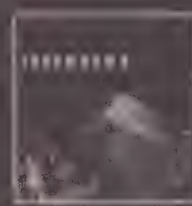
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Sarah Jody leaned against the tilted underside of the highway overpass. She let the cement covet her tired body as she fixed her stare upon the words running across the opposite wall. She'd been staring at the grey, water stained edifice much too long; the two cent graffiti and rotting cracks weren't enough to keep her entertained anymore. The words "Trust in Jesus" spread themselves across the interstate ruins, red paint, second grade style...

In the pre-dusk lull, her sneakers began to morph with the tar-laden asphalt. She threw her thumb into the air hoping for the attention of a motorist in passing. Engines and concrete radiated 89 degrees Fahrenheit. Standing at the foot of the road, she felt as though she was waiting to board an abandoned roller coaster; hours and hours in line and nothing. Just as the sun hit the 5:30 point and a hint of that closing of the day failure passed

cigarette butts. She got a remote sense that she was trapped in one of her stories. The book juxtaposed against the outfit and the shotgun perched on the wooden gate dividing the front seat from the back created quite a peculiar image in Sarah Jo's mind. She pictured a man, alone in the wilderness, waiting for a deer to trot by so that he could blow its brains out, yet all the while engaging himself in the alien world of women writers... *An empty beer can, seven-up*



What's Hiding in the High Beams

by Emily Heiple

art by Nate Powell

like you see in the underbelly of every highway overpass east of Colorado and south of Ohio. She laughed decadently as she read the scripted words which dared to retaliate against the roadside icon—"fuck Jesus, trust yourself."

A car whizzed by, pedal to the metal, no stop again and again... "All I want to do is get home, please someone stop, pick me up, deliver me..." Her words trailed off in that high pitched song-like way as she knew they would before she said them. Her conversations with herself were becoming duller than ever. She already knew the words, the tones, the pitch—that chitter chatter that came out when she was pissed and clenched her jaws. There was a point when she used to think that traveling would definitely be better done alone, but that opinion had quickly changed; especially after she'd become a master at the game of solitary twenty questions. She had almost succeeded in separating the two sides of her brain, cutting off communication between right and left, but of course for nothing deeper than guessing games to pass the time. Self inflicted schizophrenia... well Sarah Jo, that's what her friends called her, was far from any kind of conventional insanity, she just wanted to get back to Tulsa before Sunday.

The sun was about to set for the third time since she'd been on that particular stretch of road. Three nights stuck in the middle of Middle America... She really didn't know where she was, but for some reason, she had no fear of being lost. Lately, she'd come to the conclusion that when she knew exactly where she was, that's when she *really* felt lost. With all this free time on her hands, she had recently devised some kind of philosophy on what can and can't exist or rather not exist in a state of *loss*. For example, she concluded that people are never really *lost*, time is, in fact, the only thing that can ever be considered as something which is truly *lost*. Like the summer, and the past two years for that matter... it had become merely a montage of disconnected events, a concave of memories—past, present, and future. Nothing ever happened anymore, except for heat; it was all part of some nostalgic idle motion.

over Sarah Jo, a dark blue pickup, luxury edition, came into view across the interstate. An indescribable amount of time elapsed from the visionary arrival of the dark blue pickup and Sarah Jo's actual embarkment upon the vehicle. The engine hissed and the generator sang about certain disaster—Sarah Jo heard something, a sort of humming above the mosquitoes and the desert sunbeams, but of course, she paid no attention.

Her heart skipped the warning beat that usually steers people away from nearing danger—she'd been forever thumbing this stretch of road, no gut intuitions were going to stand in the way of this ride. She grabbed her bag, said a quick goodbye to the overpass in hopes that she'd never have to lay eyes on it again, and skipped towards the truck which rested on the shoulder of Highway 70. Butterflies fluttered in her guts as the initial wave of paranoia that goes along with catching rides from strangers hit her. Oh, it was quite brief though. She saw her benefactors and a feeling of reassurance and settlement spread through out her body, coating the fear and soothingly paralyzing the butterflies from their nervous swarming.

A semi-young couple, man, woman, maybe thirty-five, possibly rednecks, very possibly, gun rack behind rear bucket seat, expressions of interest in something besides me, hard faces like all the rest, desert heat gets to everyone...

"Thank you so much, this strip is dead, I mean no rides in days, you guys were the first to stop in forever. Thanks again."

She babbled on, senses in overload, trying purposely not to make eye contact with her new friends. There was always that initial awkwardness in each car, at the beginning of every new ride; but this time Sarah Jo was too tired to make any effort at exempting it.

The backseat was covered in a tattered green slick vinyl, just like the kind found in everybody's grandmother's Chevrolet. The heat from the setting sun beat in through the window. There was a camouflage hunting outfit crumbled up on the floor along with a paperback copy of a Flannery O'Connor book and some

bottle, some duct tape; she was about to become ignorantly comfortable with her surroundings, when suddenly the driver pulled her back into the uncertain world of hitching rides with the grossly typical question: "So where are ya headed?"

I guess it is somewhat necessary, a hitchhiking prerequisite...

"Well, eventually I want to make it to Tulsa, but I mean, you can just take me as far as you're going."

Through all that time alone she'd forgotten how to converse, everything sounded like a one sided monologue, distinctly sloping away from the opposite party.

She glanced at the two in front but the glare still kept her from clearly making out their faces.

The car smelled like Budweiser and photo emulsion; it was repulsive, yet the strange familiarity of the stench intrigued her. The sun hit that terribly annoying point in the horizon, the five minute interval for which those stick-on blinds were created. She couldn't see her new traveling buddies worth a damn; the solar glare burned her retinas leaving her half way blind yet not the least bit worrisome. All that mattered was that she had gotten a ride and was off that scorching freeway.

Interstates are the morgues of transportation, the cemeteries of cross country travel... Where is the fruit of life in this barren asphalt grave yard?

Her tattered journal was full of this lame poetry; she gagged at it in retrospect. She picked the Flannery O'Connor book up from the floor of the backseat, half out of curiosity and interest, half to distract herself from the moment that lingered inside the truck. It wasn't a novel, more a collection of short stories that weren't all too short. Surprisingly, she'd read a few of them. Sarah Jo hardly ever read. A year ago when she was living in Jackson Hole, her ex-boyfriend was an obsessive English major type. Unfortunately his greatest love was also his mortal downfall. She dumped him because she was sick of overused literary references and the way his nose and mind were perpetually stuck in fiction. Metaphors and symbolism had

overtaken every aspect of his life. Nothing was ever taken at surface value with him, meaning and depth shrouded everything from the Happy Meals they split to the timing of her sneezes. Over that prolonged five month relationship she'd read a couple of worthwhile novels and gained some kind of love/hate relationship with poetry. Although she found his sonnets cheese-ridden and over-flowered, she could not help but pick up on the habit, especially while she was on the road.

As her thoughts scattered in retrospect over the past year; she desperately tried to grasp on to something more prominent and important than ex-boyfriends... Looking down at her clothes she realised that nothing changed in the last year—she was wearing the same shirt, she had the same haircut, she'd had no revolutionary ideas or mind expanding experiences. Just as the sun passed under the horizon and the dusty red prolific light wavered between night and day, a voice from inside the car threw Sarah Jo out of the abyss of her own introspection.

"She's one of my favourite writers." The woman's voice stunned her for no particular reason. She was pointing at the book and waiting for a response. Tongue twisted for fear of conversation and its inevitable lulls, Sarah Jo went into quick response mode.

"I've never really read any of her stuff." She decided to lie and avoid getting all emotional over the words of a disillusioned dead woman.

"Oh, well you should, it's really good. Here, let me see that." She handed her the thick paperback. The woman thumbed through it, knowing exactly what she was looking for.

"Here we are, 'Good Country People'; this is the best one in here. You can read it if you like."

Sarah Jo nodded, trying not to let on that in fact she'd already read that story and found it absolutely amazing. The spark of common interest burned her a bit, but still she kept silent.

She put the book down and stared blankly out the window again. As her eyes wandered, she caught the woman's glance through the grim-ridden rear view mirror. She held it for a split second, configuring the tension and hope in her eyes; then like they never cared, their gazes split hard and collapsed away from one other.

Flat world, flat flat lands with dunes like bivouacs abandoned after the war. No bumps, or dips, or oceans in sight. We all must die before we start to live.

The engine clattered a soothing song, Sarah Jo drifted off to sleep with thoughts of love and prosthetic limbs in mind.

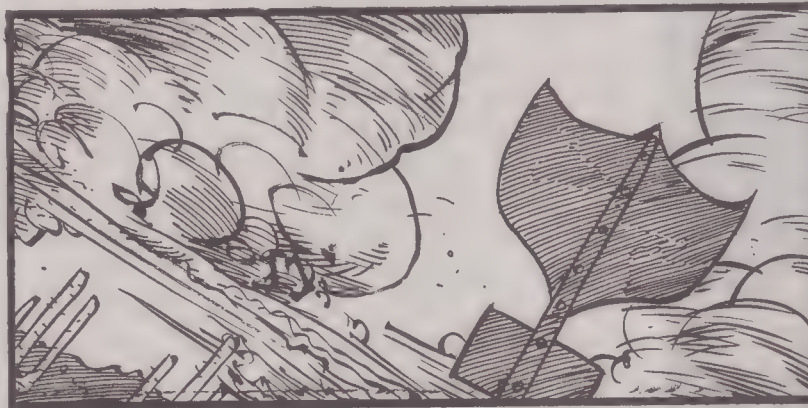
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"Would you watch the fucking road! I know it's more important to our lives than that goddamn cigarette you're trying to light!"

The loud reactionary "you're an asshole" spoken in that panged feminine tone

quickly drew Sarah Jo out of her light feathery slumber and back into her distorted hitch-hiking reality. The one which she now shared with two completely and recently angered strangers. Sarah Jo didn't know how long she'd slept, really, she wouldn't have thought that she'd slept at all except for the fact that the woman was now at the wheel. By this time, the sun was long gone, it had fallen deep below the distant plateaux which graced the southern mid-west like bloody knuckles on the fist of the horizon. On its way to the next hemisphere, the Great Gaseous Sphere left nothing but a shade of gold to reflect off the stars and road signs in the nocturnal atmosphere. Bringing her attention back within the truck, she felt an anxious tension in the air, similar to the final miles driven on that last tank of gas. Sarah Jo felt an uninviting silence settling in the front seat; the woman evidently felt it too; she turned the blue-grass radio music up to a semi-uncomfortable noise level and let out a sigh of anything but relief.

"What the fuck is that shit?" His response startled Sarah Jo. She released her involuntary cough of awkwardness and shifted positions in the back seat. She began to get very bothered by the fact that she could not



make out details on the faces of the couple. She'd seen their tattered, worn portraits everywhere: on the cover of trucking school brochures, working at the check-out counter of the local grocery store, and hiding behind the paintings of a lost grey age. They were typical lower income middle class Americans; without the hindrance of PC mentality, they'd just be white trash. They were a lot like herself, or like the hordes of humanoids she passed every day without speaking. Blank faces, drawn out struggles behind open eyelids. Subjects of the most interesting fictions, they embodied a cliché and now hated themselves for being confined to trailer parks, bowling tournaments, and teenage pregnancy.

*Eating snowflakes with plastic forks...
Short love and a long divorce...*

Well, well, without even being able to see life's fully animated expressions tainted on their faces, she knew they weren't happy, especially not the man. His cutting words and almost drunken syllables made Sarah Jo's stomach flip.

"Your sighs remind me of my parents and your parents and all the other marriages that have been sucked of all life—I hate those end of the line noises women make, *Oh I can't take it anymore so I'll heave a big breath*, that's an

idea... I'd rather you scream your ass off."

Darkness now reigned over this stretch of land majestically—the high beams were the only things brave enough to challenge the omnipresence of twilight's blanket. The man kept trailing off, then suddenly, as pseudo-peace was at hand, he'd pick back up on his harsh commentary right where he'd left off.

"Actually, I'd prefer it if you just kept quiet for the rest of the ride. I'm pretty much damn sick of your voice right now..."

Of course Sarah Jo expected her to sit there and take it, like she'd always done before and like she'd seen her mother do when her father had slipped off the deep end. She thought it was kind of an unwritten rule that, as women, we should sit there and take the abuse; we should ignore the inherent male ignorance, absorb their words, but never take them *too* much to heart. It was clear that this woman, on this stretch of road, had maybe read too much Flannery O'Connor or had let her shield of femininity fall, thus exposing the source in which that phrase was born; *Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned...* Her initial reaction wasn't the tank girl with a spice, short skirt, athletic thigh type of thing.

"Fuck off," she said boldly, not a scream, not a whisper. It was as if this overused phrase had never once been uttered before. It cut pure glass like it hadn't tainted the script of every generation X, filth-ridden plot in history. Her words brought a hush over the car. It was one of those speechless moments full of tension that made you swallow hard, even with a dry mouth. The breathless lull teetered on the omniscient second hand for a long while as they all stared out the

windows, watching the miles fly by. Sarah Jo got so caught up in the moment she forgot where she was going, and, for the first time in years, where she'd been. For one moment her uneventful past lost all of its embellishments and its useless renderings. She forgot for once that yesterday had already surrendered itself to today and that all retrospect does is merely keep you wondering—*if only I'd done things differently?* And what killed her most was that there was no regret, at least not since she'd left home and even that decision was something she'd have to really concentrate on configuring another option to. Home, cable toxic programming, mother's ideal man... the thought of that small blue house made Sarah Jo shiver. She spent the past three years of her life trying to get away from the trite meaningless existence her mother emerged herself in; instead of spending post-adolescence within the high sheltered walls of a strict country club dogma—white virginal tennis skirts showing just enough aerobized thigh—she decided that playing the role of the prodigal suburbanite would be much more exciting, and at seventeen, when she decided to leave home, there were no other options. And now that she's twenty, she's finding herself caught in this perpetual moment of clarity/introversion/retrospection=regret. All

that she can see clearly in this wave of post-adolescent confusion turned anti-climatic epiphany is that she's just back where she started. Each year has flown by like a flock of birds migrating to that warm summer spot. *You see them every year, at the time you don't recognise them, until one day, after a long while, the familiarity dawns on you and you realise that nothing ever changes.* Sarah Jo's thoughts catapulted from there. She saw herself sort of like those birds; *she seemed to be free, but then there were always flight patterns and altitude adjustments and really, really bad analogies. The only safe thing to do now, she thought, is forget the past. Just pretend it didn't happen, because in reality, a mere shot away from*



fantasy, those years are better off not marking a place on the calendar of this young adult's life.

Suddenly, but not automatically, the tension born from her deep introversion transferred itself from Sarah Jo's bitter nostalgia back to the quarrel in the front seat.

"You goddamned bitch. Don't fucking talk to me like that!"

The woman at the wheel, the woman who had so much more than balls behind her words, speed up with anger and fear. Sarah Jo felt the same kind of uncontrollable terror as she began to make out the man's face in the dark. The familiarity made tears swell up in her chest. She felt pain as she struggled to hold them in. He spoke again like sharp glass.

"I'm driving now, pull over." She pressed the gas pedal with hesitation. "Pull the fuck over Adelaide."

Adelaide, her name was Adelaide... *night is to day as letters are to words...*

She kept driving harder, like she was trying to outrun something that had already caught up to her. Suddenly he reached over and grabbed the wheel away from her. The steady light beams on the highway were thrown

off course as the car swerved across the abandoned highway. The swarm of butterflies in Sarah Jo's stomach released themselves on their own accord—something was very wrong. The truck was still at the mercy of gravity; both of the drivers had forgotten the vehicle. He had his hands fastened tight around her neck as she bite and tore at his fingers. A slew of the typical fighting words lashed out across the atmosphere. Somewhere in the struggle she witnessed a trial and an acquittal; the couple had already sentenced themselves to a damned state of matrimony. Sarah Jo tried to crawl back inside herself. Finally, without consolation, the woman grabbed the wheel away from him, knowing that things could never be like they once were. She found something right in being wrong and out of place. Like the 1960s a breeze of equality shunned the chauvinistic patriarch. His retaliation was a slap across her face with the back of his hand, as if those last few seconds hadn't meant a thing. SLAP.

Tears and swears and barriers climb as tall as heaven, fall as hard as hell...

His hand burned her cheek. From her lips came that familiar cry of tiredness and disposition and a plea to surrender at the foot of that façade they called love. Sarah Jo watched the struggle; she read their actions like a cryptic beauty magazine. There was something daring about the whole situation; Sarah Jo sensed that the woman had taken this shit from this man much too long. The world had seen it all before, so many times now that the familiarity killed.

The woman stared at the road as blood dripped down her chin. His gaze was fixed outside the window, it seemed as though he'd forgotten why he hit her. Everything slowed down to some delayed point of motion. Suddenly his purpose dawned upon him once again.

"Are you going to pull over or am I gonna have to knock out one of your teeth this time!?"

She jerked the wheel a hard right causing the truck to fly across the highway from one shoulder to the other. They came to a halt



as a cloud of dust swallowed their motionless universe. Adelaide threw the car into park and flung open the door, all in one angry movement. Sarah Jo was past being nervous and sketched out by the situation; it had become completely unreal to her now. She felt as though she was trapped in some kind of bad action adventure thriller; the camera panned across all three of their melodramatic expressions, trying desperately to catch some ounce of reality in their eyes.

The two figures jumped out of the car, the slamming doors trapped her inside. She sat

in the truck watching the rising conflict through the front windshield. It really was a movie. Dead Silence swallowed her whole. It ingested her deep within its heated swollen belly—the inaudible void paralysed her with its syringe of alienating comfort. {negative intensity plus negative intensity/[the fantasy of exaggerated reality]=an indescribable threshold of strength} She watched the two figures like a matinee; they moved around the car, towards each other. They were caught in the fluorescent headlights; they hesitated like cats mesmerised by the beams. His face dragged and pierced, just like you'd expect. —Sarah Jo saw him completely for the first time, yet she already knew him—just as you do. His stereotypical demeanour brought back that eerie "stuck in a movie" feeling. The emotional intensity of the situation and the primordial instincts that are locked away so tight in humans nixed out any aesthetic configurations these two people possessed. In other words, all Sarah Jo could see was rage, insanity, love, hate—all the elements of lust and war. But what would make this battle unlike all that Hollywood has produced is its unavoidable tragic ending. Well, tragedy for someone and freedom for the other.

So now that I ruined the story, let's tune in again to find out how Sarah Jo reacts to being written into such a heart jerking cliché...

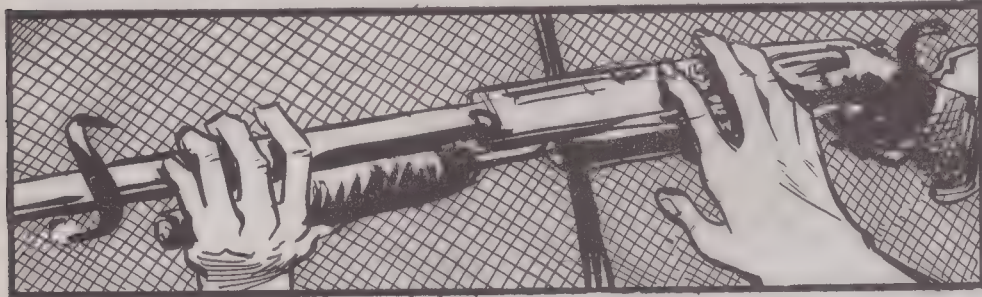
Their mouths moved like machines as their hands gestured alarm. Right in front of her eyes, she witnessed two bodies rapidly losing their minds. She couldn't make out the words they spoke to one another. The radio was still blasting country music, a song about a man betting away his last dollar and feeling free set the background score for the climatic scene. She tried to grip the vinyl seat in front of her but her sweating palms slipped off the material. She stopped breathing for a split second as the couple ran at one other. The man grasped onto the back of his wife's head; with his fingers around her dirty ponytail he smashed her head against the front grill of the truck.

"This is not real, I'm not seeing this..." Sarah Jo's lips trembled as she sat back in surreal disbelief. The woman outside staggered

up from the ground, blood covered her entire face. The impact of the collision must have broken her nose, it had to have. The man hovered over Adelaide, his wife, like a lion over his prey. They stood in the headlights, silence captured the scene. She didn't scream or retaliate—everything seemed under control and calm, on the surface. Underneath, off camera, anger and brute insanity wavered like a pendulum on some omnipresent ridge that was their fading relationship.

Suddenly the scene broke and they simultaneously began walking back to the truck.

It was as if someone off stage had yelled "cut" and the actors were now retreating for coffee. *It all seems like a farce, Sarah Jo thought, real stuff like this doesn't happen. People don't bleed all blue and red, this shit only happens on Cops.* Then, as suddenly as the whole thing started, it was over. Sarah Jo had not a remote clue as to what she was going to say or do when



they got back in the truck. Suddenly the notion of leaving the couple and the truck dawned upon her, but as soon as the thought registered, her chance was gone. They both climbed into the vehicle, the man took the wheel of course. Adelaide was bleeding profusely, she was using her forearm to put pressure on her shattered nose. The blood coated her arms and her shirt almost entirely. She was talking to herself in monotone gibberish about how she wished he'd have killed her. Sarah Jo grabbed a dirty sock from her bag and handed it to the woman. It was the only thing she could think to do, although it isn't what she *wanted* to do.

I want to ram his face through that windshield, I want to see his brains on the outside all mixed with blood and glass. Then I'll spit on him and kick him while he lays there helpless, wallowing in his own excretions...

But of course, like the woman, she was frozen there with fear and awe. At some point the radio was turned off; they drove along the road in silence except for the low murmur of the woman's ramblings. Her words were fast and abrupt. Like an unloaded machine gun her unconscious mind shot rapidly from her mouth. The man broke her train of unfiltered thought—

"Please shut up, I'm sorry I hurt you but you're acting like a fuckin nut case."

She didn't hear him. Her words and her blood and her tears were all fighting the defensive. With them she'd built up a wrought iron shield of domestic fury. Yes, she had retreated or rather been forced in to a corner, but by no means had she lost. She sat there huddled up in the oversized truck with the bloody sock hanging from her mangled face peering out the window. With every passing road sign Adelaide seemed to wonder why no one told her about true unauthorised love and its undeniable link to that utter feeling of hate. Really though, she should have known; they were both born from that same whirlwind in the pit of her stomach. As Sarah Jo tried to empathise with Adelaide, she began to understand Beckett's existential philosophy that life and death, and coming and going, are essentially the same thing, only they appear complete opposites when first confronted. Just like love and hate, and it's not until they collide on some abandoned highway that they become virtually synonymous.

Sarah Jo stared hard at the woman,

trying to fully understand her tears and absorb the situation. She wondered what it would be like to have the person who supposedly loved you break your nose. The same person that gave her that kiss that turned her inside out and made love to her cause he was in it, the idea that that same human could send her flying face first into the grill of a truck suddenly made Jerry Springer

seem kind of real. Maybe he is trying to help people... An unfathomable tragedy like the beaches at Normandy or role call at Auschwitz, it was something that made her heart skip a beat when she selfishly understood the past. The image of Adelaide's profile burned itself in her memory like a flash photo on a dark night.

The woman's lips fumbled over one another, her eyes were stained with a terror that surpassed real life. Sarah Jo kept hearing the woman speak to her through the ramblings and the fear; in her words, lips like digital workings but with an emotional threshold that forced surreal ambiguity and ethereal prophecy, she whispered ferocious femininity. Sarah Jo wanted to touch her, to hold and comfort her, but the grided gate carrying the large Smith and Wesson shotgun stood between them.

"Oh fuck, we're runnin out of gas," his voice pierced both women. He turned and looked at her, how could he even bear it?! "Honey, you got any money for gas?" At that point anger overtook Sarah Jo, she slammed the metal gate with her fist. She couldn't bear it any longer, this heartless fucker asking her for money after he'd stolen her pride and broken her nose. He turned around and looked at her, it was the first time they had made eye contact. "Shit, I forgot you were back there sweetheart. What are we going to do with you?"

Everything began to fade into a nightmarish shade of red. What was her obsession with bad horror films tonight? The screenplay for Wes Craven's next cheesy flick was writing itself right then and there. At that point she kind of assumed that she was going to die, but fortunately she was too scared to dwell on it. Then, like heat lightening, he hit the turn blinker and exited the highway.

The gas station... Sarah Jo had to think of a plan of action; what would she say to

Adelaide when he got out of the car? Floods of ideas were stopped short by some sort of mental dam created by intense fear. It was the same force that, as a child, wouldn't allow you to scream out in the middle of the dead silent night when you saw the ghost from the attic pacing around your room. Before she knew it they had pulled up to the gas pump at the infamous Phillips 66.

"I'm gonna go in and see if this place is open. You," he pointed to Sarah Jo, "can get out and catch another ride if you like. I don't give a shit, I don't think you're gonna find a ride at this hour though."

He didn't even look at his wife. Sarah Jo wanted to get out, but she couldn't leave Adelaide. Right as he stepped out of the truck, she opened her mouth to say something, anything, to the woman, but what she saw before her eyes left her speechless.

With shaky uneasy fingers, the woman was loading the double barrel shotgun. Shells as big as plumbing pipes were spilling out of the open glove compartment, tears were running down her face, parting the recently crusted blood from her nose. The image should have decorated a spot in the artistic file labeled: "Twentieth Century Heroines." Suddenly the scene lost all of its movie-like qualities. Something changed, the woman was no longer the prey; the entire pretext had shifted. The woman, Adelaide, was now, in terms of a medium, the brave heroine in some post-modern feminist novel. Sarah Jo's mouth fell to the floor. Once again, everything slowed down. She watched the man make his way back to the truck, the gas station was empty. As he turned around the back of the truck, Adelaide spoke.

"Cover your ears."

Like the first shot fired at Concord, the war began. Or maybe it ended. His body went flying back against the pump, knocking the handle out of place. Bells rang in Sarah Jo's ears, the world came to a screeching stop in those few seconds. Before the smoke even cleared from the gun barrel, the woman was out of the car. She moved to the opposite side of the truck, where her husband lay dead on the oil streaked concrete. She knew exactly what she was doing. She grabbed a cup from the trash and filled it with the extra gasoline from each pump. Sarah Jo had never in her life been at such a loss of words. As the woman worked at her plan, struggling against the rising sun, she looked at Sarah Jo through the filthy window.

"Are you gonna help me get rid of this body or not?"

Sarah Jo shook her head in opposition as she opened the door and stepped out into the clear night.



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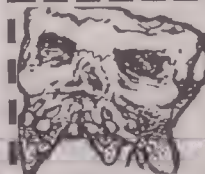
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VACUUM
VERT
NO IDEA
CROSS
REVELATION
BOTTLENECK
LINDORACK
PLUS MINUS



Robyn Marasco

The first part of this column originally appeared in *Hodgepodge* #5, but I think it is particularly relevant to this issue of HaC. I have made a few changes and added a second part which contains mostly my afterthoughts and further reflections on my more general point... I think I had a point.

Every day, we are bombarded with images. These are images of women. Women sell consumer products. Women sell everything from allergy medication to cigarettes to Trident gum to Lysol disinfectant. Beautiful women sell magazines. Famous women sell movies. Malnourished women sell clothing. As a culture, we love to gaze upon women. As a culture, we love to consume women. As a woman, I often position myself as the object of the gaze and the object of desire. While this is often subconscious, it can be intentional. Certain clothes, a particular hairstyle, and maybe a little lipgloss, and I will wonder if I, too, can look like her. Capitalism has been involved in this long and passionate love affair with patriarchy. Their offspring: the consumer commodities called women.

But here in the world of punk/hardcore, we are supposed to transcend so much of that stuff. We see through the myth of consumer culture. We define ourselves according to an alternative set of values and beliefs. Capitalism has very little to do with the

it had a photograph of a cute, blond-haired, "hardcore chick" sitting on a bench holding her extra-cool backpack. And across the top of the advertisement read: "These will be in all the coolest backpacks this year." Oh! How cute! Pretty girl likes sensitive boy music. But more importantly, pretty girl sells sensitive boy music. Let us not forget the function of advertisements. They are collections of images used to sell products. They must be visually captivating, setting up an object for our gaze. Advertisements attempt to encourage us to consume a product by forcing us to consume an image. This image happens to be a woman. So what? Who cares? Isn't this the same as advertisements with band photos of sweaty, shirtless men screaming into a microphone? Well, in some dimension, yes. Both images recreate gender roles. But a comparison of these two images will illustrate what these roles actually are. Men are active participants—either in a band or in the crowd. And women are passive objects—sitting on a bench looking good.

A couple months ago, I picked up a copy of *Muddle* #14. I noticed that there was an interview with a band that I had recently started listening to and was interested in reading it. There was a woman on the cover of the magazine, who I had initially assumed was a woman in one of the bands interviewed. She wasn't. She was a friend of the editors. As I glanced through the issue, I noticed there were photos of cute punk girls everywhere. And then I read the introduction, only to find out that this issue of *Muddle* was a "girl style magazine" intended to "bridge the gap between boys

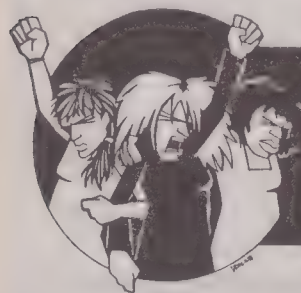
Photos of half-naked women with bare midriffs, as we saw in that Trustkill ad about a year ago, must be the best way to advertise the newest in straight edge hardcore. Assuming, that is, that your consumer targets are young men.

And this brings me back to my previous point. If it is the case that women enjoy equal status and respect in the hardcore scene, why do they appear, from these ads, to be images and decorations? This is not a new point. Women involved in hardcore have been complaining for years that they feel treated like sexual objects, like girlfriends, like coat racks. Now we enjoy the status of being images, photographs, and advertisements. This is not because women have equal say in the styles and standards of the subculture. It is precisely because women do not have input. Not only are we treated as passive objects, but we also assume our role as passive objects. We want to be looked at. At least in that case we are noticed. If we cannot achieve scenester status by doing shows, or playing in a band, or doing a 'zine that anyone cares about, at least people will appreciate the ways in which we make hardcore look so much cuter. It's like we sprinkled glitter everywhere and pranced around in our cute baby tees. Without women, hardcore looks so brutish, so tough, and so masculine.

However, I argue that this kind of participation—making hardcore look so much better—does not gain the same type of respect and status as doing shows, playing in bands, or doing a 'zine. Surely women do all of these things, and some women actually

VULVALUTION:

I have always been inspired by strong women. As a teenager, I felt validated by the older women in the scene who stayed strong and spoke their minds. They inadvertently encouraged me to stay involved and get the most I could out of hardcore and punk. I needed them then, as I need other hardcore and punk women now, as a reminder of my own voice. There is not just safety in numbers, there is also strength. Many women just getting involved in the punk community feel that female role models are few and far between. I like to think of this issue of HaC as a reminder, to all of us, that women are out there. That she can do it so you can do it. That the lives and words of women exist as a crucial part of the scene, just as yours does. Find yourself and find your strength. —Lisa



A Women's Issue, part 1 of 2

economy of our subculture. Or so we might like to think. Patriarchy has very little to do with the sexual politics of our subculture. Again, or so we might like to think. In what follows, I will not describe the various ways I view hardcore as perpetuating those aspects of dominant culture. I will not discuss every instance of male domination in the scene. Nor will I discuss those elements of hardcore that seem, in my mind, to recreate a capitalist logic and consumerist tendency. I plan to bring to attention one point. It may even be a minor point. Though I think it perfectly illustrates the degree to which consumer culture and the sexual objectification of women has penetrated the hardcore/punk underground. I voice this concern, as I have often heard men argue that the hardcore scene is not, in fact, a boy's club. If that is true, and women are regarded as equal participants in the production of subcultural identity, then we should be treated accordingly. If hardcore is an arena in which women can be respected for their contributions to the scene, women mustn't become image or decoration.

My presumption is that most people want the hardcore/punk scene to challenge dominant culture. Whether it is through genre, style, diet, or ethics, we think of hardcore as different in some way. We do not blindly accept the conditions of social integration. We receive a certain degree of self-pride and respect in our unwillingness to easily conform. This is not to say we are cultural renegades. But we question those elements of dominant culture which seem so preposterous, so inegalitarian, and so regressive. I pride myself on being pretty fucking punk. Granted, I don't listen to so much hardcore/punk these days. I don't look punk. But I try to question my surroundings, and I do this successfully with the help of a scene that allows me to keep questioning. That's pretty fucking punk. Or pretty fucking metal. Or pretty fucking hardcore. Take your pick.

So I have finally come to my point. I was glancing through the latest issue of *Skyscraper*, and happened to notice an ad for a record label out of Boston. The ad featured, in very small print, a list of releases on the label. But what was striking about this ad was that

and girls." Therefore, this issue contained a number of articles on dating, relationships, including "Muddle's 5-step Guide to Getting a Date in the Post-Hardcore Era," and even a "social awareness" piece on unrealistic body image. In the music review section, the editors decorated the pages with photos of women listening to records, buying records, and talking about records with one another. But what were they not actually doing? Reviewing records. This magazine reinforced the role of women as objects, while suggesting that the only topic women can write about and talk about is dating. Women cannot write about music. Otherwise the women in the photos would be reviewing the records they were listening to. Women cannot interview bands. Otherwise *Muddle* would have had their cover model interview Morning Again or Indecision. Adorning almost half of the pages in this "independent music and pop culture source," women attain representation, not through their contributions to subculture, but through their cute haircuts and baby tees. Representations like these have done nothing to do with bridging the gap. Rather, they simply intensify roles and expectations that assume women are most valuable as passive sexual objects. In this issue of *Muddle*, women serve as advertisement on the cover, on the back page, and on many of the pages in between.

I begin to wonder where this all started, as I see this increasing use of women in ads as a bit strange. This is not arty nor is it cool. In all honesty, it looks kind of cheesy to me. These ads look a bit like Noxxema commercials. I can recall the first batch of "pretty girl" ads as the aesthetic offerings of Initial Records. I remember looking through their catalogue seeing women modeling T-shirts and other fashion accessories. Close-up shots of a woman's face with the label's logo and address appeared on the back pages. It seemed pretty strange to me as I wondered what these women had to do with the record label. The ads are the same. America's favorite Louisville-based independent music mailorder service provides us with images of America's favorite girls. Within the subculture, we consume music. Now we can consume women as well. And here and there I have seen more and more of these kinds of ads.

enjoy substantial capacity to influence the scene. Nevertheless, ads that exploit women as images and sexual objects make it all the more difficult to challenge sexual objectification and disrespect in the scene itself. Just as women do not enjoy equality in dominant culture, women in hardcore/punk are altogether too often judged by the way they look and not by the contributions they can make or the people they are.

These ads are so misleading. They make it look as though hardcore is gender neutral—that it could have been a boy or girl sitting on that bench. But this is false. The women in the ads are about as arbitrary as are the boys in the pit. We have our gender roles, and now we have consumer representations to preserve them. They make it seem as though the average hardcore kid is a woman. But this, too, is false. The average hardcore kid is a boy... with his records, his backpack, and his girlfriend.

But this is not the only problem I see with these ads. They also assume that women are not consumers within the subculture. They presume that hardcore needn't try to appeal to women or treat women as potential participants. Hardcore is a boy's business. Men make the records and buy the records. They create the ads and look at the ads. Stripped of their buying power, women do not even have the status as consumers. After all, we know that women don't actually listen to music. It is this type of attitude that I find equally troubling. If I am not given equal status and importance as an active agent in this subculture, at least grant me the passive agency I assume as consumer. When women are denied both, they suffer something far worse than passive consumerism. They become dispensable. They are disposable as people, but essential as ornamentation.

So, what does this have to do with the punk ethic in hardcore? We have the ability to question these images—to view them, reinterpret them, discuss them, and eliminate them. One of the strengths of subculture is its organization—it can be as flexible, as democratic, and as open to change as its members choose. It can develop an internal logic that, while not immune from the influence of dominant culture, can nonetheless confront and reject elements of the larger society. And

I want to suggest that it is this punk potential that, while dormant in hardcore in recent years, can awaken and assert itself against images which perpetuate misogyny and sexual objectification. While this issue may seem rather insignificant, it is just a glimpse of what is going on. And it is a fairly interesting glimpse as it captures both sexual politics and the political economy of the hardcore scene. I do not want to suggest that individuals boycott certain labels because of their ads. What I do propose is that individuals consider the implications of certain kinds of representations and then discuss their conclusions with others, most importantly, the producers of these advertising images. This is not an effort to engage in mudslinging or name-calling. Rather, it is a description of the increasing use of women as sexual objects in hardcore advertisement. I support my claim with a few examples, but no doubt many more exist. Advertising is a fact of commodity exchange. Women, however, need not be nor represent the commodity.

PART II

My first introduction to hardcore and punk was also my first introduction to radical feminism. Never before had I been in a social setting (or any other setting for that matter) where individuals were actually engaged in discussions about feminism and feminist issues. Granted, many people did not consider themselves feminists. Nonetheless, it was a force in hardcore with which individuals were forced to reckon. 'Zine editors included personal rants about feminism and its role in hardcore. Record labels put out compilation benefits for victims of sexual assault, domestic violence, and so on. Girls in local scenes were critiquing "the boy's club" and the male-dominated mosh pit. While hardcore was never a bastion of women's liberation, feminism was just as much a part of subcultural conversation as straight edge, vegetarianism (that was before the vegan era), hare krishna (remember that?), and selling out (because some things never change).

Things are different now. I have not reached that conclusion after a nostalgic reminiscence about the "way things were." Things sucked then. Things just suck more now. Or maybe I just notice it more now. Women were considered ornaments then, useful in their ability to look pretty and hold their boyfriends' jackets. Women are considered ornaments now, still useful in their ability to look pretty, but now they are holding the video cameras and posing for ads. Many women took a passive role then, only becoming active in their efforts to compete with other women at shows over scenester boy's attention. Many women now are beyond passivity, as they seem unable even to recognize hardcore as male-dominated and are seemingly content with subordinate status. Things are different now because once public conversations about feminism in hardcore have become only scattered whispers among people here and there.

I want to suggest that we desperately need a regeneration of public discussions about women's issues and experiences in hardcore. This issue of *HeartattaCk* is precisely what I have in mind; a forum for the exchange of ideas about issues which are wholly relevant to sexual politics, class and racial politics, and the economic forces both in the underground and in dominant culture. The proliferation of 'zines have meant that while more people have the opportunity to express their thoughts and opinions on these topics, most 'zines are never read by more than 100 people. Concentrated larger discussions in widely distributed 'zines will hopefully generate greater interest and concern at local levels.

Communication is power. It is no wonder that major corporations seek to control radio stations, print media, and network television. Those who participate in public dialogue shape public opinion. We do have a "public opinion" in hardcore, no matter how complex, fluid, and heterogeneous it may appear at times. And, frighteningly enough, our public opinion is often far more superficially hospitable to women's experiences than our public deeds. Men shape this public opinion as they enjoy substantial control over communications within punk and hardcore. They run the most record labels, play in the cool bands, publish the big 'zines, do most of the shows, and so forth. Women must become part of the conversation, not only by becoming active with their own record labels, bands, 'zines, and shows, but also by challenging the criteria through which we determine who gets a voice and who does not. Thus, we might begin to challenge the ways in which communication has been used for the maintenance of power. Those who play in bands, run record labels, write 'zines, and set up shows should no

longer retain exclusive control over the circulation of ideas and viewpoints. Scenester status simply legitimizes the boy's club, reinforcing gender hierarchy within the scene.

Therefore, you might recognize this column as my attempt to contribute to a dialogue, in which my opinion is neither privileged nor disregarded. This dialogue becomes rich and productive to the extent that a variety of others participate. All thoughts, reactions, and responses are welcome and greatly appreciated. All hate mail and death threats will be thrown into the box labeled "hate mail and death threats." Leave me in hell. If you want a copy of my 'zine, send a dollar and 2 stamps to Robyn Marasco/53 Clark Ave. Apt. #1/ Northampton, MA 01060. I am planning to move within the next couple of months, so for a more permanent address, my e-mail: hereinhell@aol.com



Dana Hardy

I have been having these flashbacks about when I was younger. I was on the plane to a conference and as the plane started moving I remembered being 18 years old flying away from my mother forever. I was crying and the stewardess asked if I'd be coming back and I said no. I did leave but returned after three whole months in San Francisco. I got a job making what any born and raised punk rock Idaho girl would think was a good wage. For \$5.00 an hour I was the file clerk in a Latin American attorney's office. The only problem was my boss wanted to fuck me. I remember sitting in his office and him telling me, "We should go to a hotel or something some time," this was of course after he'd told me all about his daughter my age. I wonder if he rubbed her legs at home they way he rubbed mine in the office. I couldn't just go back home, as my mother wanted nothing to do with me. I remember calling her and crying, not giving her the details of my sexual harassment at work but crying about wanting to come home she just said, "Where are you going to stay?" So I called my ex-boyfriend in Fresno and asked if he was going to Boise anytime soon. He wasn't but his sister was. I had saved my last check from working at Wendy's so I bought a bus ticket and left San Francisco. In Fresno I had the pleasure of watching my ex go on dates and weatherizing fences in 109° heat to save money to drive home with his sister. Unbeknownst to me, his father was taking pictures of me while I painted their fence. I guess it was good I didn't know, as it would have made me sick once again being the object of some old, fat, sick fuck's desires. So we painted the fences saved our money and drove back to Idaho. I was allowed to stay with my mother until she kicked me out again—you know those decisions between one's child and one's lover. My life has been full of ridiculous experiences with the opposite sex where some way or another I was the one to get the short end of the stick, excuse the pun. So mom had her alcoholic violent husband and I was working at the local over and under nightclub. I spent Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings dancing my ass off behind the pop bar. This was one of the highlights of my life, as everyone loved to watch me dance. I had worked at this job prior to leaving for San Fran and they had taken a bunch of money out of my check stating my till was short; funny they had no problem rehiring me when I came back.

So I'm listening to Annie D. and she's singing about some pervert exposing himself to her and I'm thinking this better not happen to my kids then I remember being in the seventh grade walking home from gymnastics practice when this bloodshot, balding, 40 year old man pulls up and asks if I need a ride. I tell him no and there it is: his dick in his hand all fucking swollen and hard. I ran to a house knocking and crying and scared and everyone acted as if I was overreacting. I mean he didn't touch me or anything, what the fuck was my problem? Well maybe my problem was that the neighbor across the street became friends with my mom before his family moved to a nicer house and my mom made me go clean his house and play with his son when he was home from school. On that day I had the pleasure of the prick grabbing at my still developing breasts while we were "wrestling," then he made me go with him alone to pick up his much younger wife and on the way there he asked if I knew what sex was for. I said, with all of my worldly knowledge at the age of 10, "Yea, so people can have babies," then I remembered my aunt couldn't have babies because when she was

born she had to be in an incubator. While I was mulling this over in my mind he said, "People have sex because it feels good." The hair on the back of my neck should have been exhausted as it had been on end all day but I kept telling myself I was imagining this man was a child molester. I guess that happens to children who are raised in a war zone—you always tell your instincts to shut up as you are powerless over your life and the fear only makes life hurt more when you can't escape the pain. So I'm praying, "God help me, get us to her work fast before he touches me, please god help me not cry and show him I'm scared," (learning not to cry when I was scared was also a gift from the loving family). I couldn't look at him and stared out the window hoping if I ignored him the conversation would end. We pulled up to the building and I decided I was going to burn the image of this building into my brain so I would not be afraid any more, funny what your head tells you to do. I bet I could find that building today if I had the desire. All I remember of the ride home was there was no more talk about sex and I'd soon be going home.

A couple of days later I'm home sick. The rule in our house is if you're sick you have to clean the house before mom gets home. So I turn on the stereo real loud while I'm vacuuming. "Someone Left The Cake Out In The Rain" is on and I'm dancing singing sweating and vacuuming. Then I feel it, the hair on my neck is up before I turn around. He's here. I turn slowly and there he is with a book in his hand keeping his distance. I stand there paralyzed with fear. No one is here. I'm alone with the neighbor that's friends with my mom. He walks closer to me, somehow the music is off and he's saying, "You left your library book at our house the other day." The book is *Charlotte's Web*. Great memory to have attached to the only book I ever liked that my teacher read to us. Anyways, I strategically plan that I'll keep cleaning and not look at him and he'll go away. I'm in the kitchen scrubbing the stove, my hands are visibly shaking and I'm pushing down as hard as I can with the wash cloth to show him how busy I am. He comes up behind me and breathes in my ear and kisses my neck. Don't come tears, stop shaking, this is not happening, he'll leave soon, just act like it's not happening. He says something but I don't know what, then he's gone. I keep cleaning and then he's asking me, "Do you know how to sew?" I say no, he says, "I have a hole in my pants, can you see it?" I turn around and he's sitting at the kitchen table he's taken the chair and turned it around so he's facing me, he has his legs spread apart. I see his dick is sticking out of the hole in his pants. I stick to my plan, ignore him he'll go away, ignore, ignore, ignore. I don't remember him leaving but when I felt he was gone my body shook all over. I heard this animal-like sound coming from deep within me. I could feel the pain and fear it was deep within me. I knew the rules in the war zone, don't talk, don't tell, just do what the big people say and maybe you'll get to live through the shit.

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Carrie Crawford

I saw nothing but stars. I could feel her breath blasting hot against my face. I knew my mouth was hanging open, I hoped I wouldn't faint. We called it an exercise, "get used to the sound of your voice" we said. It's called 0 to 60. Standing in a circle, you turn to the person next to you. In a speaking voice tell them what you need to tell them—go away, no, back off, etc., then immediately follow through with the same words only this time yelled as loud and strong as possible. "BACK OFF!!!" The words coursed through my veins, burning my throat as it left my mouth. Nauseous, I came back to earth, back to the dojo that smells like old sweat, back to the exercise, back to the circle of women I would spend the next 6 weeks with. This moment, like many to follow, was a mixture of fear and excitement for me. When I allowed myself to let go, the moment I let that energy flow from the deep places within myself, the vaults of old angers and pains, the moment I gave myself over to the woman emerging, I feared I would be unable to turn back. And so far, this has been the case. Yahoo! Participating in the Girl Army women's self defense collective has undoubtedly changed my life. It's up there with The Clash or The Bad Brains but we'll get to the punk stuff later...

I don't consider myself a jock; I have never

been one to be known for physical exertion. I was the fat girl with glasses in my youth that never got picked to be on teams and always felt uncoordinated. I was scared to try because I had so much history of failing. I knew I wanted to learn some self defense skills, so I attended a Girl Army basic class. I found myself not only being physical to the point of sweating, but I all of a sudden had a lot of shit to think about and deal with. Aside from my personal history of abuse and some lingering revenge fantasies, I began to feel the power I possess within this body. Learning all this stuff, I found myself not only aware of all the pent up rage I have, but now I had actual techniques and skills that could hurt someone. I had to deal with the responsibilities of that. I had to think about how far I would take a situation, what if I killed someone, what would that mean? I had to confront a ton of racist assumptions regarding who I fear and why. Ironically, many of which are perpetuated by the self defense industry that stresses to white women that they should be afraid of dark men in the bushes as opposed to the lover, brother or father in the next room. I had to think about the very real fact that any application of these skills would (statistically) be toward an acquaintance. Somehow now asserting what I want and don't want would stretch beyond familiar political and social dreams/realms into my personal life. Friends, roommates, band mates, parents, lovers, bosses and so on! How ironic is that, here I am considering myself a political person, knowing all this intellectually but the reality was I couldn't even tell my boss I didn't want to work overtime, or my lover I don't want to do it right now. This was blowing my mind...

Then came the physical part... learning physical skills to defend against an attack was only a small part of the amazing transformation taking place. You know it's one thing to be told on so many levels that you are incapable, dumb, fragile. That your body is too big, too small, too broken to be relied upon and valued and another to actually feel like they are right. Feeling like a stranger to your body, unaware of how strong it is, how loyal it can be really sucks. Did you ever think of WHY we are so distanced from our bodies? What purpose does it serve for women to be unable to link their powerful bodies full of knowledge and strength with our minds? Our bodies are not merely machines to prop up talking heads. They are an integral part of the whole that is woman. Without getting too mystical, I'm telling you, every woman needs to spend time masturbating and any other kind of physical activity that makes you think and sweat, it will do wonders! I found this space to be where the simultaneous assaults on women's minds and bodies are forced to cease, to be addressed and shot to hell. I believe it is in these spaces that a fusion starts to take place. In this case it was the literal learning a physical skill, challenged in my body and being challenged on a mental level to "go there." Conjuring up feelings of being worth defending was really hard. Being willing to re-experience old shit (publicly!!) was even harder. Most importantly, allowing myself to feel and be vulnerable. This "strong girl" had to face that she isn't always so together.

And to come out of this "successful"? Holy Shit, I had never felt so fucking good. I liked the way my voice sounded as I yelled no, the way my stomach felt afterwards. I liked how my body felt. I could really do it, strike and block and take someone to the ground. I was so proud to be building all this confidence. I felt so proud watching other women strike and yell and use their bodies. We all looked and felt so tough, such a contrast to having spent so much of our lives trying to look pretty. I still get a lump in my throat thinking about it.

Watching all this, I began to replace my mental notes of "oh that girl over there, she is so cocky" with fierce pride in her: It has always been hard for me to assert myself and come away feeling good about it. So many voices in my life criticized the outspoken woman as being a conceited bitch, so demanding and rude. Even as I was trying to unravel this crap for myself, I was still reacting to other women negatively. I became the critical voice I had heard so often from others, "why doesn't she just shut up," "don't draw attention to yourself, just deal with it." I had to ask myself why I was feeling this competitiveness and why did we all do it so well? Here we are learning to be ourselves and we end up mimicking men. In order to feel that pride I had to really think about what I hated about this "cockiness." I didn't hate women, I hated the fact that I didn't really know how women are. All I ever saw around me was this male way of taking up space, being heard and being right. Women act this way because it is the only valued

mode of expression, batter someone with your words and ideas. It is the only things that gains respect and makes people notice. Barf. We worked hard on all the techniques, sometimes laughing, sometimes serious. It was the laughter that held so much meaning. It was pregnant with nervousness, pain, with indecision. Can I do this? Do I look silly? Does everyone think I am lame? The giggles that filled the room sometimes broke the tension and sometimes added to it. I was able to work this nervous laughter, the laughter of pain deflected. It became a serious face that beckons the situation, eager and ready. And the beautiful part was I wasn't alone, I was surrounded by so many women doing the same stuff. One women's self defense course did all this, I really FELT the familiar feminist notion of "women finding their voice."

I have to credit punk rock for propelling me in this direction. I used to tell this story of trying to sing in a band once and how I couldn't do it after I heard my voice yelling and screaming. I didn't sound like the favorite voice in my head, the aggressive, loud man that can not only speak his passionate thoughts, but scream them so convincingly. I can hardly be mad at Swiz for that, but it really showed me how few role models I had and how that, combined with this fucked up women hating culture helped me hate what was coming out of me naturally. Experiences like Girl Army really inspired me to leave those comparisons and the idea that I had to do it just like the boys, behind.

I can't tell you how important it is for women to take on this challenge together. It is critical to the development of women's identities unto ourselves. We no longer need to primarily model ourselves after the men we admire, spaces like the Girl Army give us the opportunity to see each other in all different ways of being and get excited, inspired and moving!

I am generalizing now but bear with me, as I recall Riot Girl forced punk/hardcore consciousness to acknowledge (and hopefully respect and support) these "spaces" for women, be it bands, 'zines, gatherings or merely existing in the same circles. I know I felt inspired by that whole time a few years ago, but honestly I felt really alienated by it too. Like so many for instances, I felt like I needed to be either all for it or all against it. It was the only thing around that remotely spoke to my experience, but the version of self determination operating just didn't go far enough for me. I didn't want to reclaim girlhood. It wasn't enough to just acknowledge who wasn't on stage or a major player in the scene, it wasn't enough to just deconstruct the paradigm of power in punk rock. I needed to situate the notion of women's empowerment in a larger context of revolutionary change. 'Cuz it couldn't just be "girl style now," it had to be comprehensive. There was more than a material battle being waged. Yes we need to be counted and seen but it doesn't mean shit if we treat each other like garbage. I couldn't stand the backlash of the men in my crew about the man-hating riot girls. I also hated the fetishizing of "strong but cute" women that took place then too. I could say this was competitiveness and self-consciousness on my part, but more so it was a sad reminder of how my personal agency had been denied me, stolen, just plainly inaccessible. This isn't any cry-baby shit either, even if I was kicking ass, being my plain old self and contributing a ton I still felt like it meant less because it wasn't like the dudes or the grrls. How sad. The experience I had with Girl Army was one of the pieces that began to fill this vacuum. I truly feel like I belong and that perpetuates the awesome spirit embedded in the Riot Girl legacy, this time Carrie style and hopefully in a way that speaks to other women left out of that loop as well.

Girl Army bore a hole in the fence I peek through from time to time looking to what can be. This kind of activity isn't for everyone, but it is the kind of thing that can lead to bigger and better moments. Any excuse to be together, to laugh and sweat, talk serious or not at all, cumulative time spent together, problem solving and building trust can only be good.

You know, I have lots of dreams. A lot of them started with listening to crazy loud music and feeling the energy. I had no idea what the hell any of the words were, I just knew that sound and intensity held something that was missing in my suburban life, it articulated the dull anger squished down inside of me. I visualized a time in my life when I wouldn't feel any more pain, when the people around me wouldn't suffer anymore, and as I went out into the world and saw how many people are ruled by pain, my visions became more acute. I still have all those dreams and more. I still

listen to that crazy music (and even understand the words) and I now envision all kinds of women (including me!) confident in their bodies, speaking their minds, taking no shit and knowing no obstacles. Women proud to be present, participating and active. I envision the men in our communities rising to the occasion, getting excited to work as peers, throwing down tired fetishes and expectations. I believe the stronger we are the more we shape our communities. The more we speak up, speak our truth, with the support of other women, the more ready we make our communities to act. And Action is all the future holds if we make good on the threats to this culture of pain. You know I'm not talking about self absorbed living for me pleasure bullshit either, I'm taking about throwing down, going to the curb for these ideals, blowing this fucker up and building what is relevant and humane. Girl Army is a multi-faceted jewel for me, not only am I more prepared than ever to do the work, I have got the skills to defend it all. No time to waste, bring it on.

Carrie Crawford/3269 25th St./San Francisco, CA 94110

The Girl Army began 5 or so years ago by a few women and a man excited to pass on self defense skills to women, in a peer oriented collective way. We are punks, moms, daughters, co-workers, activists, friends and so on. We are all ages, many different colors, shapes and experiences. The GA offers a 6 week basic class and two advanced classes, Weapons (gun, knife and club use and defense) and Multiple Attackers. The fees are sliding scale, \$35 to zero. For more information call the hotline/voice mail (415) 273-4674



Laura Vocat

Throughout the past couple of years, I have found myself increasingly plagued by memories, memories which I do not have or which I have been told I do not have. I have discovered that in seeking to unearth the truth (or some version of it), various other truths (or that which I had assumed to be truths) become ever more questionable.

The older I become, the more I realize I do not know. This is not knowledge in the Taoist sense: The wise person is the person who knows he/she knows nothing. I realize my limitations in this area of knowledge as well, but the area, which plagues me is that of self-knowledge. I had always thought I knew myself, my history, and what happened to me as a child. I had come to various understandings about the people in my life and my relationships with them. It was based on these understandings (however consciously or unconsciously) that I forged new relationships and grew into myself (in a manner of speaking).

I had accepted the fact/truth that I was an abused child. I knew that my mother verbally and physically abused me on a continual basis. I knew that at her hands, my self-esteem eroded beyond the point of recovery. I knew she repeatedly grabbed fistfuls of my hair, yanked my head forward, and smashed it into a wall. I knew she pushed me through a wall. I knew she told me: if she knew what she knew now, she never would have had me; that I was so fat that I looked like I was six months pregnant; that I looked like a slut; that I used to be nice looking; that I could have said something when I was being sexually abused at the hands of one of my babysitter's sons and she would have stopped it; that she wonders what it must be like for me to have a different prick every weekend...

I knew that I was sexually abused, on a regular (at least bi-weekly) basis for five years, by one of my babysitter's sons. I knew that when I went into the basement to play, he would inevitably appear and coerce me into his bedroom, where he would toss me onto his bed, climb on top of me and grind, while I screamed for him to stop.

I used to know these things. Now, I know that my mother and I never got along and that we fought continually. I know that I went to this one particular babysitter from the time I was in grade 3 until the time I completed grade 7. I know this particular babysitter had a dog named "Herbie," that she smoked DuMaurier king size, that she watched "Another World" obsessively, and that there were lacey orange curtains (those almost sheer, large holed kind that gay pride paraders wear to evade the nudity laws) encasing the kitchen window. All other knowledge has become subject to question, confusion, doubt, and ridicule. I know now that

knowledge and truth are what we choose to make them and that no two people (even two people involved in the same situation) will produce the same truth(s). I now believe that truth lies somewhere in that nebulous ground between experience/reality and memory/creation.

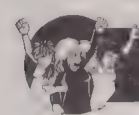
My mother insists she never hit me as a child. She insists she didn't say many of the things I "remember" her saying or that if she did, I misinterpreted their/her meaning or took them/her wildly out of context. She, in no way, ratifies my version of the truth/my memories. She makes me doubt all I have ever known and acted on as truth. I continually have to tell myself that my brother and I would not have the same memories of the things I believe my mother did to me and that I wouldn't have created such memories about my mother if, in fact, the realities beneath the memories did not exist. I tell myself these things again and again; but, as of late, the messages seem to be falling upon deaf ears.

Doubt has led me to speculation. Did my mother do what I claim she did and is she just too afraid or ashamed to accept full culpability for her actions? Did I simply misinterpret the past? Did the things I allege happen one or two times, not the hundreds of times I believe? Did my childish mind simply blow the few factual events of the past into monsters of great proportion because the events were too troubling and unbelievable to fathom in any other fashion?

Someone once asked me if I had ever thought of pressing charges against the "boy" who abused me as a child. The person then asked if I could stand firm in my convictions should the accused deny the allegations set against him. I knew then, as I do now, that in the face of denial, I would begin to deny, doubt, and question myself, my realities, and my very sanity. It is an unbelievably scary thing to be told, by the people whom you respect, trust, and love, that your sense of reality is unreal.

I am now standing on ground that I am often uncertain will hold my weight. I have few memories, which I can still firmly hold as true. I had few memories to begin with—I blocked out the vast majority of life before the age of 16, the details anyhow, because doing so was the best coping mechanism I had available to me at the time—and now I have even fewer. I find myself scratching frantically like a caged cat, not knowing how to break free from the memories I have created for myself that have been created for me. I seek desperately for the ever elusive truth, knowing that the truth is likely as unreal and unrecoverable as I memories I had/have. In the end, I am left wondering if the truth/reality is even pertinent. I have lived so many years knowing and believing my abused child reality that dismantling it now is virtually impossible and any attempts to do so (on my behalf or the behalf of others) have only created new forms of abuse. The memories have, in the end, become infinitely more powerful than the experiences themselves ever were.

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Christine Boarts

I'm very excited about this issue of *HeartattaCk*. This 'zine is one of the few places that I always find a continued dose of inspiration. Just when I'm feeling alone, frustrated and jaded with the scene—I feel like I am back on track after reading each new issue, especially the columns which I always find so much I relate to from those I consider my peers and friends. So when I heard about the theme issue focusing on women in punk—well I knew that I wanted to contribute. Where to start? What to write? Always a big dilemma with such a broad and important topic. But I'll just jump right in with some thoughts I have on the subject:

I have been surrounded by strong women all of my life, which I think makes me very lucky. When I was a young teenager—eager and ready to embrace the world of punk, there were a number of rad women around who were active in the scene: booking shows, playing in bands, being creative and artistic and serving as good role models. Even before that I had my mother, who has always challenged convention and is far from any "norm," teaching me to be independent and to do own thing. She taught me by example: as a creative artist and stage-hand in the theater she was always dancing to a different beat. While there was a time, like all pre-teens, where I thought she was too weird and

very uncool—I fortunately out grew that stage and realized that she was in fact very cool. She was the one that taught me that "being like everyone else" was not a thing to strive for. As my mother was not confined to a gender role, I also learned not to be hindered. I never felt any restrictions of "you can do this, but not that." The bottom line is that I have always felt that I was able to do what I set my mind to. I never considered myself as being limited to "the role of the female." I have always been in the role of me.

I often get asked about "women in punk" and about my experiences—if I am treated differently or had issues or difficulties. My answer is always no. I have always felt like an equal and I feel that I have always been treated as an equal. I think in many ways I have been lucky, cause I know all to many people who have had different experiences. I am glad to say though that I have never felt any kind of limitations, and I think that is important.

The most common thing that I have had to deal with over the years is with my name. As a 'zine writer with the name of Chris—people have always assumed that I am a boy, and that has always frustrated me endlessly. First of all I think it sucks that people automatically ASSUME that someone is male because they are active in the scene or for that matter, that one is assumed male period. That very assumption sucks. I'm also often asked if I get treated different or have a different kind of reception to my 'zine because of my gender, and again I say no. I don't think that S&L is gender specific. And I don't think that it is really any different because it is done by a woman. However I do feel that it is very important for people to know that there is a woman behind *Slug & Lettuce*. First of all, because I do want to challenge people who make assumptions. I think it's important in this male-based society to prove and show as necessary, that girls are just as capable of doing everything and anything. And I also think that the visibility and example of active women can further inspires other women to activity and involvement. And if it also sets the boys straight—then great!

I have always been interested in women who are involved in the punk scene—whether it be all girls bands, women who sing in bands, or just the voices of women that can be heard on paper or through visual art. I have always drawn a lot of influence and strength from these women. And I'm thankful that they have always been present and visible as I've sought them out.

Though I have always had these cool women to look up to, more times than not, I have still found myself surrounded by male friends. In fact I've always been one of those girls who had boys as best friends and considered myself "one of the boys" in more than one social group. I think this is a very common thing for punk women. It's not that I never had girl friends, but I did have a harder time relating to the girls around me. I think in my own way I was always seeking the equality that I felt was just; as if I had to stake my claim in boy territory and prove my equal ability and equality. I have asserted myself in the punk scene—approaching bands and other scene fixtures with the desire to be a peer rather than a groupie. One of the first times I tried to interview one of my favorite bands for my fanzine was a disheartening experience as guy was interested in drunkenly hitting on me instead. I'm not sure exactly what happened at that point in time—but something in me changed at a core level, and I think that all the more I felt the need to prove that I wasn't "just a girl" and that I was going to be an equal.

I have strove to find a voice for myself. I have had to assert myself. To make myself heard. To prove myself. In doing so—I think that we only become stronger.

These days I find myself living in a different environment where "girl time" and "boy time" is very much a norm. I resisted it. Yelled about it. Got down right pissed off about it. And then I learned to embrace it. I learned to value the relationships that I have with other women—and the time that we spend together. The honesty and openness that can come from those gatherings. I've gotten into getting together at my friend's homes—cooking dinner, watching movies, running around—whatever it is that we do together—I've gotten into it. As I said, I've learned to embrace that time. And though this connection I have grown to anticipate the times when we can all get together. It's become a goal—getting all of my rad women friends together.

I have two great best friends—one from the west coast and one from the midwest. These two women

have become my best friends and an integral part of my life. Being from the east coast I used to imagine a time when the three of us would get together—and I felt that the unity of the 3 of us and our geographical associations would cause some sort of spontaneous combustion and spark of conquering the punk rock world. Well that has since happened. In fact that union is the very thing that first got me here to Richmond, Virginia. Getting us all together in one place I can safely say changed my entire life. It didn't seem like the world exploded. But the world as I knew it did. Cause from that time I have opened my life to these women. I have opened my life to their friends and the friends of friends. And I have come to know, understand and count on the depth of the value of a true friend. To know that a best friend of my best friend will be someone I will feel close to before meeting them. I say it changed my life because my world opened up to this long list of powerful awesome rad kick-ass women. And though most of them seem to be spread around the globe—through discovering the connections that I have with these women I have opened my eyes to a new way of looking at the world—to a new way of looking at the punk world. While I have always admired and adored other punk women—now I feel so much more connected and a part of them all. I recognize the fact that I identify with women more now. I barely seem to take notice of guys—but I always have my eyes open for the active women in the scene. There are so many. Many get noticed, many do not. But all of these women have a collective power and voice. And forums, like this issue of *HeartattaCk* dedicated to women, really give us all a chance to focus on the activity and involvement of women—whether it be to look in a different light, take notice of something new, give respect where due, find new inspiration, or/and to find other women you can relate to which I think is their key to not feeling alone! In many ways there seem to be more women involved in the scene these days. In many ways the numbers probably haven't changed. But I know that when I look around the crowds at most shows I go to I see a fair proportion of guys to gals and that rocks. I think that the stereotype of the girlfriend coat-rack is irrelevant. But for the same reason that there are people who still think that faggot is a reasonable word to use in daily dialog with "the guys"—I'm sure there are a number of people who still look down on women and there are definitely those who make the assumptions that things are actually done by the boys. While that kind of attitude is hard for me to understand, I think that this issue of *HeartattaCk* should prove how wrong that is.

When I think of punk women I think of strong individuals who challenge the norm, the status quo and strive to express themselves and their individuality. I think about strength and independence. Punk women don't take any shit—from anyone. I've always admired punk women. I've looked up to them, been inspired by them and followed in their footsteps as well as created some of my own. I identify with punk women. Punk women are the raddest, strongest, most powerful and beautiful women that I know and I am glad to be one of them. For a number of reasons, these days I feel myself to be linked to punk women the world over. I find that I have lasting deep bonds of friendships with other punk women and I feel like there is nothing better in the world.

Christine Boarts/*Slug & Lettuce*/PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261-6632



Stasa Pavlovic

...the punk girl issue...

Today is that day... March the 8th... What hits you first when you remember this day? Is it the fact that you have to be nice to woman all day and maybe buy some flowers or just congratulate it to your classmate girls, or is it the fact that years before any of us were even born there were the women who stood up for themselves, the thing that we forget to do even today? The day that supposed to be the celebration of woman's fights for equality and freedom turned into the complete mockery, and it became men's day, like the rest of the 364(5) days. It's like this day is the chance for everyone to straighten things out for the next year, the day when men are being nice so they could continue to be complete jerks in the days to come. How many women, me included, even remember what exactly happened on this day and when? So instead of educating ourselves about

it, we allow men to erase the true meaning of it. For example, some woman say that they don't celebrate it, and that's like admitting that we've lost the war, even if we won that battle. On the other hand, there are men who don't think it's necessary to even mention it and why should they? And some think that only small portion of girls deserve the honor, some are more "woman" than the rest, I suppose... The reason I'm telling you all this is cause everything about this day reminds me of doing a "punk-girl issue," you know. It's like once in a while we have to remind ourselves that there are girls in this scene as well as boys! Can't men be nice to women a little bit everyday and can't every issue be about punk-girls by some amount? I'm not saying that *HeartattaCk* does this, but the sad reality is that some boys need a direct slap in the face when this issue is considered. That's the thing that saddens me the most.. The ideals that we carry and the reality that we live in don't go hand in hand.
...unfriendly environment...

I remember reading an interview with Stacey Wakefield, editor of *Evil Twin* publications, and the thing that she said about hardcore/punk scene: "...but punk was never really my thing. I always found punk a little too macho, it never was my kind of music. H/c is political, heavy, no-compromise, it is also pure male energy, which is alienating to most of the women. When you look at it this way you realize that most womyn experience h/c as sexist even if the music isn't directly offensive, the atmosphere and the context is." Maybe it really is a girl-unfriendly environment and some girls can be turned off by it, but I'm not gonna give up my right to stand in the first row just because some boys think that the only place that is rightfully ours is the one in the kitchen. I know that she didn't mean it that way, but the fact is that I also feel alienated in the scene most of the time, and the only thing that ties me tight to it is the music and the beliefs I share with some people involved. If it really is a girl-unfriendly environment, let's change that for fuck sake!! I know that this shit is common within the straight-edge-macho-wannabe scene more than anywhere else, and I'm the witness to it, so I'm gonna back her up on that. But, if you are a girl, does that mean that you can't listen to aggressive music and sing along "not just boys fun" along with the ones that destroy the concept itself. Punk does involve music and concerts only, where you can mostly witness the outbursts of this male energy, but is so much more. That "so much more" gives a lot of opportunities for women and they have contributed very much to the scene, we can't deny that. The fact that most of the times we work in the shadows doesn't make the energy spent less valuable. Yes, we are carrying the music on the pedestal that it doesn't deserves sometimes, that we could easily let in influences that are for instance sexist just because music is the most important thing of it all. It's been a long time now since I stood there with the boys and sang, but I'm afraid that some jerk will smash my skull while trying to prove that he's the shit down there in the pit. I'd rather miss that in this lifetime (sport-stagediving up your ass suckers!).
...no role-models...

When I found out about the scene and started going to concerts there were barely any females involved that were active in any way, or even interested in the music. So, there was the obvious barrier between me and everybody else. No one to accept me right from the start, even if it was for the lamest possible reason—cause we were the same sex. I'm not talking about somebody who would control me, tell me what to think and how to act, but someone, anyone that I can identify with. I sure as hell can't identify with men's way of thinking and I sure as hell don't want to think of myself as the one that has no place in the scene that is meant to be open-minded. The year was '95 when the straight-edge scene reached its peak in our town. I had some good male-friends back then (but it really would be different if there were girl-friends as well). I got support from some of them, but generally I disturbed the idea of "unity" right from the start, cause I guess they thought that I was some kind of a faker and in it to find the boyfriend. The things that some of them thought... like who was I to think that any of them would even remotely be interested in an ordinary girl like me! Fuck, I would rather hear the other side of this story cause I'm against all that generalizing about a lot of really different individuals, but I don't have a choice since no one had the decency to tell me these things, so this part of the story carries a bit of invalidity, but it's not untrue on the other hand. What I'm trying to say is: there was this scene, a little boys club and there sure as hell wasn't

any place for me that I can think of. Maybe the problem was in the straight-edge concept of a scene that doesn't support females in any way I can imagine... at least this one didn't!

...low self-esteem...

I found out about str8-edge scene and everything at a very lonesome period of my life. My ex dumped me and I had no good friends, as a matter of fact I had no friends at all. I think that in general I'm a communicative person, but that's how things were back then. So, "thanks" to my ex-b/f I met some of his friends that were into HC/punk, and the rest is history. I was a really broken and unhappy person but there was this kid who I'll say "accepted" me, in the lack of more appropriate word. I hung out with him, taped records, collected lyrics, and started going to concerts and finally had the chance to meet more people. There I met future friends and my current boyfriend. Life started going in a better direction and I forgot how lonely I actually was, and how false was everything that I had back then. Couple of years later when I found out that and the fact

that nobody really liked me... Can you even begin to imagine how it felt? I felt bad about myself a lot of times before but this was the bottom line. Everything about the scene made me feel useless and unwanted. I hated it cause the-thing that had the biggest value in my life was all against me. I'd like to think that everything was personal and that has nothing to do with the scene in general, but str8 edge scene is definitely an anti-feminist one. A lot of people missed the point and, yes, they think that men and woman are not the same cause they have different "pre-set" roles in society. Please! Like that guy from Earth Crisis said that they are pro-choice IF woman has been raped, if her life is in danger and the fetus has been harmed by drugs or disease. "We are very much into women's rights, but we can't exclude the rights of an unborn child..." Generally, HC bands don't regard the talk of women's rights very highly, it's rather "stabbed in the back and all that crap..." Or "no one's wise enough to be another one's master/each man is good as the next but she's a damn sight better..." Give me a break!!! Gawddamn it, I don't need to quote no

the first time i came was a flood of relief and joy crashing over my body. My feet went numb my knees shook that familiar feeling of energy travelling throughout my body that usually faded out, but this time detonated into a million bits of goodness and warmth that touched every particle in my body. it was my first experience being in control **NOT COERCED PRESSURED RIDICULED** of how i enjoyed sex. I was 17 **SEVENTEEN**. my first sexual relationship was **not** with myself but with a boy **RAISED ON PORN AND PRESSURE**. we never did what i wanted **HE HAD NEEDS TO BE MET**. i sucked dick **I CRIED**. after a while you repress it all, you know, and my reactions to any kind of sex became what you might call negative **VIOLENCE DEPRESSION**. i had no one to validate my feelings **VIOLATION** and no outlet for my anger **FEAR + CONFUSION** i knew somehow that sex was supposed to be a celebration **CHRISTIANIS** **TOLD ME "DON'T FUCK YOURSELF!"**. i removed myself from the situation **NOT BY CHOICE** and decided to immerse myself in the art of auto-eroticism **I HAD A LOT OF CATCHING UP TO DO**. a quick trip to the library for a book on how to masturbate and by the time i got past the table of contents, i was soaked thinking of all the possibilities **ORGASM?** and i finally did it, all by myself **WITH A SMILE AND A GIGGLE YET, TOO**. i reclaimed sex as a positive force in my life something that makes me feel good + has taught me to love myself **COMFORT AND CONFIDENCE AND STRENGTH**. women learn **MALE SUPREMACY** about sex **IS IT SEX?** from the cultures surrounding vs **CONTROL SUBORDINATION RAPE** i have begun the healing process **RESISTANCE** i love my cunt, + my lips + my clit **DEFY THE CRIMINALITY OF SELF DESIRE** i fuck myself without apology or guilt **A TRULY RADICAL ACT**

photo and text by Kandis

lyrics to prove it to myself that there's a lot of jerks in the str8 edge scene... I've been there, done it, know it!!! I saw the same things happen even now. "Boys" are accustomed to say that "this girl is just interested in this boy and just wants to get into our little circle of friends," cause we're so cooooool, ya know!
...holding back-packs...

It's a common thing when reading columns or whatever that you came across the sentence where there is described how girls stand in the back and hold their friend's/boyfriend's clothes at a hc concert. I guess that it happens everywhere or like this cool girl Kirst wrote: "I have to look pretty in my Texas... t-shirt and hold my boyf's coat while he shops/fucks it up in the pit." Is this sight a common thing, is that the only thing that we girls do or is that just what they want us to do? I never held anybody's backpack or anything—that's just not me.. I thought when you're at the concert, you're listening to the same music that you're banging your head on at home but it's live, different, and you're supposed to have fun... Right? So why should I waste my time standing all stiffed in the back, scared of what is everybody going to think of me if I was to sing along or maybe dance behind those boring boys that just found out about stagediving being the real turn-on for chicks, blah blah... If I don't do it when I'm young... The situation in my town is like you couldn't imagine and most of you boys could just wish you were here. There are so many girls at gigs, almost as many as boys, and they are often there not because their boyfriend is, but still they stand in the back, and still we're not doing anything about the fact that these jerks lead the show and we're still not saying anything about the fact that there are a lot of real straight-forward sexism in the scene that is not male in a waste majority... "jump, jump, prove yourself," "I call on my brothers..." duh... Which brings

provoked by Hero. Hero is considered a symbol of "normal" femininity, and when she stops this giving of a belt she doesn't want only the surrender of a masculine woman, but also her death. Amazonians symbolize the position of a woman which acts equal to men and how that is not excepted by not just men but women also. In the real life this myth describes the collapse of matiarhath in ancient Greece, but the meaning is also interesting. It is the fact that strong women, women that want to be like men are first considered not normal and second they are being hated both by men and so-called real women. I don't think that it should be in anyone's nature that it wants to exploit someone else, but also I don't think that it should be only men's "pleasure." I can imagine nothing more stereotypical that that. You know, women are not supposed to be angry, to be strong and loud and if she is she often suppresses these feelings cause she thinks that's not her. And you know what happens when you suppress your feelings? So, here's the explanation for those who can't put girl and hardcore in one sentence. Women's only purpose in life is not to be a mother and a lover and a wife, just because men can't be all that—somebody has. These roles have always bound us, so I don't see nothing wrong in wanting to not be one, although there's nothing more exciting, moving, fulfilling in giving birth, don't get me wrong. I'm just saying this: maybe it's not just the men that have kept us down but it's all the Heros of this world, the real women created from the "men's rib," by the men, for the men. They have also kept us in our place. They certainly kept me in my place. I read something similar in the *Philosophy of Punk*, and it's a bit true. "Punk women are not so fond of ignorant women who willingly go along with the mainstream, striving to fit the stereotypes created by society. Woman who not only act and dress a certain way for men, but

talent to play in the band, think that I'm not really good at writing about the topics that are respected in punk/hc, don't have the money or time to publish records or do a distro, thus there are barely any organizations right here that I wanna be a member of I ask you what do I have left? Yes, I can be a consumer at least. My talent is architecture I hope, but what that has to do with anything. It's really hard for me to accept that my opinion would be valued only if I did only those widely accepted things in hc/punk and I hope that this is not the real case. I know that there are a million more things you can do in this scene but let me remind you where I'm living. As I was saying, I'm trying my best to somehow bring these two things together architecture and punk, both in theory and maybe in practice someday. Punk should apply in every little aspect of our lives, and not to be merely an artform or a rebellion. With this in mind I would like to think that this is the way to find a place for myself within the movement that I totally respect and think that has a large significance in my life. My b/f Boris, our friend Srdjan and I are about to publish the first issue of our 'zine, so if you're interested in checking it out there's a really long interview with Kevin Huey Proudhon, our local hero Macak of *Oops!* 'zine (he talks a bit about our current situation in Kosovo), a short interview with Lisa Oglesby and also there's our babbling, a story about low self-esteem and a lot of hopefully nice drawings (by me) and cool photos (by Marko)... This is our attempt to contribute something to the international hc/punk scene.
...work together (aaww)...

No matter how sometimes I like to hate men. I feel that what Christopher Walken said to Mickie Rourke in this movie, I can't remember the name, is somehow "true." He said something like man and woman were once one creature that was so powerful that it had to be split apart, and that's how they lost their power, or at least one lost its strength and the other its feelings, if you want to interpret it in the stereotypical way. So today everybody's desperately looking for his match to regain that might or should I say perfection that they once had together. Maybe that's love or something, but I don't want to sound like it has to be man and woman exactly... So, we should work together, cause we're compatible, not different. Lately our scene has been improving a bit. We started working with people from different cities around the country and also with people from punk scenes. We'll try to have more concerts with both hardcore and punk bands, cause it hasn't happened before. HC bands didn't have much to say about this topic but now with the influence of punk bands the scene would grow better, I just know it.

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Michelle Luellen

There's A Dyke In The Punk Scene

I was asked if I wanted to write for this issue a long time ago, and it has been difficult to decide what I feel is most important to me as a woman who grew up in punk. Though I am not really all that involved in the punk scene anymore, I feel that it has made a huge impact in my life that is still very noticed to this day. I am, however, friends with many women who are still highly involved with the punk scene and also lesbians, or what we prefer to call ourselves, dykes, and that is something that I feel many people overlook and take for granted. Women in the punk scene have a hard enough time as it is to be noticed, but dykes on the other hand are often times invisible. To understand dykes involvement in the punk scene, we have to first look at women's roles in the punk scene and how interwoven sexism is in punk rock.

Why are women involved with punk rock? This is something that I have been trying to fully understand for the eight years I have been involved. Why am I interested in this subculture? What are the fundamental strengths and weaknesses that simultaneously attract and repel me from this boy-centered subculture?

Punk rock means quite a few things to me. With the passing of each year over the age of 18, I feel that I have had to start redefining what punk rock means to me and how it defines my life these days. It becomes much harder to wear dirty clothes and have piercings and funny colored hair when you have to put food on

me to another
subject...
...Amazonian warriors...

I'm going to tell you a little story, but it's not a story, it's a myth about the Amazonian warriors with the metaphorical and real meaning of it. Amazonians were warriors that ruled alone, they had children only with strangers and only raised girls, while they disfigured and humiliated boys (sound familiar?). The real story starts when Mars (Ares) gave queen Hipolitha, the leader of Amazonians, a belt which symbolized her power. Herackle was ordered to take away this belt from her. Hipolitha was ready to give it cause she fell in love with this studly demi-god (please!), but some argument broke up between Hipolitha's escort and Herackle's men, so he felt that treason is on the way so he killed Hipolitha (stupid). To make the story a little bit interesting, it is said that this argument was

who do it to raise their own self-esteem by being accepted are blamed along with men." Girls, believe me, there will be somebody who would love you for who you are, or at least I wish that for every one of you. ...don't you think...

...that religion also controls women? Isn't that obvious? I know that one theorist said that woman bleed cause we carry the mortal sin in us... How can somebody sodomize such a normal thing? Aahh, I'm not going to waste my time on this...
...no place for me...

I often think about the whole concept of punk/hc cause it's really bounding sometimes. If you're not in the band, if you don't publish a 'zine, do a record label or a distro, if you're not involved in some kind of an organization you don't participate in any way, or let's say you're not "active." Well, since I don't have the

the table. It gets harder to keep up with all of the new records and the up and coming bands when you gotta pay the rent. (I don't want to come off as fundamentally poor in a class structure sense, I'm just a college student. Not poor, just temporarily broke.)

Similarly, if a woman is involved in the punk scene, she is ultimately going to have to deal with sexism. The way that she chooses to deal with this can often times define her feelings towards the punk scene, and ultimately, her involvement.

Sexism can be found in many different forms in real life, but I think it is necessary to bring up ways it manifests itself in the punk scene. There are the obvious forms and the covert; stealth forms that often times women themselves don't even realize are sexist. Outwardly: punk band screaming sexist insults at the audience, boy asking girl if she is setting up her boyfriend's drums for him, boy grabbing girl's tits in the pit. Covertly: boys not acknowledging women's huge roles as support: setting up shows, booking tours, feeding bands, paying tour phone bills, doing record labels and distros. And also their tremendous role as the majority of the 'zine editors in the punk scene. Boys congratulating women drummers at how good of a job they do, when they would not have done this with a boy drummer. Punk boys purposely keeping women out of their bands because they "don't like her voice." Boys silencing women's comments in discussions and pushing aside ideas and feelings that are completely integral to their experiences. Boys not believing women when they are confronted on their sexism, or pushing it to the side like it's no big deal.

Even if you find it hard to believe any or all of this, all of these experiences have happened to either me, or some of my girl friends. We have all dealt with these experiences in different ways and in general, most of the women I know and have grown up in punk rock with have dropped out of the punk scene for most of these reasons.

1. They feel the music doesn't relate to them.
2. They are not listened to, and if they are, boys patronize them.

I did a survey in preparing for this article, sending out surveys to six of my girl friends that consider themselves both queer and punk rock. Three responded. The overwhelming response that everyone agreed on is that they didn't feel that they were very involved with punk rock anymore, and that the traditional punk scene doesn't speak to them. "Screaming white boys aren't the sweetest music to my ears, with a few notable exceptions" (Erin); "As for the 'punk community' thing, with a lot of the punk boy bands I used to listen to I found a lot of stupid and misogynist lyrics that just annoy me now. I mean, no matter how kickass the music is, it can be difficult to listen to lyrics about girls that consist of 'suck my dick,' and 'I wanna fuck you and your mom,' and stuff like that" (Julia). Often times the music that is the soundtrack of our punk rock lives doesn't speak to over half of the population. It seems that the boys who create this music fail to deal their music's exclusionary nature in fundamental ways.

When I was 17, still living in Wisconsin with my parents, I was acquaintances with a boy in a band. A girl friend, my boyfriend at the time, and I found some of his lyrics sexist and offensive. My girl friend sat him down and calmly pointed out the phrases and concepts that she found problems with. He became hyper offended and refused to talk to her again, not even bothering to try and think out his actions. My boyfriend at the time and I were similarly ostracized because we backed her up.

As a side note, he still doesn't speak to us, over 6 years later. The song eventually was recorded and put on a compilation that sold thousands of records, with no lyric sheet. And the girl who confronted him became incredibly disillusioned because of this incident, as well as many others, and dropped out of the punk scene shortly thereafter.

Because of instances like these, most of the girls I know have found it necessary to simply be a part of girl punk, or riot grrrl, or some other label for the same concept. They have found it necessary to simply put themselves outside of the "community" altogether and create their own. I feel that if this girl punk community didn't exist, I would not be involved in punk rock at all anymore. The girls I talked to agreed with this.

"Basically my punk scene is with dykes and most, (not all) of my dyke friends are into some kind of punk." (Rachel) "There's something so awesome about listening to girl punk music, especially if it's punk dyke

music, cos I feel like I can RELATE to it so well. Not that I've been harassed or anything, but the bigger 'experience' of growing up and dealing with being a queer girl is something that all of us dykes can relate to, on that higher level sort of thing. Not to mention, it's so great to hear the words being sung by a grrrl about a girl and I don't have to change the pronouns around, he to she, and especially with bands like Team Dresch and Tribe 8, it's so affirming." (Julia)

Punk rock as a concept goes hand and hand with being a feminist and being a dyke, it's just the people that ruin it for us. Everyone said that they got into punk rock because they found something fundamental in its ideologies that they felt that they could relate to. I asked people how they got involved with punk rock.

Julia again: "What attracted me to the whole punk rock deal was the kids, doing their own thing and fighting for what's important to them, through music or protests or whatever. Kids being themselves no matter what anyone else says . . . I found kids who actually believed in stuff that was important to me too, like human and animal rights and scary politics etc. . . . and then there was the MUSIC. Ahhh. Bands who aren't afraid to put everything out there and be totally honest because they don't have to worry about mass marketing their product to the mainstream. Good shit."

Erin has a similar story: "I stumbled onto the punk scene rather accidentally—as an eighteen year old freshman at the University of Pittsburgh, I tried to get involved with an animal rights (I'd been vegan for a year and vegetarian since age 11) and ended up finding out that all the other vegans there were into this thing called 'hardcore.' Most of them also identified themselves as 'straightedge.' I'd never heard this term used before, but was instantly attracted to the anti-indebriation ethic . . . it was exciting to realize there were people in the world who rejected the status quo, even in the smallest of ways, and for once I felt I stumbled upon a niche."

I got involved with punk rock when I was 15. I was completely socially inept and the only people who seemed remotely cool were the punk kids, cos all of the "preppy" kids in middle school hated me. I listened to metal, and when my boyfriend made a tape of the Misfits and Danzig I realized a whole new world had been opened up for me. There was an outlet for my anger in the pit and in the music on my headphones at school. I was a part of something, finally, sort-of, because I always felt like I was "the girl." The one who had to look good for the boyfriend, the one who had to hold the jacket while he went into the pit. It finally took listening to Crass and Nausea and Naked Aggression (and much later Bikini Kill and Heavens to Betsy) to realize that there were women actually involved in punk at all. The first time I heard Amy from Nausea sing, I thought I was going to die right there on the spot. She was my hero; I had never felt so personally connected to music before in my life.

When I think about all of these reasons why people got into punk rock and all of the warm gushy feelings associated with these memories, I understand why I feel that I still am into punk rock. However, now I feel that I am a dyke first and punk rock dead last. Being a queer person and punk rock isn't necessarily a huge leap, because they are both forms of rebellion and resistance.

"In a way, sometimes I feel like being punk goes along with being queer, because just existing as a dyke, living yr life the way you want to and not how the majority of society says you should (with a man) is a kind of rebellion. Going against what you've been taught all your life (that sex is intercourse between a man and a woman, and that it's okay to get a job and stuff, but the most important thing is to one day find that special man to marry and have kids with, and that it is ultimately a man who will bring you happiness and it's your job to do the same for him...). Also involves questioning it." (Julia)

"To me, punk is and always been more of an embodiment of radical politics and the DIY ethic than a style of music. As someone whose very existence—as a non-monogamous queer girl who shuns the feminine beauty ideal and the requisite heterosexual identity and has battled severe mental illness—is a radical act. I feel that it's important to claim the communities I'm a part of as my own and insure that others who deviate from the norms those communities encompass feel safe in them." (Erin)

Being involved in a movement that can't even agree that they are a movement is frustrating and

difficult. Punk rock is such a nebulous concept, and everyone has his or her own definitions. This is both a blessing and a curse. On the one hand, it makes many feel people feel included, and on the other hand it makes many feel excluded because of the people that are made to feel comfortable in this "scene." When women are excluded, someone is benefiting.

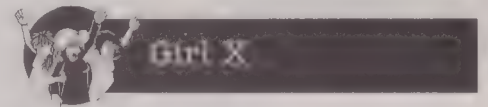
And when we are dealing with people who can instantly claim that they're "not punk, don't need to be held accountable," they can easily shrink into the background. In my experience, most of the people I have met in the punk scene have tried to be as open minded as possible towards queers, and most everybody considers themselves queer in some capacity. But there are the exceptions, of course, as Erin explains: "the punk scene has been more supportive of my sexuality than society at large, but still has left a lot to be desired. Ultimately, I've learned that this 'scene' is nothing more to a lot of males than an always-open singles bar that caters to their particular aesthetic. To the sad minority with this mentality, punk dykes are disposable and fit to be ignored. I've got more dumb boy stories than you can shake a stick at, but most of them involve the cliché straight boy 'menage a trois' fantasy that always seems to follow when a woman claims a bisexual identity. Unfortunately, this idiocy is not confined to punk."

Riot grrrl has become a necessity for so many women who simply feel that they are not comfortable in the traditional show setting, with guys jumping on their heads and hitting on them at the punk rock show. I feel that riot grrrl is something that dykes have created as something of their own for their own. I feel, however, that it is not enough. Women are finding their own ways of dealing with our problems, by creating something separate and beautiful. If men want women to feel comfortable in their punk scene, they are going to have to roll up their sleeves and get their hands dirty. To build any sort of coalition is work, and men have to be willing to listen to women. They have to stop giving lip service to sexism and working against sexism in their personal lives. There are institutionally based systems in this country that keep women and queers systematically oppressed and the only way to change it is to organize. To get together and listen to women, to get together with other men and forge a movement to fight sexism in a honest and sincere way, not simply as a subject for a song.

Epilogue: I know that there are probably many dykes who are involved in the punk rock scene that feel that riot grrrl music or the scene is a bunch of nonsense, and I don't want to claim that I am speaking for them or from their experience. This is simply what those around me feel and their opinions.

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I remember when hardcore left me.

Since I was 13, hardcore dominated my life. It was my everything. I thought it would always be my everything. I moved here to (state omitted) when I was 19 to escape an abusive relationship (5 years) and to find a new beginning. It was the hardest thing that I ever had to do. I left behind childhood friends, an active scene, and my home.

I enthusiastically began to search out the hardcore/punk rock scene here. It was very different from where I was from and there seemed to be no real community, as I was used to. There seemed to be a lot of drug use and drinking. I wasn't used to that since the kids where I was from were too busy to get mixed up in things like that. We were very active and it just seemed stupid. But these things aside, I tried to become a part of the loose "scene" that existed here. When there was something going on, I was there. A show? I supported it. The kids here didn't make me feel welcome and I just felt like an outsider. This went against what I knew the hardcore community to be, but I still tried. I began to become depressed. There were no real record store, clubs/venues or community centers. Never any meetings or gathering and rarely any shows (maybe once or twice a month). My depression became severe. I felt I was losing myself. I was isolated and alone. I missed my

scene, my friends, my life. But to go back was not possible.

A year later, although I really didn't believe in drugs, my parents and friends back home begged me to see a doctor. I began taking antidepressants. A relationship I was involved in for about a year ended badly and painfully and I began to drink.

One night, at a party with some "friends," I got more drunk than I had ever been. Everyone there knew that I didn't drink normally and could tell by my sobbing that I was very upset. They encouraged me to drink more and I did. I don't blame them. I blame myself for what happened next, and it has taken me two years now, with therapy, to be able to talk about it without being hysterical.

I began talking to a guy I thought was cute and before too long he asked if I wanted to back to his house and listen to records. I was naive and trusting and I felt safe in the hardcore community, so I agreed. Where the story goes now is debated. I say date rape, he says, "You wanted it!" No matter what the case, no one should ever sleep with anyone who is under the influence of something! EVER! That way, you clear yourself and show respect for the other person by waiting until they are sober to ask them if they would like to have sex with you.

I later confronted the person in question, who laughed at me. I tried to shift through the confusion. He said I wanted it. I remember us kissing and later waking up with him on top of me. I blamed myself. I tried to remain friends with him, but I couldn't stand to be around him. I felt sick and sex had never made me feel this way before. I knew that he had taken advantage of me. But it was my fault, wasn't it? How could this happen to me? How could it happen in something as great as the hardcore scene? I wrote him a long letter and told him how I felt and asked him never to do this to another girl again. I asked him to get help. Later I found that I was not the only girl that this happened to in the scene. Others were too embarrassed or just remained silent. I did not.

I no longer associate with anyone in the scene. I was called a liar. They knew him longer, I was a new comer. It took me a year before I went to a show again. My fear of seeing him or others still haunts me. I have many enemies because of this incident and my isolation to hardcore hurts, but not more than this ultimate betrayal. I have a history of sexual abuse as a child, but nothing has affected me, nothing is more painful than this.

I feel like half a person. I no longer have my identity, my hardcoreness. I would like to have penpals and reintroduce myself to hardcore, (at least on paper—thank you *Heartatack*) to the fever I felt before, but I no longer feel current. I feel stupid, like I no longer know what is going on. I used to go to the record store in my hometown every weekend, but it has been four years now. I hardly know any bands anymore. Four years in isolation and self-blaming hell. I have heard that getting older makes you move on but I never wanted to leave hardcore—it just left me.



Joanne Stebbins

I want to see more feminist and gender studies discourse explored in hardcore. I see men in hardcore—vocal men, men who are in bands, who publish their music and their words, who play shows, have a voice on stage. When I see these prominent men, some of whom have literally given lip service to women's issues, go out and buy porno and go to strip clubs, I know there is a need to know and understand feminist theory. A need to read feminist theory, to make it a part of your life, your consciousness, your actions, to actively explore issues with an comprehension of feminist perspective and theory. Go ahead and start reading Betty Friedan, Gloria Steinem, Audre Lourde, bell hooks, Adrienne Rich, Phyllis Chesler, Mary Kay Blakey, Dorothy Allison, Kate Bornstein, and Leslie Fienburg. There are a rich and diverse array of topics and experiences under the umbrella terms: "women's issues," "women's studies," "gender studies," "feminist theory," "queer theory," etc. Go explore.

I'd like to get the ball rolling by adding some thoughts and opinions on a specific hot topic: The Sex Industry.

Personally an issue that's really conflicted me is the sex industry as it relates to feminist theory.

First, let it be clear that by the term "sex industry" I mean the occupations of using explicit sexuality for titillation and/or gratification. For the feminists at my school, as I'm sure it is for feminists worldwide, it's always a big debate. Does it empower women? Outside feminist circles, such as in my neighboring town Northampton, there's been a huge controversy over the hypothetical emergence of a strip club in the city.

First two statements I must make:

1) I'm not into inflicting moralization onto others so I'm not going to take that view and condemn or dismiss it on moral grounds. That's not me. I'm not going to use scripture for my reasoning. Indeed scripture is a load of crap (and legalistically speaking completely un-American) to use for creation of rules in our country. (Although of course, that's precisely what happens.) Anyway, statement number two I must make:
2) The thought of children in the sex industry both scares the hell out of me and seriously makes me feel nauseous. I'm disturbed by incest-erotica in American culture as well as by the girls who are enslaved in the industry outside of this country.

But the point I really wish to make more vocal is the tie of the industry to financial success. It infuriates me. Why is the sex industry such a decent or well paid industry for women in our culture? Why aren't we more outraged that it's one of the few decent to well paid positions for women? Heck I can't even say it's one of the few— isn't it the biggest one, the only one? Is it not the *only* field in which both women are largely a part of and in which they can make good money? All other female dominated fields are not money-makers! (teachers, day-care workers, secretaries, retail, customer services... not to mention the fact that parenting is placed with so little value in our society.)

I want to **scream** to the community leaders: if you are really concerned with the respect and treatment of women in our society and the maintenance of "stable" communities, then you have to 1) *respect women by making more well paid fields widely accessible to women*, and 2) *uphold your communities not just by keeping away or designating certain areas to the sex industry, but by placing real monetary value on the positions you say are important*. What I'm saying (and we can take it to industries other than sex) is if you think people should stay away from the sex industry, gambling, and drugs for example—then create *real financial alternatives*! For example, women have historically been teachers and this is also a position that we as a society say we value, so let's make this a lucrative job. Make teaching positions both more competitive and more enticing. Get the best teachers so not only the students are more enriched, but so working adults (both men and women) are encouraged and rewarded for being well educated.

And I can't help but asking, why is it that we financially reward a women for sexually titillating us but not for educating or caring for our children? In our capitalist society, what is this saying? That people profit off of keeping people down? That we really don't care about quality public education? That perhaps we just don't think, don't realize what's going on? I think all of these are true to varying degrees.

The level of frustration is so completely mind blowing and heart crushing when you learn that hard work, knowledge, intellect, and the pile of money spent for a higher education is completely useless when you *still* can not support yourself. And then you add to that blow, that insult, the knowledge that you could support yourself comfortably by using your sexuality (or profiting off of vices, weakness, or illegal activity for that matter). The knowledge that an uneducated person is making so much more than you.

Why do we get so angry over women profiting off of their sexuality? Is it because it's a contradictory message in our society? There are two prominent, and sometimes conflicting, messages in our society given to women: 1) be polite, 2) if you want to be progressive then you'll get a good education and use your brain. Maybe you'll get respect by doing one or both of these things, but what are the chances that you'll have independent financial success with them? Maybe women get mad at other women profiting from the sex industry because it defies the way we thought things worked. Maybe because when you don't have money, it seems more important than having respect.

The other more widely debated aspect in feminist circles regarding the sex industry is how porn affects the image and safety of women and the question of empowerment. Some argue that porn frees us because we are allowed to express sexuality in that arena. To

this opinion I must respond that it is ignorant to the majority of porn, and largely the sex industry as a whole. If you actually start to look at the bulk of web sites, movies, and magazines you'll see how they're advertised. First they predominately advertise women to men. "Fuck" is the word used. "Fuck" in our language is used as an insult and a word that implies power and domination over one another. Then it's used to turn you on, to be sexy. I don't get that, I don't know how it's justified. Does empowerment come from admitting that you like being fucked, that you too can play their game? Does it come from indulging in the fantasy that you will be the dominator—that you will be the one taking back power and fucking others? I don't think so. Playing a dominatrix doesn't give women real power in society—it doesn't give women the same advantages that men have in this culture for career and family. To play the dominatrix is to play into a way too old negative stereotype that female sexuality is harmful and destructive.

Yes, we need a culture that acknowledges, respects, and does not chastise a woman's sexuality, but if you look at porn you will see we are not getting it there. We're never gonna win playing their game, it was designed against it.

I welcome correspondence and discussion. Joanne Stebbins/PO Box 32/Haydenville, MA 01039; joanne@student.umass.edu



Laura Wirtz

How I learned to stop dosing about and love the f-word. Do you ever stand back and think about what being a punk has meant to you? Do you think of how involvement in this counter-culture has affected your outlooks and actions? Maybe without hardcore most of us would never have been exposed to countless alternatives that we now take for granted. Some of these effects might be too subtle to even acknowledge. These alternatives may have given us incalculable empowerment, inspiration, and all manner of experiences. In the punk scene I have found anarchism, pro-choice convictions, veganism and free thought in so many directions I couldn't begin to describe them. Through all of this though, I never found feminism.

For me feminism was something taken for granted, only very basically understood and certainly not something that shaped my world view in a major way. Real, conscious, active feminism was only discovered in the last very few years and only through my involvement in the women's liberation section of the students' movement here in the UK. For years I thought the women's group at college was not something for me. But when I finally got involved in the women's campaign/group and movement, what a revelation! Suddenly I was so aware of the unique dynamics of communication among women; that is among feminist women. And this communication was (only?) the medium for such a new and transcendent approach to the world and to all the things that really matter.

My experiences (awakening?) with feminism have not been comparable to any other alteration of my worldview, lifestyle or anything else. It seems to me that the core of feminism is questioning and therefore inevitably challenging. With anarchism I thought I understood coercion and hierarchy, but the meaning of and approach to everything has changed. Every day, maybe every minute my perspectives become so fresh, the mundane becomes filled with meaning. From a feminist perspective I've seen that the things we take for granted are limitations to be recognised and removed and that there is no limit to the challenges we can make. In this way, feminism has given me a completely fresh take on the potentials of the punk scene.

There are feminists in the hardcore scene, and I am happy to say I have gotten as much out of 'zines written by feminists as I have from any other 'zines or indeed from any other feminist writers. I used to think that women's liberation/equality/whatever was one of the many nice liberal single issues we could take for granted as good hc politics. But being a womyn is about as far from a single issue as you get. Unfortunately I have also seen some pretty ignorant rubbish spoken in 'zines about feminism from hc womyn who have never bothered to find out what it really is about.

I feel like this all sounds like the declarations of some barmy born-again christian, but I reckon that if punk engaged and challenged every aspect of our

thoughts, feelings and perceptions in the way that feminism can then we would have a much richer experience than most of us do in the scene. The real significance of punk is our relation to the mainstream and how we are a threat to dominant values. But punk has become so established and ritualised that it is obvious that all along we have pretty much been aping the mainstream.

We can learn about this from the experience of feminist activism. The American liberal feminist tradition called for "equality" and for women's right to have the same as men. The result is that a few cosmetic changes were made so that a few more women got into a few recognised positions of public power and this could be hailed as the success and end of feminism. In the mean time patriarchy and coercion has remained firmly in place. Other feminist traditions emphasised "liberation" and anti-patriarchy and these have continued today as women seek self-empowerment and fundamental changes to every aspect of society. Grassroots activists and radical feminist thinkers may not get much media attention or official recognition by those who hold public power, but these are the ones with the potential to contribute to significant social changes because they are the ones actually fighting for significant social changes.

Being involved in punk has given me far more confidence as a woman, as a feminist and in countless other ways. Right now though, I'm afraid to say, punk has reached a real dead end where all there is to do is introspect on the scene and concentrate on its most superficial aspects. Even the politics is nothing more than badges to be collected and worn. Most hardcore kids are like *Star Trek* fans, and this is exactly how we are kept from being a threat.

I'm resigned to the fact that punk/hc in general will always be a primarily male and even masculinist dominion, but the scene can certainly be made more relevant to many more womyn who might become involved. In 30 years feminism has altered society forever (although not nearly enough yet), and I think women and feminist ideas can have a far more significant effect on the overall punk scene. If punks were more aware of gender issues and could benefit from the insights into coercion and oppression developed by feminists, we would be more relevant as a threat to patriarchy in society overall.

Up to now, when what have been called "women's issues" have been discussed in outlets such as this one, it tends to be in the form of "women's problems." But I would rather the rape discourse go on forever than to see a reversion to the usual dreary ritualised band worshipping. This particular theme issue is a good start, and I hear that the More Than Music Festival this year will also be centred on womyn. If we do gain a higher profile in the scene, I hope it is not just by addressing "women's problems," but rather by womyn and men helping each other to challenge the status quo of gender and everything else and by celebrating all the commonality and diversity in the scene.

I won't provide a definition of feminism. To define is to limit. I can try to begin to explain what it is to me, and if you are interested do please contact me. I have a 'zine called *Synthesis* and issue 4 is out now with anti-Nestle and anti-Hollywood rants, stuff on revolution, abortion... oh yeah, and feminism. I also have a DIY 'zine distro called Goodies.

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P.S. Down with emo, down with metal and bring back Poly-Styrene!!!



kate cooties

A week ago today I was on my way to Richmond to meet up with friends for a leisurely afternoon of mock meat Chinese food and hanging out. I never made it.

Twenty miles south of my destination, someone a breath away from sideswiping my car ran me off the road. I spun and flipped, but never lost consciousness.

Within minutes, a swarm of state troopers, EMTs, good samaritans and an entire military convoy was on the scene. Many of them mentioned how lucky I was, and one more blatant chap just blurted, "I didn't think there was a chance in hell of anyone coming out

of that alive."

I'll spare you the gorey details, but suffice it to say I spent more than my fair share of time strapped to a stretcher that day. And I'll have a stack of new bills for the ambulance ride, ER treatment, prescription co-pays, and soon physical therapy—not to mention the car.

Days later, when my mother drove me up to the towyard to retrieve personal items and collect the piddly \$30 I was receiving for salvage, we passed the site of the crash. The little blue markers waving in the median, skidmarks telling the exact spot I was in at the start of it all. A mile earlier, I would've tumbled into a ravine. A mile farther, and I would've slammed into downed trees that still haven't been cleaned up from the last big winter storm. I don't know why I'm alive. I'm still rather stunned by it all.

I had a nightmare the other night about those trees. They reminded me of an accident that happened when I was in high school, where someone from the senior class died. She was with a group of friends on their way home, when the van skidded and hit a grove of trees. Everyone was okay, except that girl, who was partially decapitated by a tree branch. I found out later that the boy who had raped me when I was 13 was in the van too. He had given up his seat to her.

Why do things like this happen? Why should a rapist escape partial decapitation, which is then inflicted on a girl known for her kindness to others? And why do I get the pleasure of being the one having my life flash before my eyes because some kid was so eager to be in the fast lane that he was willing to push me off the road to get into it?

I'll chalk up to the first as a cruel twist of irony, and the second to... bad luck?

No. More like irresponsibility. And one person's irresponsibility and selfishness can have unbelievably long lasting side affects for others in their proximity.

Now here comes the part where I relate this to the punk scene.

A year ago I befriended this old school punk about ten years my senior. He was awesome. Funny, easygoing, and one of my favorite people to hang out with. We had a few mutual friends, so this all felt pretty normal and safe. I spent a lot of time with him and his circle of friends who'd known each other for 15 years.

A few months into this schedule, two of his best friends took me aside and just laid a bomb on me. "We've talked about telling you this for a while, and just didn't know how to say it... Dan* has a history of beating the shit out of his girlfriends."

I was dumbstruck, but because of who they were, and what they told me next, I believed them. These were more than just beatings, and it was more than one girl. In an ongoing abusive relationship, a girl tried to run from him, and he ripped the door off of her car. In another, he stabbed a girl in the face, and she was so fearful of him that she helped cover for him by telling the ambulance workers that she fell into a window. Another incident involved him stalking a girl who'd broken up with him, kidnapping her, and then raping and sodomizing her. He went to jail for that one, and spent a year in the can.

During his lockup, the scene rallied around him. His best friends diligently covered his tracks. They wrote 'zines about his "bitch" ex-girlfriend who was out to get him, and how he was unjustly convicted on trumped up charges. They carefully neglected to mention what the charges were, and elaborated on how his victim was a slut and a liar. The word of mouth was that Dan was a victim of the system, and the rallying cry for the year became "FREE DAN!"

This was, of course, before I got involved in the scene. Most of my peer group wasn't involved then either, so we had no way of knowing firsthand information. But the rallying cry hadn't died down completely after his release and our indoctrination to the scene. The (seemingly) good-natured punk was affectionately known around our area as "Free Dan," and the reasons for his incarceration were long forgotten. He had somehow morphed from a violent woman-abusing alcoholic, into a locally celebrated legend.

If you asked any kid familiar with the scene here, they'd probably heard of him, and had little or no idea of where his nickname came from, but would be quick to reiterate that he wasn't a bad guy, he'd just gotten screwed on "bullshit charges."

The little plan worked. The boys covered his tracks, the girls feared him too much to say anything, and his crimes were forgotten. They weren't stopping

though, as the folks who shared this information with me—for my protection—told me how one of them had witnessed him intimidating his girlfriend, grabbing and shaking her, because she didn't cook his dinner right.

None of this was stuff I wanted to believe, but it wasn't something I could get over, either. I dug up old 'zines that I got when I first started going to shows and hanging out with punk kids here, and I found one made by his friends while he was still incarcerated. I saw their versions of the story, and it read like the testimony of frat boys protecting a brother who got caught. I had to believe the sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

I never spoke to Dan again.

I also severed ties with a mutual friend who I felt betrayed by; he had known all this, and let me put myself in situations where I could've become Dan's next victim.

All of this was made possible by a loose conspiracy to keep things quiet and not rock the boat. All of this violence that I see around me is taking place because of people who act in the same ways as Dan's friends did—they feel that protecting their friend from potential ostracism is so important that they're willing to sacrifice the truth, by taking sides without ever questioning those involved. They never even take into consideration the fact that they could be friends with someone for years, and still not have encountered the darker side that exists in all of us. That denial of possibility is *dangerous*.

I was furious about it when it came up in the aftermath of Dana's letter to this magazine, announcing Chris Bonner's attack on her. People came forward to say with absolute conviction that he did NOT do that. They knew him and knew that he could never be capable of that. She was not believed.

I was furious about it when a friend came forward to tell how she'd been sexually assaulted by a popular scenester in her area. People there didn't want to believe her either, and she was ostracized.

I was furious when it happened to me, when, in the aftermath of an attempted rape by a So. Cal. activist, another activist used my story without my knowledge or consent to prove a point on an internet mailing list, and the result was me having my name slandered, and being the recipient of hate mail which I wouldn't wish upon any other human, let alone in the wake of such a serious betrayal.

I was furious when a friend who had come forward within her scene about being raped by a friend of a popular bad there was repeatedly threatened with asbeatings by the members of that band for telling lies about their boy. (Who, incidentally, has since been chased out of town because he raped the sister of one of those band members, and they believed her.)

I was furious when Modest Mouseketeers invaded the "net en masse to spread the word "whatever you do, do not believe Brock's accuser," because they just knew he *wasn't* the type of guy who commits rape. It was never about objectivity, or encouraging people not to take sides in something none of us knew anything about, it was about silencing a survivor.

All of these things happened because of people who are unwilling to accept the fact that perhaps their pals aren't all sugar and spice and everything nice, and might just have it in them to cause another person pain. And that inability to own up to even that possibility has seen dozens of my friends and acquaintances become familiar with the realities of rape and violence. The irresponsibility of this lack of willingness to even question these predators, perpetuates the cycle. Every year, every month, I hear from another person who has been harmed in the worst possible ways imaginable, because someone was trying to keep a friend's reputation intact, by covering up their pal's questionable, or outright abhorrent actions.

I don't feel justified in telling you what to believe, but don't take sides just "because." The character witnesses in these scenarios have to have some character of their own before they become worth believing; that means they must be willing to question the actions of those close to them. Especially if the answers to those questions are so uncomfortable that they could shatter one's entire perception of the individual they're most inclined to protect.

We pay too huge a price for this silence.

ENDNOTES:

1) My thanks to those who risked their own security to warn me about their longtime friend. "Dan" isn't his real name. The situations I described are real, and I

hope he doesn't see this.

2) If you're gonna flip a car, flip a Saturn. I know it's not kosher to promote big ticket items or brands in a DIY 'zine, but the superior build of that machine made a life & death difference for me. They're good cars.

3) My 'zines are currently on backorder, so please don't send me money. You can get *cooties #7* from TREE OF KNOWLEDGE distro. You can get *cooties #8* when it's released, by contributing to it now—the theme is "Bad Dates: the tragicomedy of love gone awry" and the tales range from getting caught in the act, to blatant stalking. I highly encourage you to submit writing & artwork.

4) Get in touch. kate.cooties/2504 Ravencroft Ct./Va. Beach, VA 23454; cooties@punkrock.net ; http://cooties.punkrock.net



Gracie Bartlett

Girls Do Not Need To Be In Bands To Validate Their Voice In The Punk Scene.

Thinking back, I've never felt completely excluded from the punk/hardcore scene. When I first started going to shows and making friends there were really awesome people around that had no real issue with girls being involved in punk. I was also able to find awesome 'zines done by girls. 'Zines that talked about being a girl in the scene but also got past the issue of being a girl and dealt with something else. The scene itself. The girls I was communicating with were really supportive and really productive without making an issue out of being a girl. They were doing what they felt they wanted to. They were doing 'zines that dealt with feminism yet they were also talking about music and personal experiences. They didn't feel restricted. And they expected the same out of me and every other girl getting involved in the scene. I remember someone saying to me that it made her sick listening to young girls complain about how unsupportive and sexist the scene was. She felt that these girls were coming into a scene that was more supportive than ever before. That it wasn't hard at all to find female and male friends that were supportive of women as individuals, and I understood her. I felt that in the beginning as well. It wasn't until later that I felt my voice wasn't being heard. I don't think she was saying that there wasn't sexism in the scene. There obviously was and still is. However, there is no reason to dwell on it and consciously let it limit us. I am glad I found the people I did when I first started getting involved. I think I was lucky. Communicating with these girls was really important for me. I don't think I could have gotten as involved in the hardcore scene as I have, had it not been for 'zines like *Not Even* and *Simba* and *Fantastic*. These 'zines gave me a sense of inclusion. I didn't really realize until later that there really was blatant sexism in the scene. That was simple foolishness on my part but that is how I felt at the time.

Girls do not need to be in bands to validate their voice in the punk scene. There are so many other ways to be productive. Not to mention that it is so much easier to say things through other means. Such as 'zines, and labels, and booking shows and festivals. I had someone ask me once if I thought my position as an organizer of a fest was more important than that of the bands playing. I don't think that at all; however, I do feel that being an organizer is just as important as being in one of the bands that plays. There are so many women organizing fests and putting together shows and doing labels. Are their voices getting heard? Yes, they are. They are getting heard by those who support them and what they choose to say. Does anyone really know who any of these women are? Probably not. It's like Lisa Oglesby was saying in the last issue of *HeartattaCk*, "We are all so convinced that women don't do anything that I think we have come to expect it, and come to think it even when that is not the case... even when we are present, we are not noticed." I totally believe this is the case. Unless we see a woman on stage with a guitar in hand we are blind to the women surrounding us. Coming at us from every direction with 'zine in hand. We don't see the girl "backstage" dealing with the space owner. Or the woman cleaning up her own basement after the "punks" have left empty bottles and crap everywhere in her home. We are unable to see the woman's name among the list of 'zine editors. In the case of *HeartattaCk*, we are unable to see that two out

of three of those names belong to women. It's simply not as much a matter of women not being involved, as it is recognizing the women that are involved.

The first thing I did when I got interested in punk/hardcore was to order a bunch of 'zines. The second thing I did was to start my own. I was proud of what I had accomplished. I was proud of the voice I had given myself. It was only until later that I realized that that voice meant nothing to a lot of people because I was not in a band. But I was still proud of me and there were a lot of other people that were sending me positive feedback. Yet there are still so many people who don't even see the women. And so they think we aren't here. Am I not here if you can't see me on stage? Is my voice not as valid because it isn't heard clearly through a microphone? Of course it is. And I don't think for an instant that anyone would say that it isn't. But I think people aren't taking the time to actually notice. To see what they think isn't there.

Is recognition given where it is deserved? Why, may I ask, is it so important for there to be more women in bands? What if most women don't want to be on stage? To tell you the truth I think I personally feel way too much pressure to be in a band. Not from individuals but from the scene as a whole. The pressure comes from the assumption that one must be in a band for their words to be legitimate. I don't want to feel that pressure and most of the time I ignore it. I believe that I am a stronger woman than that. As much as I want to play music it is not to legitimize my words. I simply wish more people understood that. Or at least made an effort to hear the voices of the women involved in the punk/hardcore scene. Fuck being in a band if you feel you have to to get your voice heard. Recognition should be given where it is deserved.

So... I have never felt completely excluded from the punk/hardcore community. Not, necessarily, because others were supportive (although many people have been), but because I was able to be supportive of myself. I was able to see that I was and still am doing something positive, productive, and worthwhile. Even when other people didn't see it or acknowledge it. Now that I've said that I must also say that there are many people in my life that are totally supportive of me and other women in their lives. And I don't think it was ever a question for them to be supportive. The scene I made myself a part of was one that I respect and I think it respects me back. I AM here. No matter if you see me or not. And I will keep plugging away at all the things I do to try and keep the punk/hardcore scene alive. We all will. Because we all have voices and we are using them. You just have to listen harder.

Gracie Aaron Bartlett/2638 W Iowa #2R/ Chicago, IL 60622; rubberring@yahoo.com

I also want to thank a few people who helped me be comfortable expressing my voice. I owe a lot to a few people. Even though I may not know them well, these people surely deserve a thank you. Daisy Rooks, Vique Martin, Erica Reinsteint, Helyn Dell, Leslie Kahan, Lisa Oglesby, Carrie Crawford, Michelle Luellen, the women at the second Sister Subverter, the women at the first Midwest Girls Fest, and anyone who has supported me over the last seven years. There have been so many supportive and amazing women that I have come in contact with over the years. I can't thank them all. Special thanks to Scott, Chuck, and Helyn. You have been my lifeline and support for so many years. Thank you. Without you I would be a completely different person. I love you for who you are. And for who I have become.



Tracy Sharkpool

The opportunity to write this column was kind of sprung upon me at the last minute, so I haven't really had much time to plan what I want to say, and so instead I have pilfered a lot of this from an article that I wrote for my own fanzine *Sharkpool*. I thought I would take this opportunity to tell you a bit about a big research project I conducted last year into gender relations within the punk and hardcore scene.

I know I'm not the first person to attempt to conduct academic research into punk, but a lot of articles I've read before seem to be quite basic and don't really do the subject justice. The articles written by sociologists invariably make cringeworthy mistakes and assumptions, while the papers written by punks seem to view our community through such rose-tinted glasses

as to make credible research impossible. I was convinced that it was possible to conduct an honest, well-written and accurate study of the scene, which would be relevant to academics and punks alike.

Of course, I had personal reasons for doing the research too: I wanted to study something I really felt passionate about, and bring to a wider audience the special things which I saw in a community that the academic world knew nothing about. More ambitiously, I wanted to try and find some answers to the problems that I saw eating away at the scene I loved. I wanted to understand why sometimes in the middle of a fantastic night out, someone would say or do something which would make me feel uneasy, but this would go unchallenged by everyone around me. I wanted to understand why this amazing scene was being overlooked by so many girls; why none of my female friends could see what I saw and feel how I felt about punk rock.

It's been two years now since I began asking around for punk girls to help me with this research, writing letter after letter to everyone I could think of. One by one letters began trickling back from all over the country from girls I had never met before, but who had taken the time to reply and let me know they'd like to be interviewed. Boys wrote too: even though I hadn't enough time to interview them as well, they still volunteered information and advice, which was all greatly appreciated. Then, after a mention in *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* and an internet appeal, letters started arriving from America too—this was better than I could possibly have hoped for!

So after months of planning and background research, I sent out a few questions to these girls, asking them anything and everything about their experiences within the scene. The response overwhelmed me: the sheer amount of time that people spent writing me huge long letters was amazing. Page after page, detailing their stories, explaining the ups and downs of their experiences. It was so much fun reading through each girl's letter, feeling like I knew her even though we'd never met. The stories they told showed such personality and depth and individuality, and yet at the same time, similar tales kept coming up time and time again. Like the one about not being taken seriously as musicians. Or about getting treated like groupies at gigs. Or getting felt up while dancing. Sometimes I felt as if I could have written some of the letters myself; my own experiences were so similar.

Originally, I did intend this to be an article which discussed the main points that arose during my research, but after 2 or 3 days of writing and re-writing the piece, the impracticality of condensing 16,000 words into a short column without making embarrassing generalisations is finally dawning on me. And so I'm not even going to attempt to tell you in any detail what I wrote about. Instead, I'm going to encourage you to read it for yourself.

Before you get too daunted at the prospect of reading such a lengthy article, let me reassure you that it really isn't all dry heavy academic stuff. Of course, there's academic bits in there that probably won't be that fascinating to the average punker, but for the most part, I just let the girls talk for themselves and just tried to find some kind of pattern and reasons for their common experiences. The result isn't some male-bashing, whingey "women are all victims of nasty male oppression" diatribe: it just tells it like it is. The girls explain the problems they face, and how they deal with them, and their refusal to let these difficulties stop them having fun. If anything, it's quite a positive piece, and when I read through it now I feel quite uplifted by the determination with which so many women are renegotiating the gender roles that so many of us were brought up with.

Since I finished the research, word has slowly been spreading about what I have been doing: bits have been published in Dutch and English 'zines, and it has also just been nominated for inclusion in an American 'zine yearbook, which is a real honour. After this column, maybe some parts of it might find their way into future issues of *HeartattaCk*. Who knows? I am also attempting to get it published in a couple of academic journals, which should be interesting. Occasionally I still receive letters out of the blue from people who have heard about the piece and would like to read it, which amazes me but makes me incredibly happy.

Sometimes I get a bit daunted by the attention I seem to have drawn to myself, and question my credentials for talking so much about this issue—

who made me spokesperson for a generation of young punk women anyway? But then I figure that I have never claimed to be speaking on behalf of anyone other than myself, and if anybody else wants to write their own research proving mine wrong, that's fine. So far though, everyone that has taken the time to check the piece out has been extremely positive about it.

But anyway, if you want to find out whether you agree with it or not, or if you just want to read about a bunch of punk's perceptions of the scene, I guess I'd better tell you how you can get hold of a copy of it. Now that the latest issue of *Sharkpool* is finally out, my next project is to transform the research into a small, free/cheap 'zine to distribute at gigs, so if anyone has any ideas or artwork that I could use alongside it, or would like to help me distribute copies in America, please get in touch. In the meantime, if you would like to read the piece, please send me a blank floppy disk and a SAE, or e-mail me and I will send you the file. And please let me know what you think, even if you disagree with everything I wrote, coz the whole point of doing this piece was to generate discussion.

I really hope that someone out there takes me up on this offer and asks to read this piece, because I still think it is important that we confront the fact that our punk scene has some problems with the way it deals with women. I'm not saying that boys (and girls) aren't trying to fight sexism, but that we've still got a long way to go yet, and the best way to face this challenge is to make sure no-one can ignore what is going on. I'm not saying that my research contains any earth-shattering solutions or anything like that, but it's a step in the right direction just to be talking about this stuff. It is important to keep this debate going, because I think that it must be all too easy for boys to overlook the behaviour of their peers, unless they take the time to listen to the things which girls will tell them are still happening. Also, I think it is important for girls to discuss these issues, if only because it makes us feel like the problems we face are not just happening to us: it's amazing the difference it makes just knowing that you are not the only one fighting against this shit.

OK then, that's all I have to say on the matter: I've done this research and you can read it if you want. No pressure though, and if you're not into reading academic stuff that's fine. It's up to you...

Contact me at: Tracy Bosworth/PO Box 208/ Nottingham/NG7 6EN/England; Tracy.Bosworth@ntu.ac.uk

If you want a copy of the new *Sharkpool*, please include a couple of dollars or a 'zine to trade.



Rachel M.

"We hate ourselves/and each other/Enough for you?/ Living in this world/with your images/they're killing me!/And for what?" —Project Hate, "Actual Size"

In thinking about what profound contribution to offer the all women issue of *HeartattaCk*, the topic of competition comes to mind because it ties together a lot of the different challenges women face, both in the wonderful world of punk/hardcore and in life in general. By competition, I mean the ways in which we internalize our oppression so thoroughly that we dole it out to each other, as if it were ours to give. Let me tell you a story.

Several months ago, I was at a friend's house, looking through magazines to see if I could find any images of strong women. Not surprisingly, (except for one mean looking woman wearing nothing but matching tiger print bra & underwear and boxing gloves in a Wonderbra ad), all I found were the usual 90 lb. prepubescent models with that deer-caught-in-the-headlights look on their faces.

As I flipped through one magazine, proclaiming my disgust for the emaciated-looking models in weakling poses, and the horrifying products they advertised; I felt tension coming from across the room from my friend's girlfriend, Cara. Being the oblivious, self-righteous person that I can be at times, I ignored the vibes and ranted on. After about twenty minutes of ranting about how magazines like these are what make it so hard for me to stop feeling like shit about my size and just accept my body; Cara, visibly upset by this point, stepped in.

"You know, feminism has all this talk about accepting your body if you're big. But nowhere does it talk about it being okay to be small. I think skinny

women really get the short end of the stick because, not only do men think they can push us around, women hate us, too. My whole life I've gotten shit for being small. My friends in college used to try and force-feed me! Everyone just assumes I'm anorexic but, no matter how much I eat, I cannot gain weight."

When she says this, I nod my head and agree, obligingly, but in my head I've already written her off. I'm thinking, "yeah, but at least you can fit all these tiny-ass clothes and swim in a pool without feeling ashamed of your body. At least you're closer to the fucked-up ideal than me."

Yasmin, my friend, senses my disbelief at this point and comes to Cara's aid. "Rachel," she says in her most sincere and diplomatic voice, "every morning Cara changes her clothes three, sometimes four or five times, because she feels like she looks too small." "Fuck," I mumble quietly, "I do the same thing too, only it's because I think I look too fat." And that's when the irony hits me, hard. Here we are, two grown, intelligent women, living three blocks apart from each other, each changing our clothes over and over each morning, struggling to fit the narrow mold that society has cut out for the "ideal" woman. And here I am, convinced that I have it harder than she does because I'm "big." But, really, I don't. Big or small, if you're a woman, you're still fucked either way. Even if you do have the "ideal body," you either starve yourself to maintain it, or feel like you're not good enough, or wo/men treat you like an object that exists just for their amusement. Plus, others resent you for your beauty privilege while you live in fear of losing it! Every place on the spectrum comes at a price, yet we're all convinced that someone else has got it easier.

Part II

As much as it pains me, I see a lot of this competitive, image shit manifest itself between women in punk. The dagger looks that shoot across dance halls/show spaces at times is unbelievable! (I am not exempt from this, either, although I think my tendency is to write people off for being too fashionable, rather than not enough.) It's really silly because our competitiveness only reveals our underlying self-consciousness and insecurity! Yet, rather than shed light on our own fears, we protect ourselves and alienate others by focusing on theirs. With all the catty glares and shit talking that goes on, it is no wonder that young women, new to the punk scene, often feel unwelcome and cling to their boy/girl/friends. Coming into a scene dominated by boys, and feeling like you have to prove to them how punk you are (with fashion, name-dropping, politics, trivia, whatever) is hard enough without having to do the same for other women/girls. (We are all in this together, right?)

While I'm ranting about women in punk, I must add that I think part of the way we perpetuate sexism in punk/hardcore is by letting ourselves be defined by it. By buying into this hierarchy that ranks band membership over other forms of expression we automatically devalue all other forms creativity. Women, among other things: play music, write 'zines, set up shows, put up touring bands, cook yummy food, make vegan chocolate-chip cookies!!!, farm, raise kids, paint, draw, sing, take pictures, make art, laugh, tell stories, help people, do graffiti, teach other women self-defense, and do a fuck of a lot to support every one else. Yet somehow, if a woman is in a band, she's just "that girl singer/bass player/guitarist" or, "a good drummer, for a girl." And if she's not, then she must do a 'zine, because that's what girls do, right? I'll never forget the time when, during an argument with some dudes at a show, this guy says, "Well, if it bothers you that much why don't you write a 'zine about it?" Meaning, you're just a stupid girl and I don't have to listen to you. If I hadn't been so stunned I probably would've killed him. Point being that women are doing a lot, now, and it's time we all realized that. More "girl bands" would be nice, although there's quite a few of inspiring ones out there already. What I would like to see is more child-friendly show spaces (the one I saw in Victoria, Canada was so inspiring!), more skills-sharing, art, food and creative modes of expression as means of community building.

Part III

One of ways I try to help is by being part of a women's self-defense collective here in the Bay Area called the Girl Army*. Just being physical with other women and learning how to protect myself is in itself empowering. Having the honor of sharing what I know with other women has been one of the most challenging and inspiring experiences of my life. It's hard work

and a big time commitment given my crazy schedule but seeing women who, at the first class could barely squeak out a NO, kick ass at the end makes every minute worthwhile.

Going into it, I had no idea how challenging co-teaching for the first time would really be. Here I am, working with one of the women I trust more than anyone in the world; just as excited as I am intimidated, and what happens? All this weird, jealous, competitive shit starts coming up. I find myself feeling paralyzed by self-doubt. I stumble and mumble over my words. I start acting stupid and a show off during class. I had expected some feelings of competition, but this is overwhelming! (Being the youngest of five kids, and completely useless when it comes to anything resembling sports [riding a bike, doing a cartwheel], I learned pretty early on that if I couldn't compete physically, I'd have to play miss know-it-all, instead. So, bringing the mind and body together is pretty hard for me. In situations like this, I'm so used to failing physically that my verbal and psychological defenses take over.)

While all this is happening, shame and humiliation exacerbate my self-consciousness. I feel sensitive, defensive, and insecure. I feel like such a hypocrite, being competitive in an all women supportive space, of all places! Being aware of this is painful but I don't know how to talk about it. This is my shit that I need to work through in my head. Yet I can feel it starting to eat me up inside.

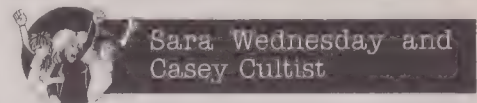
Finally, after much, much too long, I am able to talk about it. I realize that part of my insecurity involves needing to see other people's imperfections revealed to feel safe exposing mine. As brutal as this whole process is for me emotionally, I am able to acknowledge and work through a lot of my competitiveness. After talking about it I feel raw and drained. I feel sad that this sadistic drive to compete has infiltrated my head so completely, that it comes between me and the people I care about the most. I also realize that talking honestly about the competitive parts of myself, and hearing others do the same, takes away their power.

When I engage in any of these aspects of competition, around body image, at shows, at home, at work, at school; I am not left feeling victorious or triumphant. Instead, I feel empty inside because in order to "beat" somebody else, I have to strip them of their humanity. In order to get beyond competitiveness, I have to commit myself to treating other people with dignity and respect. I have to admit when I'm wrong or scared, ask for help when I need it, and change my frame of mind, keeping in perspective that you really don't have to fuck people over to survive. There is no need for us to hate ourselves, or each other. There is the need to accept ourselves, and each other, as we are. Actual Size.

Thank you Carrie, Monica, The Girl Army Collective, Melissa, Ivy and Bridget for your support and inspiration!

*If you are interested in the Girl Army, classes are \$35 sliding scale (no one turned away for lack of funds), six weeks, once per week, 3 hours per class.

Rachel M./3269 25th St./San Francisco, CA 94110 (Names were changed in part one to respect anonymity.)



Sara Wednesday and Casey Cultist

Well, hell, this is nearly impossible. We've been trying to write this article for weeks. All we have to do is write about Riot Grrrl. Those were the only instructions given to us and every time one of us tries to sit down and write our feelings out, we end up speechless. Is it that we don't have anything to say? No. It's more like we have *too much* to say. A task like simply writing about Riot Grrrl is much larger than most people would think. Where to start? What to say? Should we talk about the history? Attempt to dispel the myths? You have probably heard it all before. The only thing we can do with any real authority, is write about our chapter, Riot Grrrl DC, as it is at the present.

Riot Grrrl DC has a lot of history. It's been around since the early 1990 in many incarnations; only a few being really active. Between 1993 and 1997 there were a handful of attempts to jump-start a chapter, usually one attempt per year and nothing really caught on. Most of the passion seemed to be gone. Many of the girls who were around in 1991 or 1992 were so

burned out, seeing a once lively and passionate organization be generalized and bastardized by an ignorant, unfeeling, capitalist mainstream media who attempted to make us look cute and non-threatening, trampled on and written off by a male-centered punk and hardcore scene, and written off by girls who simply heard from fanzines or friends that it was an elitist, condescending waste of time. Without the fire and drive from the "elder grrrls," the newer grrrls, the ones who weren't privy to Riot Grrrl's early intensity were sort of left in the dark, unsure of what Riot Grrrl was. Every year, a gradually dwindling group of girls would get together and try to fuck shit up, but nothing ever seemed to gel. There was apprehension; girls who didn't know if they should or shouldn't do something simply because they didn't know if the "original Riot Grrrls" would have or wouldn't have done it. Usually, after a couple months, a newly formed incarnation of RGDC would informally disband; people would just stop showing up to meetings.

Fortunately though, towards the end of 1998, things just happened to click. A new incarnation of RGDC was formed in August and slowly but surely things came together. Things are not storybook perfect though. We're still trying to work the bugs out. We haven't been as politically active as we've hoped. Sometimes our plans fall through because people are busy with work or school, have transportation problems or are dealing with shit in their lives and have to get stuff sorted out. We all lead very diverse lives. Our members range from age 15 to 26. Some of us go to school full time, others work full time; some of us do both. We, for the most part, are spread out evenly through Maryland, DC and Virginia. Some of us live at home and are supported by parents, others have been supporting themselves for some time. Some of us have cars while others depend solely on DC's limited and slow public transportation. A lot of times, people can't make it to a function or even a meeting because they can't pay for the Metro ride in or they have to work late or stay in and study for a midterm. But that's okay. There's no Riot Grrrl Checklist that we have to follow, no order to what we do or say or think. We don't have to get permission from anyone, we don't have to ask anyone if it's okay if we call what we do part of "Riot Grrrl action."

Currently, RGDC has a lot of projects going on. We're putting together a pirate radio show, as an alternative to our local punkrock show, which is utterly male-dominated. We are doing volunteer work with a local group called HIPS (Helping Individual Prostitutes Survive). We are putting on shows to promote girl-inclusive bands. We are communicating with the local chapter of the Lesbian Avengers and plan on participating in many of their actions. We are working on an "eat-in," locally, a protest against the diet industry.

But there is something we feel is just as important as our projects and political actions. A big part of the spirit of Riot Grrrl, what has always kept girls coming back after years of ups and downs, is the personal side of it all. Riot Grrrl, for many of us, is our only safe space. It's the only place where we could ever talk about certain aspects of our lives openly. A big myth about Riot Grrrl, is that we are (or think we are) some kind of fully-enlightened feminist goddesses, who are completely above any type of internalized misogyny, that we have reached a pinnacle of girl-love and now we want to condescendingly help the poor, "flawed" girls who are not as fortunate as us. The truth is, Riot Grrrl is made up of the same girls we want to "help," the girls with eating disorders and self-hate and uncertainty. Riot Grrrl is a place for us to not only work on our own problems, not just dissect the problems of others.

There are a lot of myths about Riot Grrrl. We have a guestbook on our website, where people can leave comments and questions. It seems like people want us to speak for, defend, become a scapegoat for all things Riot Grrrl, past present, and future. But we can't do that. We receive a lot of criticism. "I heard that Riot Grrrl did [fill in heinous action here]..." We receive a lot of criticism from people who have never bothered to come to a meeting, people who have never met us, telling us we are "hypocrites." It's frustrating. We want people to know that Riot Grrrl is a movement of individuals. We do not "own" the term. We do not take responsibility for anyone's actions but our own.

To contact Riot Grrrl DC or Riot Grrrl Press e-mail riotgrrrlcdc@juno.com or write PO box 4118/ Alexandria, VA 22303 or visit our website <http://www.freespeech.org/rgdc> We are in contact with other chapters and could probably help you find one locally.



Alexia

"No more petty love. No more petty hate. No more pettiness. No more pain." —Embrace

I am a tomboy. As a youngster, I naturally accumulated towards boys and was much more interested in their games than the games my sister would play with her clean and sterile friends... they bored me and lacked impulse. The action, I thought, was where the guys were. This role and these beliefs played themselves out in my teenage years and, if I'm not careful, have a way of creeping up on me today. Once I got into p/hc and sxe, I continued to have all guy friends because they were the only ones that were sxe at the time... and I was most comfortable in this realm. But as I got older I felt like there was something missing in my life...

Then one day it hit me. I think I was 18 at the time. I stopped and took a good, long look in the mirror and I didn't like what was staring back at me. All my years as a tomboy and being male-identified left me trapped and a supporter in the oppression of women. I was surprised at my new found reality. It wouldn't leave me alone. It left me empty, lost and not wanting to continue to be "just one of the guys." As I dug deeper into myself, I started asking questions.

Why was I putting so much emphasis and support into all my "dude" friends? When was the last time a male friend of mine got support or was thought of as "cool" because he was female-identified? Why do we place a hierarchy of "coolness" on genders? Why was I ignoring or finding excuses not to get along with girls?

I found myself in a common theme saying catch phrases that furthered the trapping and silencing of my own gender. I would say things like, "they are too sensitive," "they're weird," "they don't get it," "they're too emotional."

I was so blinded by supporting men that I didn't realize that there was an aspect of myself completely lost and confused and silenced as well. I began to dislike the fact that I was validated because I could assimilate to men. I began to hate the fact that I was a tomboy. So I did what I had to do. I decided to change my perceptions of women. My work, I understood, was cut out for me. I soon became aware of my own biases and worked to change them. I refused to believe and accept that women were only going to shows for their boyfriends. Even if they were, couldn't I be someone to show them that this music is for everyone? I stopped using phrases like "coatrack," "bitch," and "groupie" to describe them. (Not that I ever used these words really, but now I was speaking out against them.) I wanted to be supportive of women's efforts. I wanted to be supportive of myself. Eventually the work paid off and I was at a place where I felt good about myself.

But sometimes we go to sleep and we forget who we are and at the age of twenty-three, I can admit that for the last year of my life, I have been asleep. My intuition, I have silenced and stifled, and my psyche, screaming and ripping to get out, was shunned as well. I realize now, as I break from my own chains and start listening to myself again, that I was running blindly down a path that would inevitably destroy me. This path kept me from supporting women and I instead found myself fighting my own intuition. A battle I would later lose (thank god). I allowed myself to be pitted against amazing women because something had me believing and justifying that they were useless or arbitrary or simply "uncool." I saw myself supporting a whole new network of people that weren't doing the work needed to have lasting and fulfilling relationships and friendships... something I understood a long time ago that I need in my life. These are friendships that fuel me, nourish me and make me feel alive. But still I was trapped and in heavy denial.

And until I reached my breaking point, which came in the form of a violent outburst, I was stuck in the same rut I was in when younger. Being in this place and surrounding myself with these people left me empty and unfulfilled once again. And I guess it was at this point that I realized that acting and living in accord with my beliefs will be an on-going battle. I understood that just because I was aware of all these things didn't mean I was incapable of slipping back into old patterns. Just because we reach the top of the mountain doesn't

mean we don't have the ability to fall back down for time to time. This last year I fell down... hard. And I didn't hit the ground until a few months ago. But I am dusting off my knees and heading towards the hills once again. And remember, we say that a flower is blooming whether it is in half, three-quarters, or full bloom.

I like where I am heading now because I no longer am enclosed in a cage I built for myself. I like who I am supporting. That I got myself out of a destructive relationship. That I stopped myself from silencing women's stories and histories. That I made the brave move to mend a broken woman and through her I'm mending myself.

A few months ago, I got in touch with the "x-girlfriend" of the my most recent boyfriend. There were reasons for getting in contact with her and I knew we needed to finish a conversation that we had started in October. One centered on this person. While we were dating, he had me so pitted against her that I found myself talking shit about her and glorifying her "faults" (which I later learned weren't faults of her own, but ones he fabricated). There was so much comparison wrapped up in our relationship that because I was seen as the "dream girlfriend," I somehow accepted these comparisons as normal and OK. Later, I would realize just how destructive they truly were... and it was this point of realization that I felt like I needed to talk to her and mend my broken and destructive ways. And we did connect and talk and from sharing each other's experiences we are learning and growing. I helped her to close doors. And she helped me (by opening up to me when she didn't have to) work through my anger at myself and at the situation I was in. We found solace in each other's anger. And I found a new spirit in seeing that I could re-connect with women and support them... which inevitably would help me re-connect with myself. This is the nourishment I need in my life. These are the connections that fuel me. The honest and real ones. They are the ones that make me feel most alive.

Once I got back to California I found myself challenged in a similar situation. A friend of mine was in a relationship and my returning didn't help matters, I guess. She was still pretty heavily in love with me and yea, the feelings I had for her were beginning to come up again. It would have been so easy to skip aimlessly down that road. But I was faced in a similar situation now. She would tell me about her girlfriend and how it wasn't working out and how I was so much better. I found myself in the comparison mode again... and I was repeating old patterns. I was enjoying to attention and the praise but I knew it wasn't right and I knew it was a dangerous place for me to be. So I made the brave move to sit down and talk to my good friend about this. I told her that I wanted to support her in being honest and having a communicative healthy relationship with her partner. I told her that if I was truly her good friend then this is where I needed to show it. Her friendship is what matters most to me anyway. We both feel extremely close to each other and I just don't feel good about getting pitted against her girlfriend just because they are together. So right now I'm trying to keep it all in perspective and support her. I keep reminding myself that this woman has to be pretty rad if "Sara" (we'll just call her that) is involved with her. And now I find myself not allowing Sara to bad mouth her girlfriend around me and I feel good about that. That I'm aware of the situation and that I'm trying to do what I believe to be a supportive friend. Yea, we have to stifle our feelings for each other, but that's not what connects us anyway. It's the real, honest, strong friendship that keeps me by her side and will keep me here for years to come.

I have this other friend that I was somewhat close to and when I came back to California I realized that we had a lot to work out. We have a lot in common but I always felt oddly-strange and uncomfortable around him. He told me once that he had a crush on me so I knew it had to do with that. But the way he went about it was all wrong and had me not really wanting to invest a friendship in him. He would say things to me like, "You look good in those pants," or make weird comments about what I was wearing or how I looked... it would always make me feel really uncomfortable and I wanted so bad to be his friend because I think he's really amazing and inspirational, but I couldn't get past that. I realized that I allowed him to look at me weird and say lame shit to me because I didn't want to lose his "friendship..." or the hollow connection we had... and it wasn't because I like the attention in that way. It was because I really admired him and thought that if I confronted him on how he made me feel, I would lose him as a friend... (so shitty that I would even think that

or allow myself to be in that situation)

So a mutual friend of ours, after hearing about my discomfort in his presence and my feelings around our "friendship," talked to him, because she knew that I would never approach him... and I'm so glad that she did because it opened up the door for dialogue between us... and I got to look him in the face and say, "That was so wrong," and he agreed and apologized and said that he really did like me... but just didn't know how to go about telling me and was scared... we talked for about two hours...

I'm constantly amazed at how a conversation can change a friendship—an honest, real, vulnerable conversation. The way that we interact with one another is completely different. The tension is completely gone. I find myself confiding in him like I would a genuine friend. We spend a lot of time together just talking and sharing and I can honestly say that I consider him a good friend now, and that he wants to be around me because he likes me. My personality. My ideas. Me... not the way I look... and that, in turn, makes me feel good. Validated. Real. And like a true friend now.

So when we want to open a discussion on the hidden/underground work that women do, situations like these cannot be ignored. Finding each other, moving past petty jealousies and insecurities and uniting under common themes as subtle as a bad relationship, being a supportive friend and confronting your male friends on their inconsistencies, is hidden work to be recognized. We can use this foundation to potentially build something greater. But we have to overcome a lot to get real and honest with ourselves and those around us. We risk being vulnerable. We risk being imperfect. But if we don't, we're missing out on the most fulfilling relationships and connections possible. This takes a lot of work and yea it took a lot of convincing and procrastination to get me to the point of being vulnerable with these people. It took a lot to be honest and real and admit my fuck-ups and it took a lot out of them to be honest and real with me as well. But the outcome was worth it and that's most important.

This is the hidden work that needs recognition. This is the work that nourishes my life. It's not about bands and 'zines (although powerful mediums for expression), it's about not sitting on a fence because you can't afford to. It's about forcing yourself to be held accountable for your words and actions around

women's issues. It's about seeing that you hold an intricate piece to this puzzle. It's about continuously working. It's about continuously connecting and fighting to be honest and real in a world doing its best to crush you. Because life is too fucking short and all of us have wasted too much fucking time being petty, isolated from one another and beat down.

"[Women's] development, her freedom, her independence, must come from and through herself. First, by asserting herself as a personality and not as a sex commodity. Second, by refusing the right to anyone over her body; by refusing to bear children unless she wants them; by refusing to be a servant to God, the State, society, the husband, the family; etc.; by making her life simpler, but deeper and richer. That is, by trying to learn the meaning and substance of life in all its complexities, by freeing herself from the fear of public opinion and public condemnation. Only that will set woman free, will make her a force hitherto unknown in the world, a force for real love, for peace, for harmony; a force of divine fire, of life-giving; a creator of free men and women." —Emma Goldman

On a side note:

This is just a little note to let you know that I'm planning on doing a 'zine centered around women that were or still are involved in straightedge, and I'm seeking out women who would be interested in writing something for it. I want it to be a combination of women's articles from all over that discuss our experience in straightedge. Whether or not you are still involved and why or why not? The point is to give women this medium to express ourselves... to hear our stories and perspectives. How does the straightedge scene differ today? Who feels bitter and jaded and why? Or why not? Let me know your thoughts... You can write about anything regarding your experience in straightedge. Free range of space so go crazy, get creative, vent and let it all on the line. We've already wasted too much time being silenced.

Please e-mail your articles to: axlexia@aol.com or send them via PC disk on MS WORD 95 or 97 to Alexia/2207 Westmoreland Ct./Walnut Creek, CA 94596

I'm hoping to have all the articles in by June 1st... so crack cracking. OK, so you have time to brew some thoughts... please e-mail me if you have questions or want to know more. Take care and happy writing.

TOP TEN LISTS

Dylan Ostendorf: ATOM & HIS PACKAGE—retaliatory ad in HaC #21 • BUILT TO SPILL—Keep It Like A Secret CD • CIGARETTEMAN/DISCOUNT—split 7" • FREEZERBURN—live • THE GOLETA ALL-STARS—CD • JIMMY EAT WORLD—Clarity CD • LAZYCAIN—Five Days Eighty Hours CD • SHEILBOUND—7" • KEITH WELSH—Slow Dive CD • THE WORLD IS MY FUSE—7" • PAUL NEWMAN • CDep

Leslie Kahan: POISONGIRLS—Where's The Pleasure? LP • Cooties 'zine • DEATHREAT—live • MILEMARKER—live and Future Isms CD • STRATEGO—live • The Eye—simultaneously hilarious and frightening • CONTROPOTERE—7" (on Skuld) • Ramona Africa • GAZPACHO—live • SUBSISTENCIA—live at the Solidarity Festival

Felix Von Havoc: GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS—live in Clevo • CHAOS UK—Heard it, seen it, done it • KRIGSHOT—all • UNCURBED—all • TOTALITAR—all • G-ANX/FILTHY CHRISTIANS—split 7" • DISKONTO—all • ISAAC HAYES—Chocolate Chip • PARLIAMENT—Clones of Dr. Funkenstein

Adi Tejada: BON JOVI—Slippery When Wet 12" • CHAMBERLIN—My Moon My Saddle 12" • Grimoire Of Exalted Deeds • BURY ME STANDING—live • CAVE IN—everything • TARENTEL—CD • CURE—everything • DAVID BOWIE—Changes LP • AT THE GATES—Slaughter Of The Soul CD • FUGAZI—live

Jessica Ingram: DYSTOPIA—Backstabber • SPAZZ—La Ravenschia CD • CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE—In A Few Hours Of Madness 7" • HIS HERO IS GONE—The Dead Of Night In Eight Movements 7" • V/A—Reality Comp #2 LP • ATOMKINDER—7"

Graham Donath: YAPHET KOTTO—The Killer Was In The Government Blankets LP • THROWDOWN—live • OUTSPOKEN—The Current • MILEMARKER—live • A TRIBE CALLED QUEST—all • 3 PENNY OPERA—Countless Trips From Here To There CD • the new growth of the Southern California hardcore scene • CURRENT—discography CD • TORCHES TO ROME—12" • The Association...

Chuck Franco: NAPALM DEATH—Scum • EXCRUCIATING TERROR—Divided We Fall • DEADSTATE/BANISHED—split 7" • AUS-ROITEN—discography • NOOTHGRUSH/WELLINGTON—split 7" • EXTREME NOISE TERROR—peel sessions LP • 7 SECONDS—Rock Together Walk Together LP • SLAYER—South Of Heaven LP • AMORPHUS—Tale Of The 1000 Lakes • NASUM—Inhale Exhale

Mike Amezuza: MOS DEF & TALIB KWEILI—Blackstar LP • KONTRAATTAQUE—Luchas, Tragedias Y Historias De Nuestra Gente 7" • DJ HONDA & MOS DEF—Travelin' Man 12" • BREAD AND CIRCUITS—tape of ebullient 12" • COMMON—1999 12" • Rebellion In Chagras by John Womack Jr. • ETERNA INOCENCIA—Dias Tristes tape • DE LA SOUL—Stakes Is High LP • LAST MATCH—7" • going to the M

Kristi Fultz: KID DYNAMITE—LP and live • ALL CHROME—Flounders Flyers College And Canada LP and live • THE BUTCHIES—Are We Not Femme? LP • YAPHET KOTTO—The Killer Was In The Government Blankets LP • SNOW PONY—The Slow Motion World Of Snow Pony CD • KILL YOUR IDOLS—live • A SOMETIMES PROMISE—CD • KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS—live • Fucktouth #23 • Boys Like Her—Transfusions by Taste This

Paul C. Dykman: IAWAKE—live at The Pickle Patch • HOT WATER MUSIC—Live At The Hardback LP • MISSING 23RD—The Powers That Be CD • Millions for Mumia March, April 24th in San Francisco • PUBLIC ENEMY—Muse-Sick-N-Hour-Message CD • YAPHET KOTTO—The Killer Was In The Government Blankets LP and live at The Pickle Patch • Food Not Bombs Solidarity Festival in Ventura, CA on April 2-4, notably live set by LIFE'S HALT • GAZPACHO—demo and live at The Pickle Patch • Ramona Africa—talk on the MOVE 9 and Mumia at UCSB • The positivity of Adam Brandt

Steve Snyder: Paper Scissors Clocks 'zine • THE MOST SECRET METHOD—live • Confessions To Cory 'zine • LINTON KWESI JOHNSON—More Time LP • YAPHET KOTTO—live and The Killer Was In The Government Blankets LP • THE EX—Starters Alternators • A Flora of the Santa Barbara Region, California by Clifton Smith • Sabina Virgo speaking on voting and what is missing from the ballot • Indian Creek Canyon • Slav-Kore 'zine

Steve Aoki: PROPAGANDHI—all • FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN, MISSING 23RD, FUCK YOU, GAZPACHO—live at The Patch • CROSS MY HEART, GIVE UNTIL GONE, YAPHET KOTTO, MILEMARKER, WRONG BUTTON—live at The Patch • 400 YEARS—Transmut Failure LP (have been listening to this for the last 4 months straight) • YAPHET KOTTO—LP and live • RITES OF SPRING—"For Want Of" • Sexual State Of The Union by Susie Bright • ELECTRIC SUMMER—fucking positive Japanese punk rockers! • URBAN LEGENDS—live and CD • Professor Dick Flacks of the UCSB Sociology department

Lisa Oglesby: Stark Ravin #3 'zine • DEATHREAT—Reason To Live... Reason To Die 7"/live/people • GENERATION OF VIPERS—LP • MILEMARKER—Future Isms CD • SLEATER KINNEY—live • Otaku #4 'zine • La Dama 'zine • BREAD & CIRCUITS—LP • MOHINDER—live 7" • FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN—live

Doug Mosarak: SONIC'S RENDEZVOUS—Sweet Nothing LP • GOVERNMENT ISSUE—You LP • JIMMIE RODGERS—Train Whistle Blues LP • THE CONVOCACTION OF...demo • AVENGERS—Died For Your Sins LP • THE ROOTS—Things Fall Apart CD • FAMILY FODDER—Saxoir Faire: Best Of... CD • Rushmore—movie and soundtrack • VON FREEMAN & ED PETERSEN—Von & Ed CD • JUMBO—live/Crispy M&M's (tie)

33 for forty words • cash only • 40 words max

The State Secedes will be touring in the month of August this summer. If you can help out movement with shows and or places to stay, etc., we would be very appreciative. If you can help please call Antonio at (516) 763-4722. Thanks again and we look forward to meeting you.

Sunny Day Real Estate reunion video filmed 7/1/98 Seattle. I will fill tape with a Promise Ring show. Send \$15, postage paid. I have a huge list of bands: Avast! Fugazi, RFTC, Op Ivy, many others. Send stamps for list. E-mail: Choostehuey@hotmail.com. CT1100 Box 95316/Seattle, WA 98145

E Grito tiene nueva direccion/new address. PO Box 18198/LA, CA 90018/USA. Ya disponible/nov available. Hontarrante 7" and Short Hate Temper/Godstomper split 7"

Forever Escaping Boredom Rees out now—The Spirit Of Versailles 7" "emotional chaos from South Dakota. Still available. Keith Welsh (acoustic) 7". 7" is 53ppd. atross@aol.com; 101 71st St. NW/Bradenton, FL 34209. Trades are welcomed and encouraged. Help us, help you.

Hello Nippon 7" w/ Navel, Tam, Middishade, Moga the 5 Yen! Heartfelt melodic bands from Japan. \$3 US, 4 Can/Mex, 5 Europe, 6 Japan. Visit rebound.cjb.net for info. Dasei Jida/\$707 De Lange/Houston, TX 77092.

Against me!, an "Anarchic Acoustic Punk" band from Naples, Florida is planning a summer tour. Looking for venues, bands to play with, etc. Interested in benefit shows, fests, etc. Tape available upon request. Against Me!/1039 6th Lane N/Naples, FL 34102 or Msanthrp@medline.net

Sonja is looking for letters from all around the world. Open minded 23 year old girl from Köln (cologne), Germany into Punk Rock, Hardcore, Ska, Tom Jones, Movies, Books (fantasy), St. Pauli, Celtic Glasgow and "Le chapeau de Zozo". So if you are into writing feel free to write to Sonja Köllmann/Lieschenstr. 16/50674 Köln Germany, stefan70@aol.com. And don't forget what the big Maurice said "Ah! Si vous connaissez ma poule!"

Women on the air—I do a radical women's radio show and am looking to connect up with other revolutionary women on the air to exchange ideas, resources and most of all recordings of previous shows. Get in touch, compadres! Kandis/PO Box 2401/Winnipeg, MB/R3C 4A7/Canada; sistersugar@a. zone.org

Dead Thirteen/Down Foundation 7" Brutal deathcore meets upbeat posicore. Comp 7" with Die My Will, Ground Zero, Seven, The Dying Game Theory. \$3 USA, \$4 world each. Payment to Justin Bourgeois, Slave Union/55 Grace St./Waterford, NY 12188.

Badges/Pins (little 25mm round metal things with "cool" designs on that you pin on your jacket). We make them. The quickest and cheapest in the DIY scene! Ideal for US bands touring Europe! Send an SAE/IRC or \$1 for our catalogue. 100+ badges are 10p (approx. 17¢) each (not including postage). Badges/BMA drive/WCIN XXX/London/UK.

Counter-Act 'zine is back! New issue coming soon, send your music and 'zines for review. Send stamps for all replies to Counter-Act/13 Kingsberry Ave./Westwood, NJ 07675. All music and 'zines will be reviewed.

Looking for MK Ultra Melt ep, Mohinder eps, Trams/Immoral Squad split, shirts, videos or even flyers from the following. H-nez well. One Eyed God Prophecy, Uranus, Makara, and Clitkat Katowit. Will pay cash. Pete B/20 Hemlock Rd./Southington, CT 06489

Birds Over Buildings—10 song cassette (not a demo). Tietahbnd/Soreloser guy and ex-Cedar guy play nice and quiet. \$5 us 6 world rebound.cjb.net for info. Dasei Jida/\$707 De Lange/Houston, TX 77092

BiedatBirth—demo tape available for only \$1ppd USA, so take a fucking chance and support DIY punks. Write 905 Maryknoll Circle/Glen Ellyn, IL 60137. Please write if you can help with south/east coast tour May/June.

2 year old video store clerk needs pen-pals. Love to talk to everyone (except prejudiced monkeys) so get in touch so we can argue about what's HC and what isn't (duh). Mark/PO Box 131/Kensington Park SA 5068 Australia.

Totuus s/t ep 7" out now on Fight Rec's. '82 style hardcore thrash from Finland. \$5ppd/world. Check out too. Positive Negative—new 7", Happy Spastics—Wag 7", both \$5ppd/world each. Fight/Hikivuorekatu 17 D 36/37101 Tampere/Finland

Black Dove Distribution is a multi-project anarchist collective. We distribute pamphlets and patches, and print a bi-monthly newsletter of anarchist listings. Send a stamp to be on our mailing list (you'll receive a catalog every 2 months). Black Dove Distribution/5275 Whisper Dr./Coral Springs, FL 33067

New label seeking creative bands. Please submit tapes, demos, etc. to Steel-City Records c/o B. Frick/PO Box 309/Saylorburg, PA 18353

Bands looking for somewhere to play on the east coast, come play our skatepark. Spazz says we rock and so does every other band that plays. Send music to 510A E 1st St./Greenville, NC 27838.

I'm doing 1-3 hardcore shows monthly in southern Vermont. I'm always looking for new bands to play. If your band is interested or you wanna be put on the mailing list for future shows, get in touch! Andee/4 High St. #3/Battleboro, VT 05301; xandy.grntr@hotmail.com

Cycle Collective out now. Ecorche 12", Wood 7", Harkonen 7" Out soon: Officer Down CD and comp CD about sexual discrimination. Still available: shirts, patches, pins and Distro. Always looking for good bands. Cycle c/o V. Muratori 95B 29060 I uneligno NO/Italy

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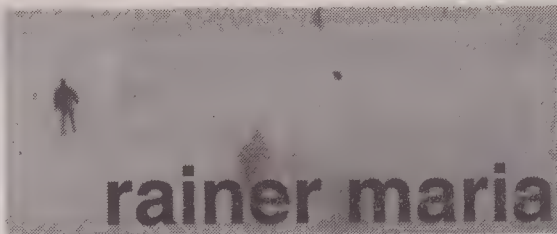
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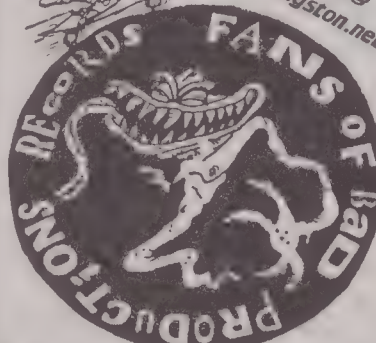
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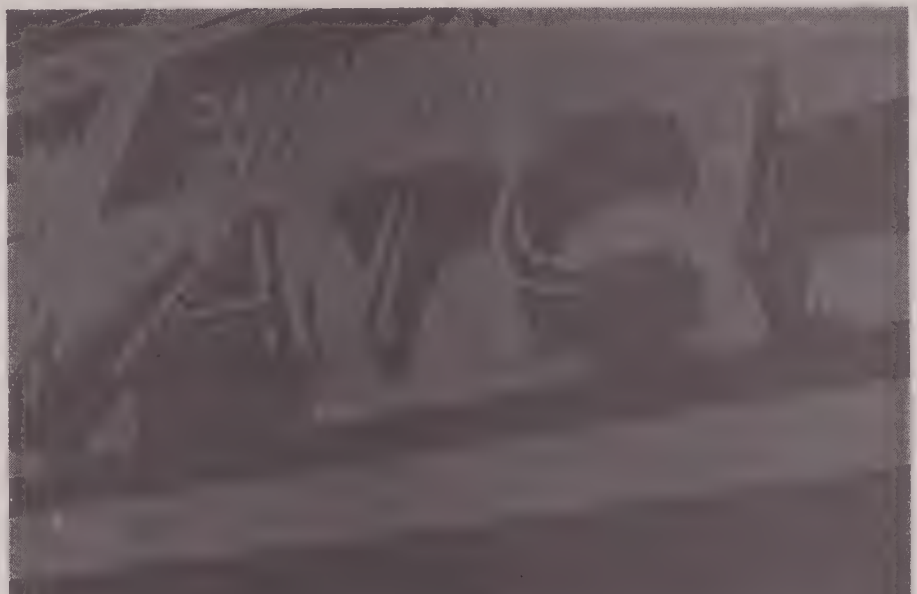
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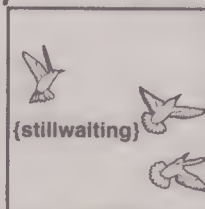
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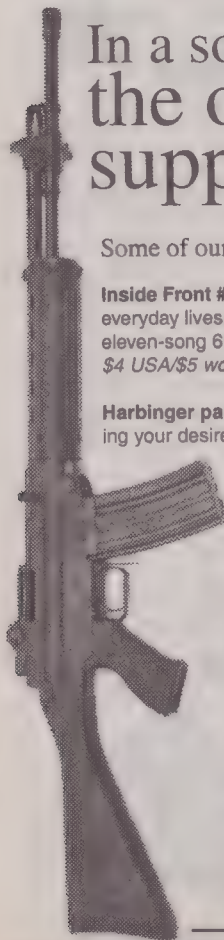
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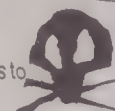
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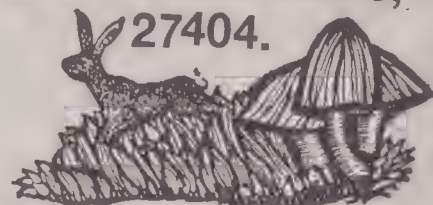
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"That's what I hate about this place—all the PC people!"

Oh fuck, how many times have I heard that one?! So many, for I am a shitworker (volunteer and booking agent) at ABC NO RIO. Although internationally known, for those who don't know, ABC is a community center and arts space located in Manhattan's Lower East Side (New York fuggin' City)

with friends and strangers and also being a part of a scene (not in the traditional hardcore sense of the word) where not only was I not judged, but where every player was an equally important part of the game. If something was broken, you fixed it—and if you didn't know how, someone would show you. People always bust on ABC for looking like such a shit heap, but you can only do so much with zero funding and punk trained professionals.

ABC NO RIO



and has been serving the hardcore punk community of NYC as the only venue for 100% DIY, all ages, always \$5 shows every weekend for the past 10 YEARS come this December. We continue to defend our DIY heavyweight championship belt with the excellence of execution—we do not book bands tainted by racist, sexist or homophobic so-called ethics and my favorite—we are VOLUNTEER RUN. These shows have been taking place every weekend for nearly a decade because kids like you and me care about making them happen. It doesn't get more DIY than this. We maintain the space, the sound, the door, booking and paying bands, cleaning up scum and beer bottles, opening and closing and anything else you can think of EVERY SINGLE SATURDAY (up until 4 years ago, we also had Friday night shows; now we officially only book Saturday matinees)—that's where the unity is!

I have been a part of the ABC family for only 5 years, though it seems like so much longer, as it's been such an influential part of my life. It is actually quite emotional for me to recall that almost every dear friend I have today can somehow be linked to that decrepit old building—I've met people there who've left an indelible place in my heart and I am forever grateful for having a second home. I went there one day to help out with Food Not Bombs and soon found myself making it my business to be there to help out with every Friday night and Saturday matinee show, on top of FNB. I didn't care who was playing; I just took a passionate liking to helping everything happen and it gave me an incredible and stable foundation in working together

Everything you see there, be it the 'zine library or the FNB kitchen, was built by the kids. Who got the running water? Kids who came in and learned what the fuck you do with PVC pipes and all that shit.

What exactly do the hc volunteers do? You can probably only imagine the blueprint: open, collect money at the door, turn on the PA, watch bands play, clean up and then go home. It's so much more fun than that! I remember once showing up for a show that was abruptly canceled, but guess what? A sewage pipe in the basement (where bands played at the time; now the shows happen upstairs in the gallery where regular art shows are displayed) exploded, so I spent a part of that evening shoveling and dumping out some good ol' New York sewage scum. I suppose that's nothing. Then there was a show we had to shut down because some wingnut swinging a big cement glue can around the pit not giving a shit about who he struck—we sent two bloodied kids to the hospital. Who's the bouncer? Anyone with the testicular fortitude. I found the culprit and had to, as nicely as I could, inform him that he was no longer welcome at our space. I've had to physically break up fights. Less than two months ago I had to eject a group of kids (about 5) for ultimately not caring—a 13 and 14 year old got so drunk that they somehow wound up in the booking office vomiting in and out of blackouts. While a pack of us tried to make sense of this bizarre chaos, I found out that the 13 year old had a sister who was downstairs watching a band play. It's a much longer story, but a number of us talked to the kids at length about looking out for your friends and drinking

responsibly (in this case it was, if your little brother is passed out drunk and coming to here and there to vomit—your responsibility is to take care of him instead of watching a disposable band play) and made them leave to make sure these kids got home. Sorry, it cannot be acceptable to watch bands and ignore your brother/friend who could at any point choke on his vomit and die in our building. Oh, and who cleaned up the vomit? A chump volunteer. This past weekend, an active volunteer was punched in the face by someone who let his dog loose in the building and, sure enough, while the dog was running around in the street, this guy was standing up front watching a band play. The volunteer asked him to keep his dog with him or leave (since when do dogs ask to be dragged to the shows anyway?) and he got punched. That person was ejected. My favorite was a brawl at the door between myself and someone who refused to pay the cover. I really—and no volunteer does—don't have the time or desire to ARGUE with someone who doesn't feel the need to pay a measly \$5 to support our space and the bands—my attitude is that if you feel you're above us, then don't waste our time or yours. Take it to CBGB's where they get paid to deal with your bullshit. After I explained that we have a \$5 cover and that's it, he proceeded to try to bully me and called me and ABC "capitalists" (can you imagine?), at which point I suggested that maybe he shouldn't come here at all if we're such scumbags. How reasonable is that? I think very. If that's the way you feel, why not? His final attempt at getting in for free came in the form of actually shoving me and another volunteer out of the way in a hostile attempt to march in. I shoved him right back out. He continued to curse me (for I and ABC are The Man) and then finally decided to pay, muttering, "Thanks for nothing," as he stormed past me.

I'm not trying to prove how hard I am, but the last two incidents bring me to an interesting point. I hope that no one could gather that we at ABC are so mean and we don't care about the kids—both of which we have been accused. These sorts of incidents are all too common with us, unfortunately, and I know why. It has EVERYTHING to do with the fact that we are a VOLUNTEER RUN SPACE. Scumbags treat us like shit because they think they can. Hey, it's a volunteer run space and no kid is going to tell me what to do and I'm gonna do whatever the fuck I want. There are no managers, bouncers or security, so fuck 'em. This is the attitude we deal with at every show. OF COURSE it's not everybody, but isn't one enough? I could probably put together an entire 'zine of these attitudes and actions. Guess where that opening quote came from? That was the response I got for simply telling someone that there's no smoking in the show space. What's the deal?! Again, ABC's attitude is, if you think we're so evil, then why patronize us? Later on during that same show, I asked another person to not smoke inside and he said, "Oh, OK—sorry!" and then told his smoking bandmate, who ran outside to finish his cigarette before they played. When they were through with their set, they apologized again! That was rad (not that they apologized again, but because they were just cool) and just how it should be. I don't see where the need to complain and insult us comes from. Oh, I forgot, because we're chumps. Every week we provide a place for people of all ages to come to hang out at and see bands play. Always \$5. No ID. No frisking or bag checks. You can be underage and still drink. You can bring your own booze. No one will bounce you out for moshing. Yet we become a dumping ground for assholes who don't care at all about what an incredible thing we have going. You wouldn't pull an "I'm traveling and have no money—can I get in for free?" at CBGB's. Why pull such shit with a space that has no money? We do it for you! Not to mention for free and to uphold the ethics that got us here.

I hope that didn't make me sound like a complete asshole. I don't come to your house and curse you out because you won't let me smoke in your kitchen. These are the scumbags who bitch about ABC being run by PC fascists. Don't believe the hype! I have always found shit that the people who talk the most shit about

us and our policies and give us the most hell are people who've never lifted a finger to help us clean up beer bottles after a show or offered to help us maintain the space in any way.

I am one of the few volunteers who doesn't mind having to deal with these confrontations because I just care so much about the space. I'm defending home. I love the community and the friends it's given me. I think that everyone who walks through the front door should give it the respect it's given you for the past 10 years.

The next part is hard to detail. ABC needs your help. The city has been threatening to shut us down for years. We were recently given the opportunity to purchase the building from The Man providing that we can bring it up to code. The approximate cost of the necessary renovations is \$175,000. I have a hard time speaking every time that comes out of my mouth. It's an unbelievably overwhelming number. I'm overwhelmed by the burden. By the thought that if we can't raise it, our home could be stolen.

What can I say next? This makes me panic. The benefits have already begun. You can buy several CDs right now that are benefits, donating all proceeds to ABC's campaign fund. The most extensive one comes from a kid who's been supporting ABC for years—the SOLIDARITY compilation on his DeadXAlive Records which comes with a detailed booklet that contains more important info that I think everyone should read—all for the love of our home. The insert by longtime volunteer and supporter, the illustrious Chris Boarts, almost got me to tears. It just means so much. 36 bands at \$9 a pop (That's all! I'd donate \$10. What a bargain: I personally think it should be a bit more since it's a benefit and such an incredible package) with tracks by Submission Hold, Foundation, The Judas Iscariot, Kill The Man Who Questions, Devoid of Faith, Milhouse and Aus Rotten to name a few (stars) as well as local bands that it is important to mention have supported ABC for so long, like Plan A Project, As\$troland, The Skabs, Distraught and Huasipungo—whose track should make you cry (the lyrics underline it all). Perterbed Records has a \$5 CD featuring excellent live tracks by 11th Hour Confession, A/Political, Violent Society, Broken, Objection to Oppression and Under Privileged National. Level Plane's 18-song \$6 CD gives us Saetia, Boy Sets Fire, 12 Hour Turn and You & I. The Mountain Cooperative just released a \$6 CD featuring bands that I'm such a piece of unprepared shit I can't recall, but you should know that Mountain only puts out amazing shit, so you can't lose. I only saw it once and the packaging was beautiful. Please support these efforts by making a donation. Thank them for caring.

I am working on setting up large scale monthly benefit shows—with enough supportive bands that would allow me to charge \$10 a head at the door. If anyone wants to help me secure spaces/halls/anything, please be in touch. Any bands that would like to be a part of these shows, please be in touch. I am also interested in networking with anyone who wants to set up their own benefits for us in whatever state you may live in. If you would like to help, I would love to help. If you have any other ideas for helping us raise money—from shows to silk-screening shirts to sell to anything at all, please talk to me.

With that heartbreaking, overwhelming stuff out of the way, ABC is still functioning in the meantime. Please come see us if you are in the area. Aside from the hardcore, we have Food Not Bombs every Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at noon. Sundays are host to poetry readings and jazz night. Public art shows are on display in our gallery monthly. In the building, we have a public 'zine library, darkroom, silk-screening shop and puppet making shop (please don't ask—I have no idea) amongst other artistic functions. We are an important space to many independent artists and performers.

Saturday matinees (3pm start) are still going strong. If your band would like to play, please send us a tape and lyric sheet (addressed to ABC NO RIO/156 Rivington St./New York City, NY 10002/ATTN: booking), then call us (give us a week to get your

package, 2 weeks if you're outside the US) either Monday or Thursday between 7-9pm to talk business. Pit Monster Rob is in on Monday, and I'm in there on Thursday catering to your every rock star desire. Please don't pass us by!

Another thing that makes us so important to the punk community is that we gladly provide space for unknown and touring bands. We are not private, selective, pretentious, nor do we do auditions or any other trials for performance. We've hosted band after band that no one's ever heard of who couldn't have gotten a show in NYC otherwise. This is important to keep in mind.

Two weeks ago, I went to see Dystopia at both ABC and CBGB's (legendary NY club) and the experience of seeing them in 2 separate places renewed my appreciation for ABC. I've always enjoyed myself at CB's but for some reason this time around, after having just seen this band in our home, I felt like there was no intimacy between us and them. The high stage created such a barrier for me. I really don't know how else to describe that one. It was a great time, but I guess I've become spoiled by the DIY intimacy of the band and audience blending together and sharing the same space. I'd never thought about it before, but I remember not being able to feel the full impact of what was being shared.

When Leslie asked me to write about being a volunteer, it made me really excited to be reminded of the fact that I am a part of a very special place that people are fascinated by—I mean, there's no other place like it! What a wonderful thing. That's something all of us volunteers forget—especially when someone shits on us by refusing to pay or giving us shit over simple rules that benefit the space. We get frustrated, jaded and pissed off. I live in an area where shows are impossible to get to if you don't have a car (like me). There are basement shows occasionally, but I rarely see flyers for them, so I never know. If there is an occasional good show at the local bar, I often feel sort of funny there for some reason—like a spectator. But with ABC, punk has a home. I can go every weekend.

If you care to support the various benefit compilations, here are the addresses: DeadXAlive/PO Box 97/Caldwell, NJ 07006; Perterbed/1100 Mt. Carmel Rd./Parkton, MD 21120; Level Plane/PO Box 280/Cooper Station/New York City, NY 10276; The Mountain Cooperative/PO Box 220320/Greenpoint Post Office/Brooklyn, NY 11222. ABC also has benefit T-shirts for \$8ppd and a live video compilation featuring Born Against, Oi Polloi, Drop Dead and others for \$10 which you can order from ABC's address. Again, if anyone wants to help us raise money, please share your ideas and let's do it. It would help me out also if you send a stamp for correspondence and that way I can send you a pamphlet we have that contains more info about ABC's history and campaign fund.

For bands calling during booking hours, our number is (212) 254-3697. You can also e-mail me at jenhate@hotmail.com.

I know this isn't the most well articulated or organized column and I apologize. Contact me if there's anything else you may want to know about and I'll do the best I can. Jen Hate/14 Easton Ave. #207/New Brunswick, NJ 08901/USA or jenhate@hotmail.com.

P.S. Since this is the "women in punk" forum, I'd like to share that I've received piles of mail in response to the letter I wrote that was in #20, which was in response to 2 letters written by men who seemed to have no patience for a previous column written by a woman dissecting the alienation she feels in a male dominated scene. All of the letters (that are still coming in) have been incredibly supportive, positive, and ALL from men. Only 2 women wrote to say anything. TWO. I don't know what that means, but I find it fascinating. I'd also like to share that while I shared my complaints with this 'zine and its readers, I also took them up with one of the men behind the harsh words (I never got around to contacting the other one). We talked about the hard feelings and misunderstandings and have been exchanging letters ever since. There's the unity.

Life According to Katie

The subject of this article actually has nothing to do with the fact that I happen to be a woman involved in the punk scene. When I learned about the special women's issue, I felt that this might be my chance to talk about something totally new and different to a lot of us.

Recently, at age 21, I was diagnosed with a terminal illness that could possibly claim my life in the short time of one year. At first, right after I found out, I immediately thought of suicide. For days, I kept asking myself what was the point continuing when I know that it will all be ending so soon. It seemed more dignified, less complicated, even a less selfish for me to take my own life now instead of putting my family and friends, and me, through the pain of watching me slowly die. I became extremely depressed and for about a month, stayed awake every night as late as my body would let me.

Thinking about my life: the things I had done, the things I regret doing, the things I regret not doing, etc. And finally, after so much time had past, I realized that I had made one grave mistake: by being told that I was dying, I had forgotten to live. I had let a month go by without leaving my house, seeing my friends, listening to music... all the things I love I had ignored and focused on only one thought: death. I became completely consumed by the idea of dying that I had simply overlooked the fact that I am still alive. That entire time I only thought of my past and the experiences I have already had, never climbing a few more inches out of my pit of depression to see that the sun was still shining and new experiences were right around the corner. I finally realized that my past was just that, my past, and although shorter than I would like, my future holds a lot of the same possibilities it always has.

One of the main things I realized during the first few weeks of my new life, is the importance of priorities. For so long, I have lived my life on a day to day basis, never really concerned with the long term consequences of whatever I happened to be doing on any particular day. The life I led, although blemished by drug addiction and typical teen angst, managed to keep me relatively stable emotionally. In other words, I was never the type to be elated over a new found love, or suffering from a broken heart. I always took the necessary precautions to maintain invulnerability. Usually I built walls around myself, or in more cases burning bridges, I have always kept a safe distance from the things that would have actually opened my heart and mind to the simple pleasures of life. Until now, I have always shied away from establishing close friendships and intimate relationships because I was scared to death of the pain it could cause. If I had a dime for every person I neglected who had attempted to sneak past the iron gates around my heart, I would be a rich, rich woman. I opted to stay lonely instead of simply taking some risks and trusting the people who said they cared. In retrospect, I realize that I have only really experienced the shallowest of human interaction. If not for my current circumstances, I may have never realized this and continued living with the ignorant notion that I am strong enough to endure life and all its bullshit completely alone.

To a lot of people, this particular subject is of no importance or interest, but I believe, as humans, there is a good lesson to be learned by all. Unfortunately, it has taken something of this caliber to make me realize the importance of good friends and real relationships.

To those of you that know me, I am doing well. The possibility of treatment has become more tangible, and I have decided to take advantage of medical science. We'll see what happens. In the meantime, I am traveling mostly, seeing friends and family before my treatment begins. Finally I have the chance to visit Europe in May for a month so I will be over there until June 1st.

If anyone would like to write me, the only real permanent address I have is my e-mail address: MITZKAK@aol.com

Thanks for taking the time to read this.

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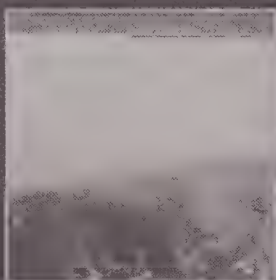
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It was a sweltering hot Memphis night and swarms of mosquitoes were sucking away at the sweaty bodies lined up along the side of 115 Huling. Inside it was even warmer because of the lack of ventilation, yet the atmosphere was definitely comfortable. That night Remus and the Romulus Nation, From Ashes Rise, and Submission Hold were playing and a decent number turned out despite the hellish heat. When Submission Hold played they blew me away, playing songs which were both disturbing and beautiful—even better than their first few records which, at the time, were glued to my turntable. Their creative approach to punk and politics was (and still is) inspiring. A few assholes attempted to ruin the evening, adding in comments between songs like, "I like your music, but you need to shut up and play" and "Show us your tits"—but Submission Hold's music and message was unstoppable. After a heavily requested encore, I sat down with the band and a bowl of Randy's Neon Pasta Salad to talk about anything that came to mind. Interview by Jonathan Lee.

SUBMISSION

HOLD

HaC: Let's just go around the circle and do the name game.

Jen: I'm Jen and I sing.

Phil: I'm Phil and I play the drums.

Steve: I'm Steve and I play guitar.

Andy: Hi, I'm Andy and I... I uh...

J: He's gonna try and think of some wacky way to say how he plays bass.

A: I needed time to think of something. I'm not prepared for this... give me an easy question.

HaC: Try to explain the passion behind Submission Hold. What exactly sets your band aside from everyone else? It seems like you have a different approach to hardcore than other bands do.

S: I think we try a lot to use music as activism. Speaking for myself, I think that's where everyone is coming from. We are trying to get a message across, but at the same time we do try to please ourselves musically, whereas a lot of bands try to hit the message real hard and not the music, or vice versa. We try to pay attention to the music as well and progress with our music, while keeping a political focus.

HaC: Do you think music is a direct action that will change people?

A: Yes, I know it does because there was a day when I was a little ignorant heavy metal kid. Then it so happened that I listened to the Dead Kennedys and stuff and found out about politics. All the stuff that I think is good has directly come from the punk scene, punk records, and stuff. I think, hopefully, we will carry on that tradition.

S: I think music on its own is an educational tool, but it's what people choose to do with what they can learn from punk music and community. It's not the end all of people's politics, but it can be a stepping stone.

HaC: You try to mix music and a message and rightly so; your lyrics are definitely well explained and thought out. Explain how important lyrics are and how important politics are to hardcore punk.

J: To us, our lyrics are very important. We write from our heart. We don't want to be rehashing the same things that have been said over and over again, so I think we try to comment on things from a different perspective and to make people break out of a habit of thinking so they can look at an issue in a different way and go, "Wow, I never thought about it that way," whereas before they may have just been thinking along general lines, "racism is bad, sexism is bad, smash the state, blah blah blah." These things are all true but you have to go beyond all the clichés. You've gotta dig a little deeper and find some meaning for yourself to put it in perspective for yourself.

A: Put it more in the context of your own reality. Like you can say, "Ohh, as a straight white man I hate racism, sexism, and homophobia because they are bad." OK, but why? If you start thinking about it you can say, "I hate sexism because I see all these cool strong women that I know that don't say anything and keep their thoughts to themselves." If you go beyond that stuff then it will mean more to you and you can go further with it.

HaC: Speaking of taking things further, I know a lot of kids just getting into punk and hardcore question bands that say "fuck work" and don't understand the concept behind that, not to mention the people outside of the punk community. Could you explain it for those who don't understand.

J: The entire system and the way it's set up as far as work goes is fucked up. People spend a majority of their lives working for a boss they hate at a job they hate that leaves them dead to anything else. They just come home, watch TV, and they're fucked. They are living no life worth living, no life I would want to live. When anyone doesn't work, who takes it upon themselves to be their own boss and find something to make a living at doing themselves, these other people who don't do that get pissed off because they see it can be done. I don't know why people don't... I guess it's hard to break out of that mold. From the day we are born until the day we die we are told that this is what we have to do: 9 to 5, 9 to 5, 9 to 5. Every now and again someone in Vancouver, someone who may be thinking more than the average person, will say, "Hey, why don't we shorten the work week." That makes a lot of

sense because there aren't enough jobs so if we shortened the work week, more people could work and more people would have more leisure time. Whenever someone brings that up, all these nutbars come out of the woodwork screaming about lengthening the work week to 6 days instead of 5 and that's absurd. Why would you want to spend so much of your time doing something that's... uh... meaningless... fuck!?

S: I remember hearing a statistic once that said if all the work that needed to be done in the world was divided equally amongst everyone, everyone would work two weeks out of the year. Coming from the perspective of someone who, well I'm not currently working... living off of savings and stuff, but just spent 2 years basically working straight through. It just kills all your creativity, it was so hard to do anything else. I don't know how people can do that for 20, 30, 40 years. It's not something I could do. I don't understand why people are against people working for themselves. I guess if you have a job you like and you're not hurting anybody, great, but those jobs are so few and far between.

HaC: Saying "fuck work" is not saying working hard is bad, it's the fact...

J: Yeah... no... we work our asses off. It's the distinction between jobs and work, which I guess sometimes we don't make that distinction clearly enough. But yeah, jobs suck, but work, work itself and doing something you love is fucking great. I think as human beings we need to put our energies into something we enjoy and we call that work.

S: We should make a distinction... just because something isn't paid doesn't mean it's not work. Certain things are just totally under-valued in our society, like single mothers... any mother who doesn't have a job and is just raising the children—that's hell of a lot harder work. I know parents and that's harder work than most 9 to 5ers. A lot of people would look out on the streets and say, "Oh, what a lazy bump," and look at a panhandler collecting things and gathering cans and bottles for recycling to get money and say they are lazy. I guarantee that person is working a lot harder than some fucking asshole who is respectable in society and he is going up to an office every day and driving a Jaguar around.

J: Because those people are working for survival, they are working to live.

A: Working more than 8 hours a day, even when they are sleeping they are working. You are working because you don't have the luxury of kicking back and cracking open a Budweiser every day.

HaC: Then there are people that can be trapped...

I want to be a teacher because I feel true education is such an important thing, but the education system now is such a bad thing.

It's something that I, along with many others, want to change—but that means working a job to make money to go to school to get a degree that the states require so teaching is a possibility. There are all these rings that you have to jump through, no matter what you want to do, to get to a goal.

A: Those are crappy situations and unfortunately those things exist. We were just in Portland and these kids have this warehouse and they decided to start a school. This one kid really liked math, so they have two days in which you can take math class and he shows you calculus and what-not. They had people teaching silk-screening and welding and all this in a free school.

S: It's awesome because you see all these crusty looking kids there and there are signs that say "sign up for calculus class," and there will be a half a dozen people there. They totally blow people's preconceptions of punks.

J: It's like we have these preconceived notions of how we have to get to a place where we might enjoy a little bit of what we are doing, but there are ways that you can break out of this habit of thinking... like with free school and even Montessori schools, too. You can break off from the public school system...

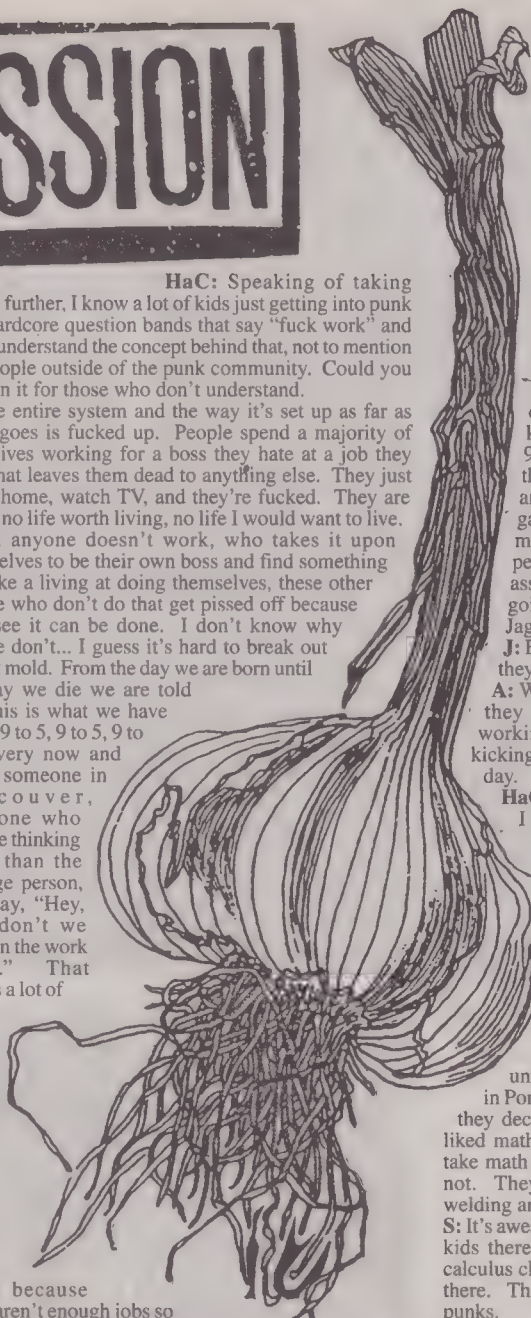
HaC: But not everyone has that option, and I think teaching in the public schools is an effective way to make the system better. Even if it's a small influence... like if you teach inner-city kids real history, their history, things might change...

S: It's all public pressure and corporate pressure working together to dictate the educational curriculum. That's a big problem.

J: Yeah, like what would be wrong with reading books that address racism or sexism or homophobia so the kids can address these issues. They don't want to touch those subjects, they don't want their children to be tainted with... this stuff exists in the world. You have to deal with it. You have to talk about it.

P: There are also these schools where kids make their own courses up and can do their own curriculum. My sister was going to go to one but she decided not to because my family pressured her too much not to go, but...

S: I have a friend, back to what you had said, who is finishing up her education degree in Vancouver and what she wants to do is teach inner-city public elementary school. She is very, very aware of the political situation, she's an anarchist, she really thinks she can help these



people and she is willing to work in that system. I think it's really important for people to do that.

P: As frustrating as it might be and as futile as it may seem, I think it's good that there are a few good people working within.

HaC: Work... you all do your own packaging, shirts, stickers, and what-not. Packaging definitely has to be an important thing for you all because I remember getting the 7 inch and being so excited to see so much stuff above and beyond most records. To me, I think packaging is a representation of how much thought is put into one's music. Explain the concepts behind your packaging.

J: We do what we would like to see. If I get a record and there is nothing in it, I'm bummed. If I get a record full of stuff, I'm stoked. The new record that recently came out was a big job because we had all of our lyrics put in 3 other languages and also explanations... there is a huge booklet, poster, sticker, all sorts of stuff... we just do what we like to see.

A: Because we are old school. When I was a kid and I bought records it was a special thing for a band to put out a record, so they put in a poster or little things and all this crap. Now it's just like, "We've gotta put out a record because we are going on tour," or "We wanna play shows so let's do a CD." People just don't care as much, maybe because there is so much or it's so common.

HaC: Or, "I was in a band for 2 weeks so I'm gonna put out a full length just because." There is just this trend to be in a band for as short as possible while putting out as many records as possible or just because you are in a band and have the funds put out a record, no matter how good you are or how long you've been around or how many people know you... I've heard some stories from friends of mine in bands that have gone up to cross over into Canada on tour and met one of your moms at the border check...

A: Yeah, that's my mom.

J: That's wild, it happens a lot... more than we know...

A: Yeah, my mom used to work at the boarder in Ontario/Niagara Falls, and every time she saw a punk band she would go over and let them though.

J: Not without scaring them first.

A: Sometimes she'd scare them and try and make them say what they were really doing in Canada.

HaC: Yeah, they were like, "His mom is so supportive of him, she had pictures and the whole 9 yards."

P: Andy's mom is a punk, I think.

J: She beat up skinheads... single-handedly...

A: Yeah, she got written up in the paper on how she talked these... these nazi skinheads broke into our house and were going to beat up my brother and my brother took off and I had a broken leg and my mom was sleeping and came running out of her room and tackled them, big old boneheads, and they all went running away. She had one pinned to the ground and she took their bats away and all that.

HaC: So have you all had positive or negative family influences? Has that helped you grow in certain ways?

J: Well, that's a kettle of fish. I have, my parents are amazing. I'm really lucky because I talk to so many people growing up whose family lives just really fucking suck. My parents got divorced when I was like 18, but that has very little to do with how much I love them and how much they love me and how supportive they are of me. My mother's getting her Ph.D. in Women's Studies in Ontario. She is one of the first 5 women in North America to get a Ph.D. in Women's Studies. My dad used to teach political science. My parents are so amazing, so totally down and so supportive of everything I do, so I'm really lucky.

S: For me it's kinda both. My parents are pretty cool as individuals and now that I'm an adult I've found a level I can communicate with them on. I was brought up with a certain degree of awareness and politics through them, but as parents they weren't so hot. They tried, I guess, but they were busy. They divorced and I lived with my mom and they were just rarely there. I think my upbringing... I remember my childhood being very negative, not just because of my parents, but because of who I was and the shit I had to deal with and the people I had to deal with. I wasn't in the "in crowd," shall we say, and I think that had a big impact on who I am and what I do. I didn't have everything handed to me on a silver spoon...

A: platter... silver platter...

S: I know a lot of people that are involved in the same kinda things we are involved in that had real negative upbringings... and that opens you up to saying, "Hey, this is all a lie... like this shit we see on TV, families we

see on TV, this is not my reality."

P: Uh, my family... I have never been to close to my family I guess. My parents were both really good to me, so I was lucky in that respect, but ever since I was 16 I haven't been close to my family. I'd just kinda lock myself in my room and ignore them. I couldn't say my family directly inspires my music I guess, but... I don't know... I just play the drums.

HaC: So do you think family and family structure has an importance in... do you think...

J: There is no such thing as the nuclear family. That's a modern invention that has just come up in the last hundred years, not even that. Even the ones that do exist with the mother, father, and 2.2 kids or whatever, the things that go on beyond closed doors in a lot of those situations are fucked up. A family is any group of people that love each other and take care of each other, that's all it is. It has nothing to do with anything else. It can be a single mother raising a kid or a gay couple on their own or raising a kid. It can be anything as long as the people care about each other. I think that whole "family values" bullshit is just that, bullshit.

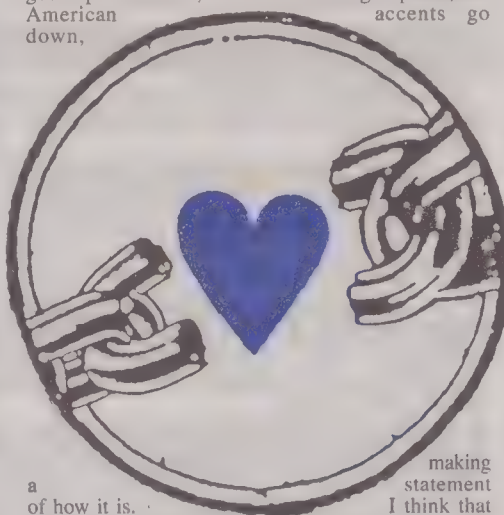
HaC: Basically the only family value is love—nothing more, nothing less...

J: But the family value they are trying to push on everybody is not love, it's intolerance. It's, "You have to be this kind of family and no other kind of family or you're not a family." It's defining family to someone who is with other people they love and care about. They say you're not a family... who the fuck is anyone to tell that to someone else?

A: I don't know how it is here but I know only a very small handful of people whose parents are still together. They keep on pushing this family idea that no one has. It's all divorce and step-parents and...

HaC: Here it's just the same... you get divorced, you get married, you get divorced, you get married. I went to school with kids whose dads had already had 5 wives by the time they got into high school. Marriage is just a game, a game of possession and bullshit that seems to be not about love anymore. It's absurd that people actually believe in marriage as a sound institution, because as a whole it's not... So you're from Canada and you're in America now—what is the difference between Canada and America?

A: You know what we've figured out... we've figured out that a lot of the difference between the people is in... Steve was saying that it might be in accents and the inflection in the voice, because a Canadian accent kinda goes up at the end, inviting response, and American accents go down,



a statement of how it is. I think that language plays a big role in the shaping of a society. If you're always talking like, "this is how it is, this is how it is, this is how it is," pretty soon, that's how it is. Or if you're always asking, "what do you think about that..." you know the eh, eh.

J: That's why Canadians are pushovers for the most part.

A: Not to say we live in a utopian dream state or whatever, but it's a really hard thing to pin down. We were just talking about racism in the South and how it's like a whole legacy grown from slavery. The racism in Canada is no less, it's just perceived differently. Like the graffiti in Canada—you see lots of racist graffiti in Canada, you rarely see it in America. How many bathrooms in Canada have I been in that say "chinks die..." Millions. I was a bike messenger and I had to ride in elevators a lot and I saw stuff written all the time.

Anywhere I go in Canada I see it where here in the South I've never seen any.

HaC: It's definitely there though. Memphis is very black and white. Even though it's seemingly melted together it definitely has its white elite.

J: Keep in mind, too, that when we talk about racism we talk about it from the white perspective and we aren't experiencing it first hand so it's real difficult for us to say how bad it is. People of color might have a different perspective.

A: Truly, we know about as much about racism as fish know about climbing trees.

HaC: But it does exist on all sides, much due to the extreme racism of whites. One time I was driving in Germantown, a nearly all white suburb outside of town, and I saw this truck stopped at a light with a sticker that went across the back window that had a Confederate flag on each side and the words "shoot a nigger, be an American" written in between. That is very extreme and uncommon but it was one most angering things I've ever seen. If that truck had ever driven through Midtown or Orange Mound or The Hood he'd get fucking shot more than likely. I mean you can go 30 minutes one way and get one extreme and go 30 minutes another and get the exact opposite, you know, "cracker go home," and stuff that is totally created by the white oppression of people of color.

S: I also wanted to say that people have this preconception of Canada as being this clean, not racist, liberal place, and Canada is honestly the opposite. Canada is very racist and very genocidal. The same things that happened here in America to the Native Americans happened in Canada as well...

(unfortunately, a huge chunk of the tape all of the sudden became inaudible and thus a piece of the interview is missing, including the rest of this conversation and discussion on mass media/major labels, Chumbawamba, and a small bit on independent media... the tape picks up again here...)

HaC: Alright Jen, you're a woman involved in hardcore/punk. That's always an interesting topic because women have been neglected in many ways in a scene made up almost completely of white males.

J: Yeah... very, very much so. That's weird. I've never really had a problem with it, I mean there are times every once in a while like tonight when someone yelled shit. I didn't hear it, but someone was yelling for me to show them my tits. That kinda disturbs me because it just reflects society at large and how women are only seen as objects and pieces of meat. That's really disturbing because I'm a person with emotions and feelings just like any guy. I don't know why so many guys have such a hard time grasping that concept, but they sure do have a hard time with it. I've heard a lot of things about guys saying women have no place in hardcore and punk and what the fuck are they thinking? I don't understand this whole idea that women are less. We are supposed to be quiet and subdued and sit in a corner and not do anything. We're not supposed to be a part of life. We're not supposed to live, we're just receptacles for men's cocks. Fuck that. It pisses me off sometimes. I just try and not let it bother me and rise above it and do what I want to do. I enjoy doing this and I'm not gonna let any fucking guy stop me, because I know I can. I've been doing it for 5 years.

HaC: So why do you think hardcore is mainly white, straight, and male?

J: I don't think hardcore really speaks to a lot of women or people of color or queer people. I mean there are women and people of color and queer people involved in hardcore for sure, I don't mean to say that there aren't, but for the most part it's kind of an outlet for straight white guys to get out their shit and aggression or to deal with their problems. On a positive note, I think there is a lot of good in that. It can open up guys minds to the fact that the whole world isn't straight, white, and male, but at the same time it's not really reflected in the punk scene because the majority involved are straight white guys, which can kinda keep the door closed to women and people of color and queer people because they see this scene made up largely of these guys and they say, "Why would I want to be a part of that? That doesn't speak to me. That has nothing to offer me."

(at that the tape runs out and our discussion is cut short, at least on the tape...)

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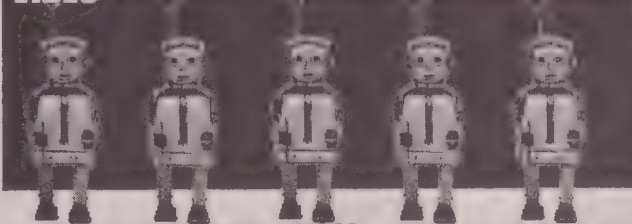
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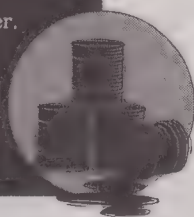
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Record Reviews

Rules of Engagement:

We will NOT review anything with pre-printed bar codes on the cover.
We will NOT review special "promo only" pressings.
We will NOT review anything that is defaced.
We do NOT send out promo copies of HaC to people or labels that submit zines, records, CDs, or tapes for review. We simply can't afford to send out 400 or so copies of HaC to everyone that sent in promos. Sorry.



DREAMLESS 'ZINE #5 (5.5x8.5; 24pgs.) with V/A • CD
This is a 7" compilation titled *Eake It Don't Shake It* and 'zine combination from Virginia. The 'zine contains three humorous and dreamlike stories of adventure. The author writes of his fear of peanut butter, why there are no more milk chocolate pop tarts, and stealing cookies from a cookie jar. The editor reviews school playgrounds in Richmond and then ruminates on growing up slowly, the passage of time, and the future. The essays show Jeff to be a thoughtful guy. There are interviews with 12 Hour Turn and Tri-State Killing Spree. The 7" contains one song each from DigDug, Effort, and Funszie. All three play various kinds of pop punk. DigDug sound like The Enkinds, Funszie play a long upbeat track, and Effort plays a short tune that sounds like the other two. SJS (Tag Team Records/1700 Gately Dr./Richmond, VA 23233)

GUILLOTINE #17 with STEP2FAR/FEARS OF FRUSTRATION • split 7"
I can't figure out if this is the same *Guillotine* from way back when. I believe it is, but they are only on issue #17 so they must have taken a long break. In any event, *Guillotine* is pretty much doing what it was doing when I used to read it... interviews, interviews, and more interviews... this issue includes Vision, The Misfits, Gang Green, Stiff Little Fingers, Floorpunch, Shutdown, etc... Mostly tough guy bands with a NYHC style. The interviews do what they should do, though you won't find some totally mind blowing content in any of them. *Guillotine* is a good music 'zine, not a great one, but good. The split 7" is basic hardcore stuff. Fears Of Frustration play straight forward '88 style NYHC with a bit of melody, STEP2FAR also play basic hardcore with a bit of melody. They sing in Spanish and English. The one nice thing about *Guillotine* is it is a hardcore 'zine and isn't filled with metal bands. Hardcore as it was and still is for some. KM (314 79th St. Suite 8E/Brooklyn, NY 11209)

I STAND ALONE #12 with BROTHER'S KEEPER/ BY THE GRACE OF GOD • split 7"
This is one weird fucking record. Brother's Keeper (you know the band with Miss Piggy on vocals) does a cover of Suicidal Tendencies' "Trip On The Brain" while By The Grace Of God does a cover that I don't even want to think about. Don't ask and don't tell. This issue has interviews with Catharsis, Burn It Down, Reach The Sky, Another Victim and more. Lots of columns and interviews too look at and read. *I Stand Alone* is getting better all the time, even if it still has the bad tattoo cover art motif going on issue after issue. KM (\$6 to PO Box 321/Buckner, KY 40010)

324 • Soulwinter 7"
Wow, crusty stuff I actually like! Well I guess I might be able to classify this as grind core as well, I still haven't gotten all the sub-genre's differences down. Anyway, it's aggressive with lots of tight blasts and double bass. Nice recording, and the fact that I can't tell if the vocals are in English or not is cool. Everything about this 7" is slick so maybe it's not so crust. Not a bad job at all. Besides the name I have no complaints. ADI (H:G Fact/410 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano-Ku/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

324 • Customized Circle CD
324 does grind/metal/noise hailing from Japan. Yup, that's about it. They boast one of those "straight from the bowls of hell" voices. I wish I could understand the lyrics because they seem to have substance. Ten short songs, but all in all pretty well. Good if you're into that sort of thing. Gnar Gnar sums it up. MG (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-cho/Nakano-Ku/Tokyo 164-0013 Japan)

THE 90 DAY MEN • 1998 CD
What a stupid name... why do bands use random numbers in their names? Anyway, this band is pretty math-core with a lot of groove to them; they remind me a lot of Trench Mouth. They do a lot for a three piece, playing lots of confusing parts that all work together well, and using layered vocals at times which range from singing to screaming to talking. This isn't exactly my alley but I don't mind listening to this. Pretty darn interesting music going on here. ADI (PO Box 2291/Baltimore, MD 21203-4910)

A/POLITICAL • Propaganda By Deed 7"
More great Crass influenced political punk from A/Political. Lots to look at and lots to read. The music is well done, and very traditional. Political and powerful. KM (Crasshole Records/PO Box 73/Odenton, MD 21113)

A-SET • The Science Of Living Things CD
The A-Set play folk influenced indie rock that bored the pants off of me. Their only selling point is that it is on Tree and that Tim Kinsella from Cap'n Jazz plays guitar. Each song has its own drifting rhythm and light tone. This CD as a whole is minimal and, unfortunately, lacking in substance that would fill in the empty spaces. LO (Tree/PO Box 578582/Chicago, IL 60657)

ALEUTIAN • Frame Dragging CD
When I heard the first song, I was almost sure this could have been on *The Crow* soundtrack. However, the rest of the songs are rather good. The cohesion of the vocals and music creates a dreamy/spacy sound. Twangy, droning guitars and a singer who can actually sing—hallelujah. Samples from the likes of Sonic Youth, Aphex Twin, and Spiritualized. Think '80s, think Lanterna, think... dare I say... Pink Floyd at times (that's OK by me—I like Pink Floyd). In fact, I think I like this one. Oh yes! MG (Esque Records/PO Box 770/Durham, NH 03824)

AFFRONT • 7"
Ever heard of Insted? That is exactly what these kids play, but with incredibly poor lyrics. By that I mean offensive, immature, trivial, and downright bad lyrics. LO (Propane Existence/PO Box 42339/Washington, DC 20015)

AHRIMAN • CD
Heavy, fast, loud. Combine elements of Rorschach with a little mosh metal here and there, and you get Ahriman. Lyrics are mediocre in quality. The music connected rarely, but when it did, I found myself bobbing my head a bit, thinking, "Well, I guess this isn't that bad..." GD (Clutchmove/3345 Quilici Rd./Reno, NV 89511)

ALIEN BLOOD TRANSFUSION • 7"
Four short tracks of buzzsaw punk rock with spat out vocals and sci-fi overtones. The music is messy and nearly overpowered by the ocean of distortion form the guitar, but it is still good fun while it lasts. SJS (Acme Records/PO Box 441/Dracut, MA 01826)

ALIGN • Down River CD
Alright corporate-bro metal, Bro. I think these guys have wet dreams about opening for bands like Korn or any other of those hip-hop corporate-metal bands. They sound like Korn with wimpy vocals and not as heavy. I wouldn't be surprised if these dudes made it to MTV because that's what they were made to sound like. Lyrics are pretty harmless. ADI (PO Box 13527/Minneapolis, MN 55414-9998)

ALL CHROME • 7"
Reminds me of Verbal Assault, rough singing with somewhat melodic music. This wasn't too bad; they lean a bit much in the rock direction for my tastes and some of the songs are a bit longer than they need to be. BH (All About Records/27f Lintlock Rd/Taunton, MA 02780) or (Heart in Hand Productions/106 Greenbrier Dr/Wexford, PA 15090)

ALLTID JAGET • Hjelpeles 7"
Heavy hardcore with some metal influence. The vocals are sort of hoarsely yelled. Most of the songs have a fast beat running throughout. The well-played guitar blends itself in well and makes it sound a little more metal. Everything in the record is printed in Norwegian so I have no idea what they are saying. Original metal with a definitive punk sound still hanging in tightly. RG (Stig Saetevik/Dalsvn. 17/N-3145 Tjome/Norway)

AMERICAN FOOTBALL • Polyvinyl CD single
The focus of the first release of the Polyvinyl CD single series, American Football is utter beauty. Mike Kinsella from Cap'n Jazz/Joan of Arc may be in the band, but boy is this different than either of those groups... more along The Promise Ring style, but I hate to bring that into it, since this is sooooo much more wonderful than all of the pseudo-P Ring bands that have come along lately... This is Sunday morning music that, with its rich instrumentation, might also bring to mind mellow Cerberus Shoal or Karate. Whatever, this is classified as, I gotta get me more. This is one of the nicest twelve-minute discs I've run across in a long, long time. Maybe the only one I've ever run across, but still I can't help but feel that the sincerity and master craftsmanship showcased on the CD is enough to set it apart from all the folks riding this latest trend into the ground. They float right above that crowd that is doomed to crash-land soon enough. They haven't a care in the world. 3 songs, 12 minutes. DO (Polyvinyl/PO Box 1885/Danville, IL 61834-1885; mailorder@polyvinylrecords.com)

AMERICAN HERITAGE • 12"
As I work through my pile of records to review for HaC there is always one lucky slab of wax that has me running for the turntable so I can hit the reject button and scream to my roommate, "This is crap!" This record pushed me to the edge. Imagine, if you will, a jam session gone on so long that each member yields to the rhythm in his head. The music speeds on at an ever quickening, discordant pace, searching for the particular groove that will entrance the crowd. But the crowd never makes it. Instead, they stand staring blankly back at the musicians, trying desperately to grasp the music that the performers can hear so clearly. But, alas, they will soon grow tired and give up. Sometimes simple, time tested, toe tapping music is just better and experimental grooves are just annoying. LO (The Rosewood Union/PO Box 20508/London/NW8 8WT/UK)

ANDROMEDA • Exalting The Spirits CD
Pretty tight, mosh metal influenced hardcore from Florida. Dark lyrics and steady heaviness fill each of these six songs. The vocals are growling and heavy, complementing the fury and aggression of the mid-tempo music. This is pretty typical of the stuff on Genet, but also probably one of their better releases. LO (Genet)

ANTICHRIST • 7"
I guess I was expecting too much from this band before I had even put the record on, what with their name and all. I expected to hear some fast grindcore or European metal. Instead it is more along the lines of just normal hardcore. At times it has some nice heavy parts. Most of it is fast and filled with emotion and intensity (as should be expected), but they don't quite live up to their awesome name. That isn't to put them down or say that they should have picked a different name, I was just a little disappointed. There are five songs total. RG (Trujaca Fala/PO Box 13/81806 Sopot 6/Poland)

ARDEN CHAPMAN • 7"
Musically, not too shabby. These guys whip out 10 grind core/power violence songs on this slab with room to spare, reminding me of the 1st side of the 1st Ocher 7". The recording is bollocks but it's still fairly powerful. Some of the lyrics seem pretty aggressive and straight forward but the liner note and explanations make them seem really pathetic. To explain the lyrics to the song Rainy Season they wrote: "Have you ever felt used by someone close to you? I fucking hate that." Wow, what a genius! They also seem kinda self-righteous and a bit fanatical. ADI (110 W 49th St./Minneapolis, MN 55409)

ASOCIAL • Dei Bittra 7"
Wow, more poorly recorded crust, with an extra bonus of cheesy guitar solos. ADI (APP Records/1720 Talleyrand/Brossard, PQ/J4W 2J2/Canada)

AT THE PRICE OF THE UNION • CD
Melodic and slightly rocking at times, At The Price Of The Union have a sound that I would at times compare to Fugazi, Jones Very, or maybe Lungfish. Their sounds isn't consistent, and one song sometimes will have a lot of different sorts of parts. Pretty good stuff. KM (Buddy System Records/302 Bedford Ave. #284/Brooklyn, NY 11211)

ATLAS SHRUGGED • We Don't Stand A Chance 7"
This is one of those bands that I'd heard of but never heard. I'd been meaning to check them out for a while because everything I'd read about them compared them to Burn and Absolution. Well the comparisons are right!! I think it's due to the singer's voice and the music is hardcore/post-hardcore/whatever the hell you want to call it these days. Me gusta mucho! JP (Trip Machine/PO Box 36/New City, NY 10956-0036)

ATOM & HIS ROCKAGE • 7"
This is Atom & His Package playing with a band, well you know drums and guitars. I have to admit I liked this a lot more than the normal Atom & His Package stuff. It is still light pop punk stuff, or extremely quirky pop punk, but some of the songs have some real catchy guitar tracks. In any event, they only made 208 copies if this 7" so I suppose they are all sold out and no one that wants it will ever be able to get it. Too bad, I guess. KM (208 Records/PO Box 534/Boise, ID 83701)

ATOM BOMB POCKET KNIFE • 7"
Mellow indie rock with subtle Sonic Youth influences. Now, I like Sonic Youth, I love the slow stuff they play, but when it starts to come from within the scene I have less patience for it. Nevertheless, half of this 7" is good. Fans of catchy, wispy rock will no doubt find the first song very appealing. The layered male and female vocals float over an upbeat rock ditty on side A, but then they get lost in the slow number on side B. Side B is too much deliberate for me. LO (File 13/PO Box 2302/Philadelphia, PA 19103)

AUTOMATON • 7"
So I get this record to review and I'm looking at it going hmmm, this might be pretty good, doing that whole judging a book by its cover thing. And I should know by now not to do that, but apparently I haven't learned my lesson yet. With a look of intrigue I opened this up and the 7" had not 2, not 3, not 4 but 9 cuts. Take a wild guess what the music sounded like. Yup, fast hardcore, poorly semi-screamed vocals. Nothing new and personally I can't stand this. JP (Hater Of God Records/PO Box 1371/Troy, NY 12101-1371)

BENT LEG FATIMA • CD
I can't describe this any better than I can describe the taste of swordfish or bear sausage. Bent Leg Fatima is closer to a futuristic world beat with their percussion and odd noise making devices than they are to even a broad vision of hardcore music. I don't get it. Comparisons? Hmmm... take ex-Ignota, turn the weird knob to 11, and send them back to the '70s. While they are making the trip, shoot junk in your veins, and then sit back and watch all the colors go by. KM (File Thirteen/PO Box 2302/Philadelphia, PA 19103)

BIARTZ • CD
Every issue, I'm guaranteed to get a band that I can compare to Pantera. This is that band. Metal. Chug-chug-JUGG-JUGG. Distorted vocals about hypocrisy, empowerment, regrets, etc. Metal. Hardcore. Metal. JUGG-JUGG-JUGG. Double-bass. JUGGGGG. The thanks list is way more fun than I had listening to the disc. "Thanks to Cletus McKedis for pyrotechnics." 10 songs, 47 minutes. DO (246 Fitch St., Apt. D/New Haven, CT 06515; biartz@mailcite.com)

BLACK ARMY JACKET • 222 LP
Another B.A.J. release. Well, I don't know. I can't really figure this one out, grrrrrr! Well, it can be really brutal and it can also be really generic. Oh god I said it! Some of the stuff on here blew me away and some of it didn't really get me going. Most (emphasis on that) of the vocals are brutal, the drumming is tight, the guitars are decent, but still... there is something that just doesn't really catch me. This is something people would probably say I like, and it should be, but the music is just to stereotypical Grindcore and crust music. I am sure a lot of kids will like. Grindcore, power violence stuff, you know what I mean. Get their split with Hemdale; it's a little rawer. CF (Chainsaw Safety Records/PO Box 260318/Bellrose, NY 11426)

THE BLACKS • Balls Deep 7"
"Slay Right Wing Religious Oppression With These Fine Products" is what is printed in bold letters on the No Theme Records leaflet inside this record. The Blacks sound like a garage punk band, with a shiny recording and shitty songs. Everything's muffled so as not to let any energy come into play. Yuck!! ADI (No Theme/2509 N Campbell Ave. Box 75/Tucson, AZ 85719)

THE BLOODCLOTS • Chaos Day Is Almost Here 7"
Spiky hair, studded leather jackets, anarchy symbols, and Olde English fonts. Given all that evidence, the sound you would guess for this record is probably right on target. It's fast and decent enough crust, but it's too standard for me to really get into. There nothing that shakes up the basic formula. The lyrics are included and the cover equally standard topics. Half way between boring and exciting. DF (Outcast Records/2608 Second Ave. Suite 184/Seattle, WA 98121-1276)

BLOOD-I REJECTS • *Eightfully Yrs CD*

This band has a pretty eclectic punk style. I can't say that they sound like one particular style, because they sort of do something different in every song. They do stick with the basic punk stuff and keep everything upbeat. The lyrics address issues such as sexism and racism, but also touch on many personal issues as well. Mind you, they stay true to the bands overall crazy style, so they don't always make the most sense. I do like the vocals though, because they remind me of Adrienne from Spitboy. It is also very cool to see women in bands all over the world. LO (Strange Culture/No. 33A, Jalan 1/119, Taman Bukit Hijau/56000 Cheras/Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia)

BOY SETS FIRE • *In Chrysalis CD*

The first song on this CD took me by surprise because I hadn't expected the harshness and hardcore quality that prevails there. The songs mellow as the CD progresses, and somewhere in there they become more of a rock outfit with really clean cut vocals. I swear, the fourth song even sounds like a Christian rock tune you might hear on the radio. Still, when you take a look at their lyrics and the liner notes, you see that there is still quite a bit of hardcore in this band yet. Hell, they even do a Dead Kennedys cover, which is something I really didn't expect. LO (Initial/PO Box 17131/Louisville, KY 40217)

BRAZEN • *7"*

This record contains two tracks of murky, sloppy, gunky drudge rock that is difficult to sit through. This music is lackluster in a variety of ways: performance, recording, and energy. One track is called "Fog," so I thought the low intensity murk might be conceptual. Such is not the case. The other track, titled "Vicious," is basically the same song with a stop start break at the end. Viscous maybe, vicious it is not. SIS (Brazen/29 Palmettes/1212 Geneva/Switzerland)

THE BURGUNDY ROMANCE • *CD*

Minimalism. In the music, in the packaging, in everything. All I know is that this disc exists, basically. I know that three people made the music, two labels deemed it worthy of release and that Florida is the common link between each of them. Other than that, I can say that the Burgundy Romance plays some moody, primarily instrumental songs a la Boys Life... in fact, if I were to hear this with no knowledge of what it was, I'd probably guess that this was an outtake CD of Boys Life, pre-vocals. Except maybe for the weird, disjointed middle part of the sixth song. Some math-core thrown in the mix and a few instances of Slint-ish radio static-riddled vocals that pop up here and there. It's not exactly the disc I've been waiting my whole life for, but it actually is better than I've made it sound. Classy, but might leave you wanting something more substantial. Indie-rock minus vocals. As the back reads, "7 SONGS 31M 15S." They even minimized the number of letters used... DO (Movin' On Up/962 Northlake Blvd. #278/Lake Park, FL 33403) or (Boxcar/PO Box 1141/Melbourne, FL 32902)

BUSDRIVER • *CD*

Seven tracks at 20:55 minutes. Busdriver are something akin to a third rate Sugar trying to play Nirvana outtakes. This is just awfully contrived. Vocals are way too loud and the band is a boring, buzzing backup. Occasionally a guitar solo will replace the vocals. SIS (10 GeV Records/PO Box 1263/Palo Alto, CA 94302)

BY ALL MEANS • *12"*

Politically motivated hardcore from Italy comes blasting forth with a slightly moshy feel and a lot of heavy hitting and some tough vocal work. At times they play with force, and then they will take the pedal to the metal and go for speed, and then drop back for a slow chugging part. The songs are in Italian, but the booklet comes with translations and lots and lots of writings and art. Apparently By All Means will be touring with Avail this summer, so if this LP is any indication of their live set then they should definitely be a band to check out this summer. KM (By All Means/Matteo Verri/CP 6/4100 Modena 7/Italy)

CALVIN KRIME • *Polyvinyl CD single*

Also known as "3 Songs by 3 Kids for 3 and a Half Years," this single is the second disc in Polyvinyl's series of CD singles. "Mascara" packs a big wallop with rocking progressions and hooks and "This Sad Horse" is pretty kooky and spacey indie-rock sort of like Modest Mouse and Built to Spill could conjure up if they used more synthesizers and video game sound effects, but "Get Off It" is just sort of a mess of drum loops and scratching and noisiness that can't get me all that excited. I don't know who I might compare it to, but sometimes the electronics just should be left to the ravers. A couple of cool tracks, though. Once again, a bit too short for many to make the investment, however. 3 songs, 15 minutes (8 of which are taken up by the instrumental electro-noise at the end). DO (Polyvinyl/PO Box 1885/Danville, IL 61834-1885; mailorder@polyvinylrecords.com)

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES • *Subdivisions In Ruin CD*

Short, but sweet. These twenty tracks are brutal, fast, and harsh with political lyrics and screaming vocals: so fast in fact that the twenty tracks clock in at less than eighteen minutes. By the far the best thing I have heard from Capitalist Casualties. KM (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

CARNAGE • *Beast To Bastard 7"*

Yes! Out of my stack of all Euro bands, this is finally what I have been really looking for. Carnage has that heavy hardcore/metal sound, with anguished-filled vocals and emotional, fairly technical music. Cool guitar that really stands out, and nice double-bass when it needs it. There's not much more to except that I really like this. RG (Rex Rotari/Forsterstr. 38/66111 Saubucken/Germany)

THE CASKET LOTTERY • *Dod Dot Dash Something... CD*

Light melodic stuff with pleasant singing. Similar to Boys Life. I like the title. Apparently they will be doing a full length on Second Nature. So if you like the sort of indie/emo sound then this should appeal to you. I can't say I always dig this sound, but Casket Lottery do a decent job with it. KM (Status Recording/PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

CAUSTIC • *7"*

2 song 7" by this NY 5 piece and I just can't figure these guys out. The song titles are kind of off beat (i.e. "Luigi and the Wise Guys") but their lyrics are like "Grabbed as brahma... BURN US NOW BRAHMA." What are they saying? Well, putting that aside, the music is pretty good. It's got a quirky, original he sound that I like. I'm probably the only person who hears this, but the B-side kind of reminds me of Refused To Fall with the mellow singing/screaming over metal tinged post hardcore. Good, but not great. JP (11 Milrose Ln./Monsey, NY 10952)

CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE • *7"*

Mid-paced bouncing punk with a melodic side. Shouted fun choruses and a few "whoas." Male and female vocalists switch off and add variety. This is fun punk rock with some high points, but to be honest this is not anything to be excited about. ARB (Jason Palter/PO Box 18661/Minneapolis, MN 55418)

CONCRETE • *CD*

First, I had to sit through the music. That was bad enough. Hearing people that are trying to mix rap and head-bobbing hardcore. I'm sorry, but you can't flow if you can't sing. Then when I looked at the lyrics I realized that every song was about god and Jesus and things like that. That gets boring the first song. What are you supposed to do for the next 10? NS (Doubleplusungood Records/368 Sudbury St./Marlboro, MA 01752)

CONVICTED TRUTH • *Words Of Expression 7"*

POST-CORE! POST-CORE! POST-CORE! Youth crew German hardcore style. Young and energetic hardcore fueled by positivity for days to come. Although they look about the same age as Crippled Youth at its peak, they don't just play typical straightforward youth crew. Convicted Truth has a lot in common with Crippled Youth and other passionate young minds in the hardcore scene, and that is, of course, (how Brotherhood coined the phrase) "honesty, sincerity, and loyalty." One thing that irritates me about most bands in this genre is that bands never included "women" in their "togetherness" songs, even though it is implied. "Sisters/brothers" is a song about unity through "humanhood," as I would call it, instead of brotherhood. Straight edge hardcore wouldn't seem so damn macho-exclusive if bands like Convicted Truth were around. Keep it going brothers/sisters! Positive GO! SA (Envelope Records/Stenbarstigen 9/66535 Kll/Sweden)

CORRIN • *Plutonian Shores CD*

Metal hardcore is sure on its upswing these days. Whenever I go down to Orange County, CA and check out bands like Adamantium and Throwdown, I am amazed how much of an impact they have on the entire OC hardcore scene. Corrin seems to have the same potential that most of these hard hitting bands have today; it will just take some time for kids to mosh into this one. The only problem is that the vocals are too weak for the brutality. If they spent some time mixing this down, I'm sure I would feel the wrath they are trying to scare me with. In all, Corrin plays your typical metal-core but they definitely don't compare to other bands in their genre like Adamantium or Throwdown. I am sure if they played down in Newport Beach they would be welcomed nicely. SA (Infidel Records/PO Box 1160/Vineyard Haven, VA 02568)

CRETA BOURZIA • *Memories Of Earth CD*

Enrolled in the Drive Like Jehu school of rock. Creta Bourzia passes his time with friends like The Trans Megetti, Hose, Got.Cable and hometown homies Hurl and has a crazy schedule of classes including "Vocal Stylings" taught by J. Robbins (with special guest lecture by Dan O'Mahoney on "My Favorite Nebula") and "Metal Influence" with the men of Slayer. They'd be well advised to include their works like "Beginner Punk" in their senior thesis paper. They are well on their way to graduating with honors and all potential employers with interest in crazy time schemes, eclectic rock mixtures and seasoned instrumentalists would be wise to look into Creta Bourzia. There's a great future in plastics and this 4.5" disc is not a bad place to start your investment. 12 songs, 52 minutes of exploratory punk. DO (GruntGravel Records/551 Dawson Ave./Pittsburgh, PA 15202)

DAY OF MOURNING • *Reborn As The Enemy CD*

Now this is kind of a weird one. I hate to make labels and what not but I don't know what else to say. This is a SxE looking, grind-sounding band. Their lyrics are really personal/political sort. The music is pretty damn brutal with a good change between low growling and high screaming. The sound quality and packaging on this are very nice. Everything cuts through the mix perfectly. A lot of time looks like it went into this project and it shows! CF (Upheaval Records/2-558 Upper Gage Ave. Suite 110/Hamilton, ON/L8V 4J6/Canada)

DEAD END CRUISERS • *Deep Six Holiday CD*

Mid-tempo punk rock with melodies. The best way to describe this CD is you took your average off-band, and made everyone very happy, and had them record. Up-beat, pleasant, not very interesting. GD (TKO Records/4104 24th St. #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)

DEAD NATION • *The Cenik E.P. 7"*

Dead Nation has a fun and entertaining sound. Punk rock with harsh overtones, but lots of melody and sing-a-long parts. Very much in the tradition of wacky and fun oriented bands that come from the New York/New Jersey ABC No Rio scene. Having a good time, staying punk, and making good music. Cool. KM (Slaughter House Records/4 Delmar Ave./Morris Plains, NJ 07950)

DEADZIBEL! • *Foursongenvironment 7"*

This 7" contains two songs of operatic, metallish hardcore where bombast and pretense substitute for intensity and emotion. SIS (Conspiracy Records/PO Box 269/2000 Antwerpen 1/Belgium)

DEAMON'S JADE PASSION • *Elodea CD*

This CD contains only 5 tracks, 4 of which are songs. This is one of those CDs that I could already tell what the music would sound like. This was for two reasons, the first being the picture of the vocalist bent over with a mic on the back. The second reason was track one which sounds like church choir music which I'm fairly confident wasn't done by the band. What follows is some brutal Hardcore, then more choir music, then more brutality. Mostly screamed vocals with some crazy growls mixed in. No new ground conquered here, but well done. CD (Impressions Recordings/Erich Muchsam Str. 35/09112 Chemnitz/Germany)

DEATHREAT • *Reason To Live... 7"*

Eight more raging songs from Deathreat. Yes, Deathreat shares some members with His Hero Is Gone, and both bands play awesome hardcore, but that is where the comparison ends. Deathreat plays harsh sounding hardcore without any trace of a metal influence, which is getting more and more rare daily. Songs about oppression, the human state of existence, prisons for profit, and the obligatory anti-religion song all come violently forth with a force and power. Great vocals and great music makes for a great 7". Deathreat played here recently and they were great live as well. KM (Partners In Crime/PO Box 820043/Memphis, TN 38182)

DECAY • *Back In The House 7"*

These guys are fucking awesome! Japanese hardcore with a hard punk feel to it that's air tight and positively positive. Fast flowing verses with lots of slow breakdowns and solid singing. Definitely worth the couple bucks they're asking. KA (Suburban Home Records/1750 30th St. #365/Boulder, CO 80301)

DWARVES • *Free Cocaine 12"x2*

The Dwarves were sort of a sanitized version of GG Allin, as far as I remember I never heard of them throwing shit at the audience, though they were known to attack the audience. They were a hit with the "piss off the PC punks" crowd, though it wasn't for their music which is little more than mediocre punk and rock, they relied more on "offensive" lyrics and live performance antics (like kicking audience members in the face). This double 12" contains all their songs from 86 to 88. Quite boring, unless you're on a nostalgia trip. BH (Recess Records/PO Box 1112/Torrance, CA 90505)

DWARVES • *Lick It double LP*

The Dwarves play crappy sounding garage punk. If you like them then you like them and if not then you don't. Duh. This record comes with no liner notes, no info, no shit. Looks like a bootleg, but I guess it isn't. One time I saw a show at the Gilman Street in Berkeley, California with the Dwarves, Uniform Choice, Freewill, Insted, and Inner Strength. The Gilman thought it would be funny to piss off the straight edge kids by having the Dwarves play in the middle of the show. It worked, of course. The Dwarves came out half naked and their singer proceeded to grab people's heads and shove them into his ass cheeks. When he couldn't grab onto anyone he just ran around the floor with a gas mask on and his pants down around his ankles. It was funny. At one point people started getting pissed and my friend Kevin, who would later sing for Downcast, lost it and proceeded to punch the singer. The Dwarves fled the scene as others tried to hold Kevin back. Even funnier still. That was the one and only time I saw the Dwarves. They were funny, but their music sucked, and so does this record. By the way, I didn't really think that the Dwarves deserved an ass kicking, but they must have come that day hoping that the crowd would kick their ass so they could brag about how punk they were. I once knew a punk who bragged about the fact that he got drunk one night, went to the local police station, started calling the cops assholes, and generally made an ass of himself. They arrested him, of course. He claimed police brutality. I guess sometimes punk=stupidity. KM (Recess Records/PO Box 1112/Torrance, CA 90505)

DECAY • *Destiny CD*

Slightly melodic sounding Hardcore/Punk from Japan. I could do without the rock solo in the first song. There is some variation in the vocals which helps add something new since musically all the songs sound the same, plus throw in some short parts for the choruses. All the songs are fairly simple: I could probably write and record a 4 CD box set of this in few hours. CD (Suburban Home/1750 30th St. #365/Boulder, CO 80301)

DEVOID OF FAITH • *12"*

I am not sure why this came out, but if you missed the original 10" or don't have a CD player then here is your chance to get these ten Devoid of Faith songs. These songs are reminiscent of early '80s hardcore stuff. Hard vocals, hard music, hard lyrics. Good stuff for anyone that has had their teeth cut on early '80s hardcore. My copy is on clear wax with grey swirl. Neat. KM (Double Decker/803 Saint John St./Allentown, PA 18103)

DEVON • *Oh God, It's... CD*

I'm a little confused about the kind of message Devon is meaning for their listeners to receive with this CD. The cover has a picture of Jesus with a SxE mark on his hand, yet the lyrics seem opposed to this sort of thing. This CD has an impressive 48 tracks, and the only thing that kept me listening despite the lousy recording is the great variety of styles Devon depicts on this album. They've got everything from loud in your face noisy punk to distorted off-beat country riffs. Quite an interesting band. Lyrics are funny and satirical as they discuss topics like kidnapping Silverchair and Ronald McDonald's cowboy boots. Good show. KA (Granted Records/PO Box 554/Lansdowne, PA 19050)

THE DINING ROOM SET • *CD*

God is this disc crazy. From big pictures of '70s-looking Sesame Street kids playing hopscotch to the music that brings me flashbacks of watching "3-2-1 Contact," this CD is so fucking "retro" that I can't believe it. Soooo '70s. After only three tracks, it's really growing on me quite effectively, though. It reminds me of Poole, Superdrag and Lenny Kravitz musically with all the flangers, slaphappy basslines and other necessary accessories to creating the perfect disco ChiPs era soundtrack. The gaudy design on the tray card finishes off the package brilliantly and I can't imagine how these kids decided on this being their target, but they fucking still pull it off. Different than the dance party approach that !!! takes, but in a similar area. Absolutely insane. 16 songs, 40 minutes. DO (Growth Recordings/PO Box 1162/Sun Valley, CA 91352; ryan@growthrecordings.com)

DIRTY DIRT AND THE DIRTS • *7"*

With such a weird name, what does one suspect? Hardcore-punk with vocals a lot like Affsactor 4. The recording is good, too. Lyrics are pretty much about political things with a little social commentary thrown in. If you live in California and ever get a chance to see these crazy kids, you should. They're a lot of fun and put on a great set. They're really nice guys, too. NS (Western Disease/1744 W 25th St./Los Angeles, CA 90018)

DRILL FOR ABSENTEE • *Circle Music CD*

Twenty-three more minutes and five songs later I find myself once again enjoying Drill For Absentee. At first I thought they had gone a lot more rock, and that they had lost most of the Moss Icon influence, but their enduring sound from their debut 7" did indeed make a return. Melodic and emotive with plenty of arty moments and a somber poetic atmosphere. Good stuff. KM (Mindwalk Recordings/PO Box 22514/Philadelphia, PA 19110-2514)

DRIVEN • *Cowardice Consumer Of The West CD*

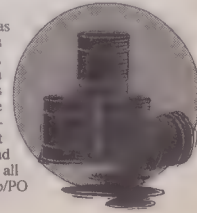
Driven play metal influenced hardcore that moves along powerfully at a moderate pace. The music is well done. This CD has only five songs, which is a good length for metal stuff in my opinion. What I liked best about this release was the booklet. There is an abundant amount of critical writing about their songs and how they see the things they are talking about in their music relating to the world around them. Much of this is discussed in terms of the scene, but the fundamentals can't be pigeonholed. Worth checking out. LO (Good Life/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

THE (CAPITOL CITY) DUSTERS • *Simplicity CD*

Bands out of Washington DC are some of the most amazing folks in the world. These guys played a fun set at The Pickle Patch, which caused me to purchase the vinyl version of the album. Initially I was somewhat disappointed by the lacking energy of the recorded songs and, to a certain extent, I still am. I adore the first track, "Minutemen Song," which is a sort of tribute to the influential band of the same name, but on the whole, it fails to move me. Sorta punky, sorta poppy, sorta '80s (like the Cars), and almost like The Vehicle Birth, but it is just too little to grab a hold of me. If it had more rawness in the recording, it wouldn't seem so artificial and manufactured. Nice bass tones, but falls short. 11 songs, 41 minutes. DO (Super Bad Records/PO Box 21313/Washington, DC 20007)

DWARF BITCH • *7"*

If you count the guest singers, this band has six people who sing. Most of the music is real fast with, as you may have guessed, lots of people singing. I like it a lot when singers overlap each other (when it works at least), and these guys do it a lot. Some of the songs have intelligent lyrics—against religion and molestation—but some of them are pretty stupid—coffee and truck drivers. Six songs total, and they're all fast, wild, and original. RG (Meatslap/PO Box 73034/Las Vegas, NV 32603)



DYSTOPIA • The Aftermath... CD
Seventy minutes of musical oppression. Dystopia's cranium crushing power and twisted apocalyptic vision pours forth a devastating background of musiconoise. If something gets in their way they just slowly roll over it with an all consuming weight. Intense and overpowering. Four tracks from 1995, 1996, and 1997 combined together to create the sound track for the after math. KM (Crawspace Records/PO Box 5283/Buena Park, CA 90622)

ECLIPSE OF EDEN • CD
Hardcore is taken to a very dark and somber place by Eclipse Of Eden. The combination of black images and sounds results in an overall feeling of blackness. The vocals are layered and strained, like when you're trying to break something that will only bend. Unlike others in this vein, the songs on this CD avoid monotony. DF (Rusty Steele/PO Box 151/N. Sioux City, SD 57049)

ECORCHE • LP
The records coming out on Cycle keep getting better and better. Ecorche are a band from Nebraska that mix strong emotional parts and driving hardcore. They remind me most of the 7" or LP from You & I, though when they get going there is a hint of Union Of Uruus a well. Most of the songs are very personal, which helps to bring out a lot of this band's power. LO (Cycle c/o Stefano Bosso/Via Sant' Agata, 4/28064 Carpingano S. (NO)/Italy)

EIFFEL • 7"
The soft then loud model is employed by Eiffel, but in general they lean towards the melodic. Anyone who enjoys the branches of the musical tree with Braid as its trunk would probably also be into this. The same goes for those who like Superchunk's less fast songs. I get the impression that the care that went into both songs' poetic lyrics also went into the other aspects of the record. DF (no address)

EIGHTEEN VISIONS • Yesterday Is Time Killed CD
Eighteen Visions do everything they set out to do. They play incredibly heavy, metal influenced hardcore that pounds at your brain, and they do it well. I can see why they would be popular to fans of brutality-core. Personally, I think the rapid somber metaphors and slamming sound has lost all of its power. It is darkness with no purpose or explanation. Without that there isn't enough intensity left for me. LO (Cedargate Records/PO Box 7349/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-7349)

EMPLOYER, EMPLOYEE • Mother Spain... 7"
Power. Simply put, this has a lot of power. The sound is harsh and brutal with lots and lots of power. The vocals are nasty and the distortion is perfect. I can't make heads or tails of the lyrics, but the 7" comes with some writings that elaborate in one way or another on the songs. This is a great record. Seriously. Great. KM (\$3 to Graham Williams/PO Box 49712/Austin, TX 78765)

EMPLOYER, EMPLOYEE • Mother Spain... 7"
I picked this up because the cover is cool and so is the layout; ships with a Spanish settlement theme. The music is also quite good, onslaughts of chaos. Parts reminding me of what was coming out of San Diego 4 or so years ago, with all the noisy confusion but a little heavier. There are also some metallic parts and some really interesting keyboard experimental things going, it's all raw and good. The higher pitched slurred vocals sound like a blood thirsty beast, starving and ready to kill, mixed with some really low "bear" vocals and everything in between makes the songs anything but boring. This band mixes many influences together and somehow avoids being lame. Smashing job boys. ADI (\$3 to Graham Williams/PO Box 49712/Austin, TX 78765)

ENEMY OF THE SUN • CD
Emo meets metal in a dynamic collision. Enemy Of The Sun has some heavy elements and a metal sound, and yet they are way more emotive and moody. The music ebbs and flows with some different tempos while the vocals are raspy and strained. Well done and fairly intense sounding. The lyrics are obviously have meaning but, being true to their emotive influences, they remain just vague enough to prevent me from really getting a solid grasp on them. KM (MaliciousMenRecords/Genendries 38/3770 Riemst/Belgium)

ENEWETAK • Onward To Valhalla CD
Musically, I would give Enewetak a 9 out of 10 score. Their music is heavy, harsh, and extremely metal. It is well done and sounds good. Lyrically I would give Enewetak a 3 out of 10 score. They don't have any dumb lyrics that make me think they are complete morons, but their lyrics mean nothing to me, and while I love to fantasize about riding my warhorse in the frozen plains while cleaving the heads off of orc warriors with my two headed battle axe, I have to admit that I don't really find a whole lot of redemption about lyrics about such things (not that all the songs are like that, but the imagery is there and a few of the songs are about the glory of battle). So if you want metal influenced hardcore played hard and ugly then Enewetak will deliver and if you don't mind lyrics with no understandable meaning then this is the shit for you. But if you want substance I would say stay clear. Metal. KM (Crwspace/PO Box 5283/Buena Park, CA 90622)

THE EPISODE • CD
What would happen if you took the geeky singer from Action Patrol and made him sing for resonant emo/indie rock band? Well, you'd get The Episode; a quirky mix of all the catchy things about Action Patrol (because many of the musicians are the same) and a more refined musical style. The music is very complementary to the vocals, even though they stand out as separate entities. At times, I am reminded of the Lungfish Talking Songs For Walking record. The songs have this strange quality to them in which the basic pieces come together to make something complex. The final product catches you off guard and sucks you in with its individuality. LO (Whirled Records/PO Box 5431/Richmond, VA 23220)

EMPEROR PENGUIN • Shatter The Illusion Of Integrity... CD
This came with absolutely no information on the insert. I hate that. Personally, I have come to the conclusion that this is one person and a new computer. There were some random sounds and effects (I think one could have been the "samba" button on old casios). The first song is damn fine actually. It sounds far better with more samples. Maybe there should be fewer songs with more structured sounds. It's not horrible, but I don't think it is nearly as good as it could be. MG (My Pal God Records/PO Box 13335/Chicago, IL 60613)

ESCUELA DE ODIO • El Sueno De Los Que Duermen CD
This is some great ultra-political Spanish hardcore. Songs about equality, anti-racism, proletarian solidarity, prisoners' rights, and the delusion of democracy. There seems to be an underlying communist theme with this one. The liner notes are great (in both Spanish and English), and it makes me wonder why more bands don't take advantage of their CD/LP booklets—they can certainly be effective political tools. Recommended for anyone concerned with political struggle around the globe. PCD (Fragment Music/PDO. 2247-09080 Burgos/Spain)

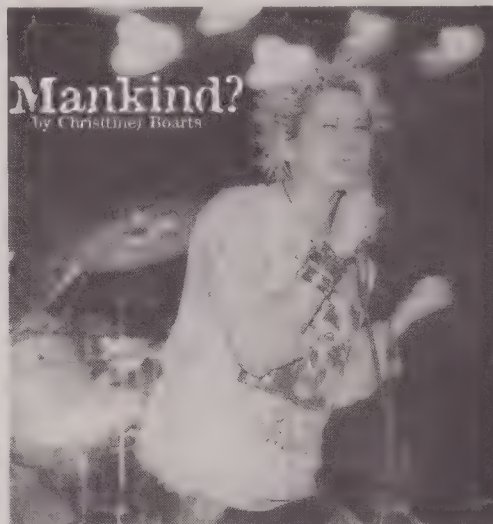
ENGINE DOWN • Under The Pretense Of Present Tense CD
Whoah. This is a band that has reached their potential. Features the song "Castalia" from a prior 7". This 8 song CD is a definite mix of styles, and all done with good old hand-crafted precision. Shouting/screaming/singing/speaking. Don't be surprised if you mouth the words and tap your toes to this puppy. Engine Down has drastically improved. Go ahead—make the purchase. MG (Lovitt Records/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 22210)

EVERYONE ASKED ABOUT YOU • Sometimes... 7"
This band must have some recurring theme of paper airplanes and paper hearts going. This 7", like the last one, has an interesting layout. Good stuff. This one just didn't do it for me musically, however. There is no doubt that they put effort into this, but it lacks emotional drive. The perfectly enunciated lyrics give the songs an impersonal feeling. Very reminiscent of Rainer Maria in the way they belt out overlapping lyrics. If you like Rainer Maria, you will probably like Everyone Asked About You. MG (Drawing Room/PO Box 251565/Little Rock, AR 72225)

EXHALE • Ends In A LP
A short, one-sided LP. This is pretty arty rock with an indie rock feel. At times driving and rhythmic, at others mellow and gentle. Fans of mellow and moody rock would definitely be into this. They were good at the Goleta fest, and I would say that this is a good representation of their sound. ARB (Sunny Sindicut/915 L St. #C-166/Sacramento, CA 95814)

THE EXPLODER • Cut The Cord CD
Some of these simply sound more like Nation Of Ulysses than Exploder. They have lost a lot of their high energy melody and bombastic up beat thrill, and gone for something a bit different. The songs are still good, but I think I liked the older Exploder sound a lot better. Five songs. KM (Reptilian Records/403 S. Broadway/Baltimore, MD 21231)

EUCLED • The Crane CD
The music on this CD is sort of a cross between the style rock of DC or San Diego and the midwest emo bands from a few years ago. It is very fluid, with a continuous drum beat and bass line that sink you into a groove. The guitar winds on, sometimes intensely and sometimes subtly as the vocals meander through each song. I am soothed by this, especially the instrumental. LO (Undecided/10695 Lake Oak Way/Boca Raton, FL 33498)



FALL SILENT • Superstructure CD
Political, powerful, and positive!! A fucking band that embraces the 3 P's in life. 12 songs of fury backed with fire and with an enormous sound that can only be captured if turned to volume 11. By far, this is the best album they have done. This time they brought with them "the lonely, the tired, the hopeless, and the living dead" to gain their revenge on the exploitative practices enslaving their bodies and minds. This album is one of empowerment and strength and provides the capacity to foster revolutionary thought. Fucking incredible hardcore. As I stated in their last review I did years ago, the Reno-volution is coming, and Fall Silent are the anthem band to supply that threat. SA (Revolutionary Power Tools/PO Box 15051/Reno, NV 89507)

THE FALSIES • CD
Six tracks at 12:24 minutes. So apparently rock and roll saved some youngsters gone bad somewhere out on Long Island and this CD is the result. Whether the story in the liner notes can be trusted or not, the music is stripped down rock and roll with a '50s retro feel. The lyrics tell of sock hops, cute boyfriends, and high school rings. This is music for folks with a sense of humor and irony. SJS (Espo Records/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

FOR THE LIVING • Worth Holding Onto CD
Isn't "onto" two words?—well, whatever. This stuff doesn't really stand out against the huge onslaught of youth crew bands out there today. Musically, this sounds a lot like In My Eyes meets Floorpunch. I'm sure I'd enjoy this band live, but I don't think the energy really transfers all that well here. PCD (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

FORGOTTEN TOMORROW • Definition Point CD
Forgotten Tomorrow plays a very calm effective style of emo rock, with more emphasis on the emo. This is a five song CD, with a solid recording and a simple yet effective layout. I'm not the biggest emo fan myself, so I don't think a band comparison would be fair, but the music is slow, and relatively calm, with well thought out guitar lines. Smooth chillin' tunes. KA (Kill.Frank.Lantini Records/8471-F Yarkin Circle/N. Charleston, SC 29418)

FOURTH GRADE NOTHING • Jack Frost 7"
This record should be on Lookout! Records. The layout is nice, with nice looking pictures and clearly printed lyrics about friends that seemed to change for the worse. The music is just pop-punk played the same as the hundreds that came before this. NS (Abridged Records/PO Box 571221/Houston, TX 77257) or (Dogmode Records/6505 Shirley #103/Austin, TX 78752)

THE FORGOTTEN • Class Separation 7"
Four tracks of three chord punk rock that crackles with energy. They raise the spirit of 1977 with buzzsaw guitar, gang vocals and plenty of nihilism in their lyrics. The title track wants to tear down the wall between the rich and poor. The remaining tunes are about drunken violence in the streets. SJS (TKO Records/4104 24th St./San Francisco, CA 94114)

FUCK ON THE BEACH • Power Violence Forever CD
The name pretty much says it all, but I'll try to fill in the blanks. Fuck On The Beach are from Japan. Their music is fast and fierce. File them under "crazy" with bands like Slight Slappers, Crossed Out, and Spazz. This CD has 21 songs and then some live tracks at the end. They play their stuff with precision, not losing rhythm in the insanity. The first time I listened to this CD I was just amused. Now I have to say it is growing on me. The only drawback is this CD having a photo spread instead of a lyric sheet; leaving me wondering what songs like "Never No Skin Fuck" are about. LO (Slap A Ham/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

GENERATION OF VIPERS • 12"
Recorded back in 1994, these six songs are pretty indicative of the Little Rock sound. At times Generation Of Vipers are chaotic, but then they can rock out a bit as well. Combining the chaos with the melodic. This is what I would call emotive. Abrasive but with a lot of variety and musical sense. KM (Landmark Record/PO Box 251565/Little Rock, AR 72225)

GUIDINGLINE • Showdown 7"
If you like the sounds of Insted and Chain Of Strength, than this band might make you happy. Rather Generic with the same old Floorpunch parts and the same old gos. Songs about being straight and youth crews. Vinyl's nice and thick and the layout is colorful and easy to read. NS (Commitment Records/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevech/The Netherlands)

HAELAH • Seasonal Needs 7"
Two acoustic tracks sung both by Hutch Harris and Kathy of Urban Legends. Songs of an empathetic relationship guided by poetry and their dual vocality. This is what I hear when I think of late '70s acoustic jam between a man and a woman speaking of love without giving it away. Haelah was an amazing band live as they are on this record. This record, however, doesn't represent what Haelah sounds like on other releases but shows a sensitive more delicate side to their "seasonal needs." A good record to bring nostalgia and possibly some romance in your life. SA (Train Bridge/PO Box 12595/Berkeley, CA 94712)

HALF MY TIME • No More Lies 7"
Four straight edge sounding hardcore songs from Italy with a dose of mosh. Straight forward music and lyrics. Lyrics in English. More positive go! to keep the crew pointing and moshing. It is well done, and will certainly appeal to fans of this sort of hardcore. Did you hear me? Positive go! KM (Youth Crew Records/Massimo Tieni/via U. Betti 113/20151 Milano/Italy)

HAMILTON • From This Wicked Fall 7"
I don't remember liking the Hamilton stuff from their split with Paperback nearly as much as I like these songs. All three songs are quick paced hardcore with coarse vocals and chaotic guitar. The structure is good, and it all fits together fairly well with a solid production. Their lyrics are ambiguous at best, but I guess that is par for the course these days. In any event, this has energy, power, and character, which is exactly what makes for a good record. KM (Eudora Recordings/16955 Oporto/Livonia, MI 48152)

HOPE (DELUSION) • 7"
I had a hard time reviewing this 7" because truthfully I found the 7" to be neither good nor bad. The music is hard, though not brutal, and the vocals are screamed, though not ear piercing. I guess they broke up. Four songs. Emo influenced lyrics that have meaning while not being all that interesting. Hope (Delusion) has a good sound on this 7" and the recording is good as well, but they never managed to grab my attention. KM (Track Star Records/PO Box 60/Forked River, NJ 08731)

HOT WATER MUSIC • Live At The Hardback CD
Forty-five minutes of Hot Water Music doing what they do best will certainly please anyone who likes the band. The sound quality is top notch and their performance is powerful and well done. The insert has some great photos, and all in all this is just another good Hot Water Music record. If you don't like Hot Water Music then pass on by, but otherwise here is a live set for you. KM (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

HYBRIDE • 7"
Slow and painfully heavy, Hybride continue with their thick, over-bearing drone. Their lyrics are in French-Canadian, as are the explanations that they have for their songs. If you like it slow and painful then Hybride will gleefully beat you over the head for hours on end. The sound is well done as is the production and design. KM (Bad Card Records/48 Rue Du Potager/91270 Vigneux/Seine/France)

HYPERBOLIC • 7"
The first side has two emo power ballads that are designed just to make you do the emo bob. The song on the 2nd side is faster and the vocals seem almost on the silly side. The lyrics are simple and straight forward and I'm really tired right now so I like that a lot. Also I noticed that the singer is mastering the trick of taking a one syllable word and beating two syllables out of it, like taking the word "left" and singing "Le-heit"—ya'll know what I'm talking about. Anyway, you might like this 7" if you're into sluggish but still groovin' emo, it has a similar tempo to Still Life or the 1st song on Jawbreaker's Bivouac, but not as good. ADI (Castro Records/PO Box 5106/Portland, ME 04101)

INTERSTATE • Find Your Own Way Home CD
Some crazy Lifetime influence going on here. Vocals are very reminiscent of Ari's (minus the excessive "whoa-oh-ohs" and a little shakier-sounding), with some M Blanket vibes going on as well... and where there was M Blanket, a Crimpshrine companion was sure to follow. The vocals are a little high in the mix for my taste, but not to the point of ruining my experience. Pretty straight-forward rock music, like the mid-tempo Lifetime stuff and lyrics which "you might think... are about girls," as one member is quoted as saying... but to him are about "playing [his] guts out with four guys [he is] proud to call [his] friends." Amen. That's sincere enough. Moments such as the sing along found in "Trachis" are what make the listen quite pleasurable... but if you are dissuaded by bands that sound A LOT like their influences (in this case, Lifetime), then you might have a big problem with these guys. The disc is pretty solid, but is awfully familiar if you know what I mean. Energetic... no denying that. (Apparently these kids play basketball instead of instruments... it's strange how much the center sounds like a singer and the power forward sounds like a drummer.) 8 songs, 17 minutes and a nice layout in the Second Nature/Status style, too. DO (Young @ Heart/PO Box 65453/Salt Lake City, UT 84165; Zak@network.com)

IMPASSE • 7"

At first I couldn't tell if this was a really bad recording or a really bad band. My guess is it's a bit of both. A little metal never hurt anyone, but some ingenuity please. This 7" is generic and so obviously fabricated. NG (Red House Records/PO Box 425/Ithaca, NY 14851)

IMPEL • Omnidirectional LP

I love the color red, but fluorescent red is a bit hard to take... so be prepared because this Impel record is red, red, red. Red cover, red labels, red vinyl! It may be an eyesore, but it does rock. It rocks so hard that fact that while I was listening to it in the office a local kid asked what it was and then proceeded to buy the record. Impel are from the San Diego area, but they don't have that chaos sound that you might associate with that area of California (as in Locust, Crimson Curse, Antioch Arrow, etc...) but instead go with a rockin' hard emotive sound reminiscent of say Forc'd Down. In any event, this is a good record and well worth some attention. KM (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

INDEX FOR POTENTIAL SUICIDE • 7"

Wow. Chaotic, screaming, powerful, thrash hardcore. This is reminiscent of Halfman or maybe Reversal of Man, but has a more negative feel. Sound clips and electronic noise parts are interwoven with the music and give this a sort of different feel than either of those bands though. The minimal packaging is a little disappointing, and a lyric sheet would have been nice, but this is really good stuff, and I would recommend this to anybody into intense hardcore. ARB (killfrank lentini/8471-F Yarkin Circle/North Charleston, SC 29406)

ILLITHED • 7"

Crust-ish political punk but you wouldn't be able to tell by the cover. There's other influences involved in Illitheds sound, I could imagine some people floor punching sometimes and once in a while I get a tiny nibble of metal. Lyrically Illithed are downright cheesy, but there's also something to the lyrics that's really hooky and the singer does his job in the band of filling the space well. The recording and playing are a bit on the sloppy side and the guitar tone could be a lot better. Good luck. ADI (\$3 to 10410 Runview Circle/Fishers, IN 46038)

INEPT • Images Of Betrayal LP

Nineteen tracks of hectic and burly hardcore with screaming vocals and interesting lyrics. My favorite song lyrically was called "The 20th Reason Why Drunk Punks Shouldn't Have Dogs." The design is very nice, though a bit uncanny in some similarities to a certain cover that Pushead did for another band. Inept even do an awesome version of Man Lifting Banner's "Sister." This is quite good. Hardcore for the hardcore. KM (Interbang Records/PO Box 671/Ravenna, OH 44266)

INSULT • 7"

Insult uses a logo that looks like Infest's and they even do a cover of "Mindless" by Infest. And, yes, Insult does indeed sound a lot like Infest, though the Insult vocalist has a much harsher voice most of the time. Solid, brutal and fast, with a lot of sound bites make this into one guesstimate 7". Lots of energy as well. Fast, harsh, ugly and... Go! KM (Rob Nabbe/Gen. Richiestraat 10/5981 GC Panningen/Netherlands)

THE JAZZ JUNE • The Boom, The Motion, And The Music CD
For the bands that keep up the quirky work and guitar foul play in the music. The Jazz June is your cup of tea. This band is peaking in terms of their musical success. Their releases just get better and better full of the boom and the motion that makes their music positive and inspiring. Just 6 songs on this CD but, like the Give Until Gone CD, it produces so much damn energy that is all you need. Each song is long and complicated with all your favorite melodies and poppy transitions that make The Get-Up Kids stop to contemplate about their style. This album will sock your rocks off and make you tap dance all night long. Beautiful! SA (Workshop Records/5132 Cedar Spring Ct. RR #3/Cambellville, Ontario/L0P 1B0/Canada)

JETPACK • CD

Fourteen tracks at 50:39 minutes. The music on this CD and the artworks in the booklet are a good match. Each track and its corresponding visual piece work a similar theme. The music is mid tempo power trio rock with a sharp edge, precision playing and just a few well placed vocals. Complex drumming, clean melodic bass, and a dry razor like guitar sound make up the music. SJS (Sampson Records/105 Borden Road/Tiverton, RI 02878)

JOHN HOLMES • El Louso Suavo CD

Ten songs of anger and frustration from this rock based band. The songs and accompanying vocals are straight forward, following a metal influenced style. Though they are at times very heavy, their music isn't overly thick. Thus they would fit better in a category made by heavy bands a few years ago before the layered, technological metal sound became so popular. LO (Devil Dogs/PO Box 187/Leeds/L56 1LH/UK)

JR. EWING • Integritas consonantia claritas 7"

Norway's Jr. Ewing surprised me with a tasty 7" of emotive influenced hardcore that is accompanied by a raspy vocal attack. The style is very much in the vein of chaotic emo, but Jr. Ewing don't fall into the trap of over doing it to the point where it just becomes disjointed noise. I enjoyed these four songs, and would recommend this to anyone that liked this style of hardcore before much of it became unpalatable noise or redundantly listless indie rock touched by the crazy. Cool. KM (Dance Of Days/Jegerveien 12H/0386 Oslo/Norway)

JUGGLING JUGULARS • 7"

This record is both very good and hard to pin down. At different times it rocks, wails, drives, hammers and plows. At all times it is fast and punk rock. The vocals are in English and a gatefold holds the lyrics in English and Finnish. These songs cover the usual ground of social angst, but are far from stale. This is definitely an engaging listen and is on lemmnade colored vinyl. DF (Trujaca Fala/PO Box 13/81806 Sopot 6/Poland)

JULIA • Kathy Revisited 7"

This isn't a new Julia record but rather a re-pressing of their Kathy 7". Julia was a great band that helped to pioneer the emo sound that has become so popular with the indie crowd. Julia did it with energy and power, however, and their songs weren't watered down indie drivel, but rather good songs with soul. KM (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

KOLYA • 7"

There is no doubt in mind that these guys have spent a lot of time listening to the Moss Icon/Silver Bearings split 12" or some of the live versions from this record, because Kolya sounds incredibly similar to Moss Icon. The music, the song structures, the singing that is more free verse poetry, everything is reminiscent of Moss Icon. It is all well done, and except for a few lines where the lyrics simply come off too funny to be taken seriously, Kolya has put out a very captivating 7". I loved listening and will listen again and again. I don't think I could ever tire of Moss Icon influenced hardcore, and Kolya do it with the best of them. KM (One Week Records/10 Reed St./Cambridge, MA 02140)

KA-TET • No Offense To The Dead 10"

Ka-Tet play tough hardcore in the vein of Botch or Converge. They don't always go for the straight metal approach, but that is the backbone to many of their songs. Lyrically, Ka-Tet focuses in on personal frustration, societal misgivings, and religion, complimenting the music with intensity and emotion. The four songs on this 10" are catchy and done well. LO (Redwood/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834)

KEITH WELSH • Slow Dive CD

I usually get all tense before listening to poetry or one person singing and playing acoustic guitar, since sometimes "personal" is just something too personal. I get embarrassed for people putting everything out in the open and this style of music is just about as open as someone can get. No hiding behind distortion or yelled vocals. But, with Keith Welsh, I knew what to expect... and was not worried about getting embarrassed for him. I have a 4 song 7" (3 of those songs also make an appearance on the disc) of his and it's actually very pleasant. He has even branched out a bit, bringing in a little more back-up... soft drums, lower-end stuff. Think Elliott Smith (as one is led to assume ALL solo artists are modeled after) and, as much as I hate to do it... The Goo-Goo Dolls. Everyone claims to hate them, since they're about as easy listening, romantic comedy/drama soundtrack—ready as any band in the world, but I find their songs quite soothing. Similarly, Mr. Welsh is very soothing and, yes, quite talented. (Back to the Goo-Goo Dolls comparison... people often get upset with these crazy comparisons I make... but things strike me in crazy ways... I compared Seven Storey Mountain to Jefferson Starship for god's sake...) Not for the purely hardcore, but for instead for those who like reflecting. I do. 13 songs, 32 minutes. DO (Brave Noise Records/PO Box 2268/Brandon, FL 33509; bnr@bravenoiserecords.com)

THE KILL VAN KULL • Human Bomb LP or CD

Eleven tracks of post hardcore rock. The Kill Van Kull have a heavy atmospheric pull that keeps their music powerful and relevant. In some ways I am reminded of Hell No, though not so much in sound similarities but stylistically. At times I think they lose track of their goals, but for the most part they achieve success. KM (12" on Hand-Kraft Records/31-03 23rd St. #C6/Asoria, NY 11106 and CD on Eyeball Records/PO Box 1853/New York, NY 10009)

KRIEGSHOT • Maktimissbrukare LP

Twenty-six songs of blazing Swedish hardcore. Fast and furious. No stopping, no gasping for air, just thrashing and tearing!! I can't tell if they are singing in English or Swedish, but the lyrics are printed in both languages, and truthfully it doesn't matter what language they are screaming in because it is just a roar of noise and fury. Political lyrics. Powerful and harshly enjoyable. KM (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

KURUMA BAKUDAN • 7"

Weird stuff from Kuruma Bakudan. The cover art is a really nice full color painting, while the insert has pictures of women in g-string bikinis and the labels are images of two Asian women's faces. All the lyrics are in French, so I don't know what it all means. The music is harsh sounding stuff. Pure noise and brutality during the faster parts, and heavy twisted shit during the slower parts. Quirky and crazy. KM (Bad Card Records/48 Rue Du Potager/91270 Vigneux/Seine/France)



LAZYCAIN • Five Days Eighty Hours CD

This disc has been stuck in my CD player and the songs have been stuck in my head for weeks now. Their song on the first "Emo Diaries" compilation on Deep Elm grooved in a heavy Jawbox way, but in hindsight is nothing next to the full-length. They are rock incarnate. In a similar ballpark as No Knife and Seven Storey Mountain and even has these parts that resemble bands like Hellbender. Still Life, Bluebeard and Prozac Memory, as well as the aforementioned DC/Jawbox thing. God, I love this thing. Those who despise melody might mistake it for "college rock," but if you like any of the bands I've mentioned, you'd be a complete idiot not to give this a go. I swear that it will remain in my CD player longer than anything since Braid's Frame & Canvas. This is so sweet. I was going to mention specific songs, but after realizing that the first three songs alone would have to be brought up the trend would no doubt continue until I just listed all of the song titles. Get this, you worthless indie-rock scum. 12 songs, 47 minutes. DO (Big Wheel Recreation/325 Huntington Ave. #24/Boston, MA 02115; info@bigwheelrec.com) or (The Me Generation/PO Box 14445/Chicago, IL 60614; generate@suba.com)

LUCKY JEREMY • Enigma Cum Laude CD

A guy with a whiny voice and an acoustic guitar. Even if you're into the whole acoustic/folk thing this may be a bit much for you. The voice is just so bad, it sounds like he just hit puberty and his voice is cracking. This grates on my nerves even more than most folk music. BH (no address)

LUMEN • 12"

Brooding, building, flowing, layered music played with little vocals. What words there are appear to be sound-bytes from other sources. Lumen let out a heavy emotional vibe that expands out into the room. Name association makes me think of words like looming and luminescent, and both of these describe this record. LO (Day After/PO Box 153/352 01 As/Czech Republic)

THE LEFT COAST • 7"

Scratchy feedback-driven guitars pound out catchy midpaced arty punk. The vocals have a singy feel that somehow complements the noise. They maintain an arty rockin' feel throughout with half-spoken and half-sung vocals. This has a definite homemade feel, both the recording and the packaging (made out of tin foil and a photo slide). OK stuff. ARB (208/PO Box 534/Boise, ID 83701)

LYCOSA • Nostra CD

Ten tracks of brutal sounding and droning metal influenced hardcore clocking in at a little under twelve minutes. Some tracks are fast and savage while others plod along a bit more slowly. Lyrics are cryptic stuff with lots of references to death, agony and hell. KM (Silent Records/PO Box 1862/Roanoke, VA 24008)

LESS THAN JAKE • Pesto CD

Yesterday while driving home from work I found myself behind an SUV with a Less Than Jake sticker on the back window; I thought to myself, "Well, I have that Less Than Jake CD to review, I wonder if they are really as awful as I imagine they will be." Well, today finally came and I popped in Pesto only to discover that, yes, Less Than Jake are just as awful as I imagined they would be. Four tracks of pure candy sap pop punk with rough sound quality. Who would have guessed? KM (Very Small Records)

LIZARDS • 7"

Hearing the music, I was disappointed, because 2 years ago I heard a band called the Lizards play a song called "Pirates Life For Me"; it was really short and funny and sounded like The Toy Dolls. This tries too hard to sound like The Toy Dolls. The vocals are just so high pitched it is hard to listen to. The whole record sounds like a 33 on 45, but the speed was right because I read the label. NS (Little Deputy Records/PO Box 7066/Austin, TX 78713-7066)

LYNCHPIN • Twenty Years, Seven Months... CD

Now, there is metal based on metal and then there is metal based on hardcore. This is the latter: metal influenced harmony with intense emotional parts and an open feel. Lynchpin lay out torture, anger, frustration, and love in eleven tracks. It isn't always smooth and flowing, but there is an honesty to it that makes it very much hardcore punk. LO (Heart In Hand/106 Greenbriar Dr./Wexford, PA 15090)

LYNX • CD

Four piece, playing syncopated instrumentals. This sounds like Green Day if Billie Joe stopped singing and traded his Marshalls in for a Fender reverb and got a second guitarist with the last name of Mothersbaugh then went to art school and forgot how to write catchy songs. And Tre tried to play "emo" jazz drums. While Mike thought up the cover and design while staying at a Sufies house. ADI (Sampson Records/105 Borden Rd./Tiverton, RI 02878)

MANIAK HIGH SENSE • 7"

Sekyoiuteki ni ikou! Kono recorda wa awesome. Blistering beats with high end screaming from both male and female singers. I hardly ever hear bands that incorporate both men and women screamers. Straightforward punk rock style with kinks of chaos reminiscent of some of Mike Kirsch's bands like Torches To Rome and John Henry West. Well thought out lyric sheets both in Japanese and English. Everything I have reviewed from Japan has always been fucking amazing. Japanese punk rock is fucking positive!! GO! SA (Ipei Matsui/18-9 Sugimoto Rock-Cho/Okazaki-City/Aichi/Japan)

MANIFEST • Of Fear and Pain CD

"Bands that influenced Manifest: Sepultura, Metallica, Machine Head, Slayer..." (taken from the CD booklet). I think you get the idea. Not being the biggest metal fan you can imagine my opinion of this. It is very much in the post-Master of Puppets Metallica/Slayer somewhat moshy vein, though they throw in some faster bits here and there. Overall I found it kinda boring, but then I find most metal kinda boring. BH (Strange Culture Records/Sdn Bhd/PO Box 13391/50808 Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia)

MIDVALE • Five And Six (Tie) CD

Very slick production. Very slick sound. Some definite time and care went into this record. The whole thing is glossy and their pictures look nice. The music is kinda emo with some hardcore parts. I guess it would be emcore. I think kids who like Boy Sets Fire would also like this as the bands seem to be very similar. There are two things I don't like: the pictures of the band were too small, and the CD was black. Just black. That was definitely boring. Besides that, well done. NS (Status Recordings/PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

MIKE AND THE MOLESTERS • 7"

Straight-forward punk, not really poppy. Reminds me of the Angry Samoans. Very lo-fi sound quality. Not particularly interesting. BH (Little Deputy Records)

THE MILE WIDE GREY • Superior CD

Eleven tracks at 36:17 minutes. This is a CD of dreamy, psychedelic rock tunes that combine a loping pace with stereo tricks and some pleasant guitar effects. Very nice tunes that sometimes swell into noisy climax or drone along to a subdued and messy end. The result is very listenable mellow music. SJS (10 GeV Records/PO Box 1263/Palo Alto, CA 94302)

MILEMARKER • Future Isms CD

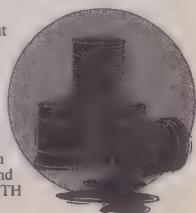
After their first LP, I was uncertain if I really liked Milemarker. They do really exciting and different stuff, but sometimes they fall into an arty hole that is often a little too far out there to really fall under the heading of "enjoyable listening." I like the way they use keyboards and layered vocal tracks, pushing the boundaries of normal hardcore/punk. This CD has none of the downfalls of the first record. It is great! The songs are either fucking rockin' or appropriately sullen and moody. The lyrics are all creative and interesting—which is no surprise because members of this band do the 'zines Dial Tone and Burn Collector. For those of you that buy the CD, there is a special treat. The CD is enhanced with a short movie, some graphics, and lengthy manifesto from the band. LO (Point The Blame/10738 Milien/Montreal, PQ/H2C 2E6/Canada)

MURDER WEAPON • Our Feet Are Planted On Enemy Soil 7"

Like a freight train driving through the center of your head. This band captures sheer intensity and anger that few can manage. Two drummers pound out a rhythm that is both hard and driving and at times almost tribal. Intense screaming and yelling over guitars that are mostly fuzz and screech. I have not heard anything quite like this before. Great stuff. ARB (Kill.Frank.Lentini Records/8471-F Yarkin Circle/North Charleston, SC 29418)

MUTINY • Rum Rebellion CD

All I can say is that these guys really want to be The Pogues. I mean really. They do have more of a blatant political stance and the music is a bit more pirate. I really wanted to get into this but it was kind of hard to. I bet that this band puts on a great live show though. I guess this band could be an Australian answer to The Pogues. No offense, but liked this CD better filled with rum. This one only gets five eye patches and one peg leg. Sorry... CF (PO Box 1158/NTH Fitzroy/Vic. 3068/Australia)



MORNINGSIDE • Virtue And Insanity CD

Boy does this suck, starting off the CD with some lame ass bro-punk/metal song with those white guy rap vocals; trying to be the tough guy. So the rest of this is sounding kinda more straight up jock punk with the same corporate metal elements. The lyrics for the song "Chi Chi" are what I'm really curious about, with the chorus being "Chi Chi king of the queers..." and seem to be poking fun at a gay guy but I can't make them out enough to know for sure, even though I wouldn't put it past this band. The vocals are really nauseating after awhile and seem self indulgent. ADI (Ice 9 Records/PO Box 6737/Fullerton, CA 92834)

NEMA • Bring Our Curses Home LP

I like this record, but I have to admit that the highlight for me was the Citizens Arrest song. Slow anarcho-punk sounding dirge and faster crust influenced harshness; dark and brooding with an eerie atmospheric overtone. Political lyrics and a nice looking lyric booklet with lyrics, art, and some explanations. Good stuff. KM (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

NO CONTEST • Where Do We Go From Here 7"

What can I say? 7 songs of kind of old school hc. Not poorly done, not well done. Rather unremarkable. JP (Slaughterhouse Records/4 Delmar Ave./Morris Plains, NJ 07950)

NOT THE PILOT • 7"

Well, there's no question that the effort is there. This 7" is so heartfelt it is almost endearing. Their enthusiasm and DIY ethic is extremely positive. But I think their insert pretty much sums it up—this band is, "rock, that's it, that's all." NG (Not The Pilot/2132 Second Ave. #506/Seattle, WA 98121)

NOVASONIC DOWN HYPER SPACE • Embracing... CD

Thirteen tracks at 69:40 minutes. Straight up space rock. Songs that flow along like the arm of some great nebulae swirling through the cosmic void. The music is a slow motion groove piled high with electronic bleeps and whooshes and repeating vocals that eventually lull the listener into a peaceful state of catatonia. Music similar to the Doldrums or Firefly Wreck. SJS (Audio Information Phenomenon/1625 Oakwood Dr./San Mateo, CA 94403)

NUZZLE • No Mas 7"

Melodic, thoughtful, and la-la-tune artcore. The first song has a dramatic feel that builds to happy and jangly whooas, and then sinks back to more moody talking parts. The second song has a more painfully moody feel, which again builds to a chorus, this time triumphant and more powerful. This is pretty good stuff, and if you are into nice, well played music, this will most certainly please you. ARB (Zum/PO Box 4449/Berkeley, CA 94704)

OIL • 7"

Wow, this is another great 7" from Commitment Records. It's not as edgy as the Vitamin X 7", but it is similarly styled and minded with strictly conscious lyrics. They're totally inspired by the late eighties but don't come across as merely regurgitating it. There is more clapping and singing along and the layout is of a quality consistent with European releases. Wholly recommended. DF (Commitment Records/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

ONE SIZE FITS ALL • Co-Cord Control 7"

Music is fairly simple hardcore that is kind of poppy. The vocals that cover the music are an onslaught of spastic yelling. Everything comes together nicely to make some music that makes me want the shake down like all those times I saw The Yah Mos. This band is pretty good so you might want to check this out or at least keep an eye out for them. Recording and packaging are both decent. ADI (4-101-206 Takezono Otokoyama/Yawata City/Kyoto 614-8376/Japan)

ONEXMORE • 7"

On the surface, this record is your typical straight edge stuff. The music isn't all that innovative, but it does hit all the right chords. (No pun intended.) The songs are styled after uptempo bands and the vocals are screamed outright. What sets this record apart is the lyrics. Each song, though basic in form, takes a moment to talk about topics relevant in straightedge today. OnEXMore discuss friendship, resisting drugs, the media, and why headline sucks. The last song is tribute to the singer's dad, now deceased. The liner notes take a moment to explain what is going on behind all the anthems—and that is cool. LO (Commitment Records)

ONLY IF YOU CALL ME JONATHAN • 7"

Playing indie rock with a subtle mood and a good tempo. The lyrics are very personal; they fit well with the intimate rock music. All three songs have building parts and a steady tempo that stays interesting throughout. This is one for Steve Aoki. LO (Day After Records/PO Box 153/352 01 As/Czech Republic)

ORCHID • 7"

Combining an almost chaotic emotive influence with a more combustible hardcore attack, Orchid offer up five tracks with screamed vocal work. The lyrics also tend to be a bit emo in nature, with some thought required to make something of them. The sound is good, and the design is very nice. A true blend of two slightly different genres of music. It mixes very well, and is a good listen. Watch for Orchid's 12" EP out soon. Good band, good record. KM (Hand Held Heart/24446 Lisa Kelton Pl./Newhall, CA 91321)

OSCEOLA • A Witness Tree CD

Okay, so Osceola has two members from Anasarca, but fuck it, this is totally shitty in my opinion. I hated listening to their whiny drivel. Partly acoustic and partly eclectic, but mostly just fucking boring and uneventful. Maybe it isn't bad for what it is, but I didn't enjoy it. Sometimes doing reviews for *HeartattaCk* makes me wonder if I like music at all. There is just so much mediocrity and listless crap-a-lala. Like hey, maybe you like acoustic stuff with pretty singing, and if that is the case check Osceola out. KM (Linkwork Records/PO Box 186/Oceanside, NY 11572)

OUSIA • 7"

This three song 7" begins well enough with a segment of noise leading in to a bassy riff that is repeated long enough to build anticipation for what may come next. The band breaks into a medium tempo groove led by bass and drums over which the guitars and vocals interact in a machine like fashion. There is a mechanical chill to some of this music, which combines well with the big bass rhythm. The vocals are consistently screaming but not too loud. The recording quality gives Ousia a distant sound. SJS (Noise Pollution/PO Box 72189/Louisville, KY 40272)

OPPOSITE FORCE • History As We Lived It CD

Vegan straightedge mosh metal from Italy. The tracks are loud and ferocious, but don't always suck you in. The lyrics are mainly about the evils of the world—another group of straightedge kids who have found the moral highground. LO (Genet)

PARIS, TEXAS • Polyvinyl CD single

The third in an ongoing series, this single spotlights a new WI-based quintet called Paris, Texas. They've got some pop elements ranging from Silver Scooter to Superdrag to Hal Al Shedad, in addition to a bit of rawness that keeps me from desiring more guts. They have some elements in the vocals that bring to mind Guy Picciotto circa Rites of Spring and the fella from Nation of Ulysses and The Make Up. Pretty kooky shit that is quite fun. I recommend it to all the kids who've liked the precedent set by the previous releases on Polyvinyl. The bang-bang is here. Just give me a kiss. 4 songs, 12 minutes. DO (Polyvinyl/PO Box 1885/Danville, IL 61834-1885; mailorder@polyvinylrecords.com)

PAUL NEWMAN • CD

The first few times I listened to this I thought that Paul Newman was an instrumental band, but finally on the third or fourth listen I got some vocals on the second song. There are only three songs here, but the first song clocks in just under 10 minutes. Musically, Paul Newman are melodic and mellow with the occasional flirtation with a slightly more aggressive tendency, but for the most part they just meander about, playing light indie meets emo rock. I wouldn't recommend this to anyone that likes to sing along with their favorite songs. KM (Twistworthy Records/PO Box 4491/Austin, TX 78765)

POLECAT • 40hz CD

Upbeat hard rock and roll, but also with an emotional feel to it. I heard a band once that this reminds me of but I can't remember their name. I just remember that the other band reminded me of Tool. Polecat has some of that Tool metal (if you can call it that) flavor. But probably closer to emotional hardcore with a definite indie, college rock sound, but without getting boring or bad. The vocals are sung (not screamed), sometimes reminding me of Party Of Helicopters a little. Lyrics are of the emotional or personal nature; sometimes not making a lot of sense to outside readers like me. Eleven songs. All fine and dandy in my opinion. RG (Finepoint Records/PO Box 28373/Columbus, OH 43228)



PAWNS • You Talk of Sacrifice... CD

While they might know the meaning of sacrifice, after another listen to this CD, I still can't really understand how this disc continues to make college radio stations top ten lists week after week. It's got some good socio-political lyrics and the trade-off between screamed male and female vocals keeps it somewhat interesting, the old-school punk thing has worn so thin on me... It's from Oakland and that gives you genre as well as the geographic location. The insert is the only thing of interest to me, but maybe it would have gotten a better review from Mr. Franco, Mr. Register or one of those other folks with a softer spot for the Bay Area goodies. If you read MRR, go to shows at Gilman or wear studs, you'll likely want this. 7 songs, 14 minutes. DO (Bad Monkey/473 North St./Oakland, CA 94609; monkey@badmonkey.com)

THE PHLEGM CHUCKERS • 7"

The only thing that I can compare this to is 1.6 band. It has quirky discordant guitar riffs mixed in with funky drumbeats. 1.6 band was good, but at times their songs would take annoying turns, and this happens with Phlegm Chuckers as well, though a bit more often. BH (Petermalkee Records/PO Box 14794/Albany, NY 12212)

PILOTS IN PARIS • CD

This is a German indie/emo band that was previously named Cerulean. Pilots In Paris' sound is similar to that of many other European indie bands putting stuff out nowadays, especially a band like Eversore. The thing that sucks me in with this band is the way that they remind me of the later, more melodic Hüsker Dü (and especially of Bob Mould's later band Sugar). The eight songs on this CD capture a lot of emotion and flow nicely from one to another. LO (Abridged Records/PO Box 7951/Houston, TX 77270)

PN • Daybreak Serenity CD

The first thing that strikes me is the vocals. Excellent fit for the sound. PN play a mix of straight-forward hardcore similar to Bane and metal like Turmoil, only with more metal and less hardcore. All-in-all pretty good, but there are so many bands doing this sound these days it's hard to keep up on them all. Here's one of them. Oh, they're from Belgium. GD (Midas Records/Heilige Geestmolensstraat 140/9160 Lokeren/Belgium)

PRODUCT X • Hometeam 7"

Nothing x-tra special about Product X. Just straight forward straight edge hardcore. Don't x-pect to hear anything but ultra positive straight edge. Moshing madness with just a tinge of melody buried underneath just to keep it x-treme. Product X are out to have a good time and to x-press themselves as they see fit, which is all that is really important in the end. X-tra positive. KM (Commitment Records/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

PONTIUS PILATE • Witness The Crucifixion Of Another... 7"

Well, judging that this comes from Minneapolis, it's gotta be kind of crusty right? Well it is. They play more of a punk influenced crust rather than a grind/metal influence like their brethren. Most of the stuff is really fast with pretty cool slowed down breaks. The lyrics are pretty personal/political in nature and represent some good anarcho-punk ideals. I probably would have been more into this if they had different types of vocals not just screaming over the blast beats. All and all it's a decent project with a pretty decent quality recording. Like I said, if you're into more punk influenced crusty weird shit you'll most likely dig this. CF (P.P. c/o Arise Book Store/2441 Lyndale Ave. S/Minneapolis, MN 55405)

PROFAN • 7"

Here is some mid-paced metallic hardcore from Germany with lots of slower instrumental parts thrown in. It contains the usual screechy vocals with some growls and clean vocals as well. This doesn't strike me as being anything to get worked up about since I can think of several other bands from Germany that do a much better job with this style. It appears that this band has a lot to say, the cover being an 18 page booklet. I can't, however, tell you what this is because it's all in German. It also comes with a cloth cover with flowers on it. CD (Re Education Rekordz/PO Box 1403/58285 Gevelsberg/Germany)

PUBLIC NUISANCE • Alcohol Rub Out CD

Ewww... No politics in sight, almost every song is about how great drinkin' and fightin' are. Lots of pictures of spiky punx. The music a "street punk" sound that reminds me just a little bit of Oi Polloi, but not much. The lyrics almost take an anti-political, anti-squatter stance! At least that's what I got from them. Comes with a poster and lyrics on the other side. The only real nuisance to the public here is that these NY guys might drink all the beer in New York, or that they would start fights in a drunken rage. But I guess some of us like that stuff! DD (Receptacle Records/PO Box 20259/Tompkins Sq. Stn./New York City, NY 10009)

RAINER MARIA • Look Now Look Again CD

Rainer Maria is pretty. The soft music, sweet harmony of vocals, and passionate lyrics combine to make a refuge of light. This CD is like a love story, complete with happiness and sorrow. I really do think that Rainer Maria are the best band doing emotional indie rock around right now. It is totally pulled together and poignant. LO (Polyvinyl/PO Box 1885/Danville, IL 61834)

THE RANDUMBS • Back From Sonoma 7"

These guys really want to be the Angry Samoans. The cover is a rip off of the AS's first record with Swampthing on it. Lyrically, they seem to be singing about the same trashy girls and the same dead-beat dads. The music is just a little faster and cleaner than the AS stuff. NS (TKO Records/4104 24th St. #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)

THE RANDUMBS • Piss On It CD

Another great release for The Randumbs. This five song EP is the Randumbs at their best. Really catchy punk rock with straight forward songs and nothing important to say. The lyrics remind me of early Nobodys and late Social Unrest. Great fun for the whole family. KA (Urine Entertainment/3739 Balboa St. #192/San Francisco, CA 94121-2605)

REACH THE SKY • 7"

After reviewing the super-cool *The World Is My Puse 7"* on Espo, I was hoping to find yet another gem with Reach The Sky. What I find is four songs of the old-school straight-edge hardcore style that people have been going ape-shit over for years and years, but can't really do a hell of a lot for me on vinyl. I like seeing people push each other around and finger-point and do the whole youth-crew thing as much as the next guy (and I do mean "guy," since that's OBVIOUSLY the target audience)... but recorded it sort of bores me. These guys play a decent variety of it, but it does not make me do much more than pat my toe along with the beat. I don't know... it's pretty good, I suppose, and I'd be happy to check them out live but I've heard the same sentiments said so many times with more eloquence that it all sounds sort of dated. Hockey analogies would have given me some joy and there's already been football (Ten Yard Fight) and basketball (Fast Break) in recent years... and Slapshot's so far gone that someone needs to step in and fill the gap... 4 songs, 11 minutes. DO (Espo/PO Box 63/Arlston, MA 02134)

REACHING FORWARD • Pride Is Everlasting 7"

Reaching Forward knows that they aren't playing anything new and original but they don't give a fuck, which is the way it ought to be. '88 influenced straight edge hardcore. Straight up. Some of the lyrics are really funny (not to say that I am laughing at Reaching Forward, but that I am laughing with them). Finger pointing, moshing, magic markers, and x watches. Positively go! KM (Commitment Records/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

RED SUN • CD

Catchy, upbeat, emotional rock. But it's not quite as happy as that first "sentence" makes it sound. Many of the songs have an upbeat beat, but it's not bouncy and happy. That's where the emotional part comes in. It has an indie, college rock flavor that I have heard a lot, but that doesn't by any means make me call this bad. In fact I would without any hesitation say that this is better than most that I hear in this genre. It took them ten days to record and mix five songs. Wow. RG (Noise Pollution/PO Box 72189/Louisville, KY 40272)

REDEMPTION • Until The Next Day CD

Heavy Italian hardcore that is metallic and rough most of the time, while occasionally sliding into a moody melodic and sort of haunting feel. The heavier parts could be compared to Catharsis, with barked and grunted male vocals dominating the vocal duties. They also have female vocals which are excellent, and add a nice feel to the more moody parts. This is not a long CD (only 4 songs), but it is still an impressive record. ARB (c/o Alessandro Andreoni/Via E. Medi 14/00149 Roma/Italy)

RESIST AND EXIST • Dare To Struggle 7"

Autonomy-like music and lyrics to satisfy the political anarcho-punk in you. Can be musically compared to Aus Rotten and is full of lifts the likes of Discharge. Both male and DIRT-like female vocals shriek for change and action behind the occasional wailing of a Swedish style guitar. Though Resist and Exist have great potential and can be compared to some of my favorite bands, I hate to say that I found them to be a bit repetitive and dull. They have the talent and coordination to make you want throw your fists up and sing along, but the rhythms of the songs just don't quite flow smoothly enough. JI (Spiral Records/1916 Pike Place #12/Seattle, WA 98101)

REDUCERS S.F. • Don't Like You 7"

Very much in the San Fran street punk vein of the Swinging Utters. The Reducers play a little more upbeat and poppy and I really want to say this sounds like a punked-up Police. No lyrics, but I think the songs are about failed relationships. NS (TKO Records/4104 24th St. #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)

REFUSE TO FALL • Grey CD

A discography that could have been left unheard. A band that was around during the early part of the '90s that probably didn't make it that far out of their city because they were lacking some energy and fluidity. Can't say much about a band that forces me to skip a song after 30 seconds. This is just prog-metal emo shit, a la late Turning Point, but a very diluted version with no intensity. Don't get me wrong, Turning Point is by far the best hardcore band gone emo from the early '90s, but Refuse To Fall has a lot of reasons why they fell into anonymity. SA (Abridge Records/PO Box 571221/Houston, TX 77257)

THE ROOTS OF ORCHIS • ...When The Mosquito... CD

OK, let's start with a quote from Talking Heads: "Singing is a trick to get people to listen to music for longer than they would ordinarily." With that in mind let's move on; The Roots Of Orchis has no singing. They are a 4 piece consisting of drums, guitar, bass and keyboards and all seem like very fine musicians playing mellow instrumentals. Sometimes I like the songs and they stand on their own but in a few places it starts to get a little monotonous and the singing "trick" might have come in handy. I like the super mellow experimental stuff they do more than the stuff that sounds like a bad hippie jam session. It's really hard to describe this stuff even. I'll throw out some names that I thought of while listening: Very Secretary, Sea and Cake, Low, spy music, lounge music, etc... ADI (Slow Dance Records/PO Box 120548/San Diego, CA 92112)

RUCKUS • Disobedience CD

Speedy metal of the crusty feel with growly vocals. I must note that I had to go to two different friends rooms to try to listen to this on their CD players since it did not work on mine, so it might not even play on your CD player. Anyway, this really isn't very good at all. GD (no address)

RUPTURE • Brutal Badlands CD

60 songs in 64 minutes. This is a compilation of their previous releases. Faster paced hardcore with some power/violence influences. I could not stand these vocals, sort of yelled but distorted. After the first 15 minutes I thought I was going to go crazy. Every song is basically the same, plus some cheesy sounding leads on every fifth song. Sound qualities varies, but is not that great. It is easy to tell these songs were recorded at different times. Mostly vocals in English with Japanese translations. If you like Rupture, you might want this. CD (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano-Ku/Tokyo 164/Japan)

SADDEST DAY • CD

Very DIY in both presentation and mood. Emotive hardcore stuff with strained vocals. The eight songs are screamed in English and the enclosed booklet has translations in what I believe is Portuguese, but perhaps it is Spanish. The booklet, which is much like a 'zine, also includes some writings and articles. The music is good and overall atmosphere is a bit sad, which is appropriate for the band's name I suppose. Good stuff. KM (Doublethink/83 Bryant St./Pittsfield, MA 01201)

SALVATION • Before The Funeral CD

Now this might be an odd comparison but I think if Amebix stuck around (or didn't die), they might have sounded like these guys. They have a really metal sound with conscious lyrics. The music is great with awesome acoustic breakdowns and deep vocals. This is, like I said, very metal. I wonder what the metal community would do when they found out these guys are vegans. Maybe these guys are even straight edge! They do have that feel, but to me they still sound like a metal Amebix. CF (Lifedefense Communications/PO Box 1168/40-001 Katowice/Poland)

SCALPLOCK • Inoculate The Fear 7"

I liked the political content and all the sound bites were really cool. The whole record is about Haiti and the US war against the Haitian people and their pigs; yes, their pigs! Very interesting. However, I was pretty much bored by Scalplock. Their music is just sort of there... not bad not good, just there. I swear I listened to this 20 or 30 times on repeat because it quickly became background noise and I just forgot to hit stop. Harsh thrash sounding stuff. KM (Retribution Records/Orchard House/Breeds Rd./Great Waltham, Chelmsford/Essex/CM3 1EE/England)

SCOFF • 7"

I think 60% of the reason I didn't like this was because straight forward indie rock is not my style. The size of this genre and its similarity to the mainstream require it to really be done well in order to be good. Unfortunately for this record, and the other 40% of my dislike, it's just not that interesting. All four songs are based on wishy-washy vocals and the result is utter blandness. Similar material can be found on most radio stations, so there's really no need to buy it. DF (Criminal Feet/Falkenbergsg 7/21424 Malmö/Sweden)

SCORNER • 7"

Real fast, crusty hardcore with gurgled vocals. Lyrics are of the political nature and it comes with a book that translates the lyrics into Spanish, Japanese, German, and French! There is variety in the music in the forms of a few guitar solos and some breakdown parts. That adds something else to the pounding thrash and altogether this is a good record. Angry yet thoughtful. RG (PO Box 8172/Minneapolis, MN 55408-0172)

SEAN NA NA • 7"

This record has two very mellow, melodic songs. If most of your attention is being consumed by something else, then these would make fine background music. But they're not interesting enough to me to just sit and listen to. While not exciting or inspiring, it might be nice to fall asleep to. A lullaby. DF (Bread Machine Records)

SEAN NA-NA ("and his Baby Blue") • Polyvinyl CD single
The fifth in the Polyvinyl singles series. Sean Na-Na is Sean Tillmann of Calvin Krim fame playing mellow, folksy, cutesy, low-fi pop. If you've heard Kind of Like Spitting, City on Film or any of the recent stripped-down indie-rock acts doing similar stuff, you know what to expect: all of the stuff influenced by people like Elliott Smith. It's pleasant, even though it won't likely be spending too much time in my CD player after today. Too cute for its own good at time ("bop-ba-da-DA-da")... 3 songs, 8 and a half minutes. DO (Polyvinyl/PO Box 1885/Danville, IL 61834-1885; mailorder@polyvinylrecords.com)

SETH • The First Snack CD

Seth appears to be a one-man effort to tackle the world head-on with punk ideas via his acoustic guitar. 17 folk songs about all your favorite punk topics such as the environment and the man. Interesting concept. However, it failed to capture my interest because the lack of energy and the fact that it never really connected. GD (Black Star Recordings/PO Box 5081/Torrance, CA 90510)

SECOND CLASS • Songs Of The Streets CD

This eight song CD from San Diego's Second Class includes six studio tracks and two songs recorded live at the UCSD radio station. Second Class plays an upbeat street style of punk similar to the likes of the Swinging Utters or U.S. Bombs. Their lyrics are simple, and fairly generic, although not political. The songs are straight-forward and moderately paced. Nothing ground breaking here, just simple punk rock. KA (Accident Prone Records/306 NW El Norte Pkwy. #305/Escondido, CA 92026)

SECTION 8 • Throw A Spanner Into The Works 7"

This is raging positive hardcore from Sweden. No mosh, no metal, and no tough guy posturing. Section 8 play 1981 style hardcore and they do it well, managing to squeeze eleven tracks on this 7". What they sacrifice in fidelity is made up for by the unrelenting power of their music. The lyrics are intelligent, touching on awareness, community, and taking a stand against violence at shows. Good record. SJS (Bridge Records/Box 1903/SE-581 Linköping/Sweden)

SHADOW COMPANION • 7"

This band has two people in it; guitar, bass and a couple drum machines/modules. Both the members sing/scream. This is really artsy sometimes reminding me of Rodan or Shadows and Tall Trees but I really don't know what to compare this to. The guitarist uses effects and the they also throw in some off beat drumming or other little noises to make this a bit more interesting, but I just don't really like the way this all flows and nothing from it really hooks me in. The drum programming sounds a little stiff and could be better in a lot of places, even though there are some beats that are pretty impressive. Also, most the vocals I can do without. The packaging is really delightful and uses a material very similar to the Stratego lyric booklet to get in front of the cover making it so you can barely make out the black images on the under cover. ADI (Ikut Method/PO Box 40422/Saint Paul, MN 55104)

SHADOWS FALL • Sombre Eyes To The Sky CD

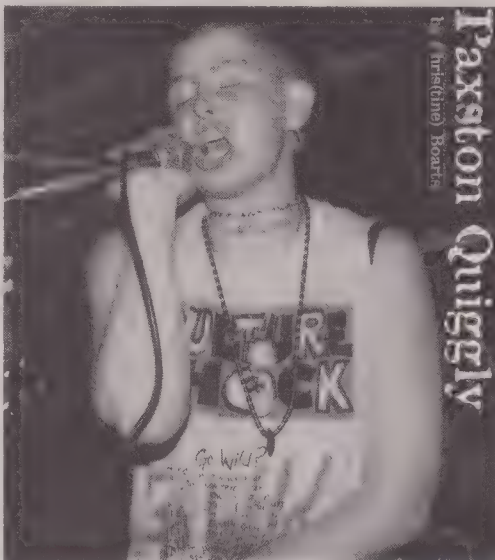
Metal. No, really, like Metallica or Megadeth. Just pure metal. They sometimes slip in a meandering guitar piece with a sweet choir between the rock, but the rock always prevails. This is the kind of band that uses growling vocals and religious imagery to convey their horror. LO (Genet)

SHANNON'S DRESS • Lurch CD

Eight tracks at 31:15 minutes. This is beautiful pop music from the middle of America that harks back to that time in the mid 1980s when amazing bands like the Volcano Suns, Ten Tall Men, Yo La Tengo, and Eleventh Dream Day were combining the brash energy of punk with well crafted tunes to create a potent new version of rock and roll. I guess such music is timeless when done well because this CD is fresh and exciting. Eight guitar driven rock outs to get you jumping and humming. SJS (10 GeV/PO Box 4137/Ithaca, NY 14852)

SOFFIO • 7"

Brutal hardcore grind from Italy. Two vocalists. There is also a some traces of old school punk in it. There are many bursts of fast parts followed by slow growing parts. It wasn't terribly interesting to listen to, but it's got some nice, heavy, long growls. I like the first side better than the second. The first starts closer to powerful grind with some Euro metal influence, while the second is more punk. Overall, they manage to keep to brutality quotient on a decent level. RG (Santa Sangre c/o Luca Mamone/Piazza P. Togliatti 9/00030 Volle Martella/Roma/Italy)



SHARKS KEEP MOVING • Desert Strings And Drifters CD

Patiently waiting for the next steam engine train to take me to the place where Sharks Keep Moving plays every day. And patience describes this CD to a T. It has encouragingly quirky rhythms and soothing bass lines from one of my favorite bassists I have ever heard. Bands like Karate share affinity with these kids from Seattle. Possibly influenced by Cap'n Jazz and their counterparts, but still has that saturated State Route 522 (hands down one of the most underrated bands of all time) feel. Dan Dean behind the kit emphasizes the off timing well, like most Chicago quirk drummers do. Bands like SKM use their humility in their music and words to illustrate some of the feelings we never come across. This is a fucking masterpiece! I'm going to say this again. This is a fucking masterpiece! Just press repeat, turn up the volume right before your speakers are about to burst, sit back, close your eyes and enjoy one of the best experiences of your life. SA (Second Nature/PO Box 11543/Kansas City, MO 64138)

SUBPOENA THE PAST • This Year's Eclipse CD

Dungeons and dragons fans, don't start your next game with out Subpoena The Past. This band will intensify your level of playing and intrigue you with their looping bass lines and echoing drum machine hysteria. 5 songs of dark instrumental and synthesized numbers that keep you in that hypnotic stupor. Blasphemously unique, STP creates an aura in quite a different world. The only thing missing from this apocalyptic album is the screams, yelps, and grumbling from the zombies that hide around the corner as you slowly creep through the level with your handy bazooka. SA (GSL/PO Box 11794/Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

SHEMP • Really Am A Dick 7"

Pretty boring, slow grunge rock with vocals that remind me of The Fixtures and Jello Biafra in some parts. These guys should've opened for Nirvana. Nothing too special here. KA (4030 E 14th/Long Beach, CA 90804)

SPIRIT 84 • Beyond The Call Of Friendship CD

Sounds a hell of a lot like Ensign. Really tight, driving hardcore. Good stuff. Were there bands this good in '84? Who knows. PCD (Good Life Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

SHELLBOUND • 7"

I got a tape from these fellows a few months back and the two songs on here were also on it. Popping this on my turntable for the first time, I was able to sing along the entire time... these have a way of sticking in my mind. Think Give Until Gone, T.I.T.R., Knapsack and Railhead. Very pleasing for those into that whole melodic rock thing. Sort of alt-rock, but shit... it kicks much ass in my opinion. I'm now anxiously awaiting a full-length, in hopes of it living up to the very high standard set by these two songs. Nice stops, progressions and indie-rock sensibilities. Nothing going on package-wise, but there's enough ear candy for me to not let that bother me too much. This is rock. 2 songs, about 8 minutes. DO (City of Romance/4400 Perkins Ave./Cleveland, OH 44103-3544; Shellbound@aol.com)

SHIFTER • 7"

Shifter are not a bad band at all. This is catchy and poppy but with a harder edge but also can slow down to emo ballad speed at times. The music's kind of a blend of Current, D.B.S. and maybe Life... But How To Live It? I like the music its obvious but still good. Now my main complaint would be the vocals, don't get me wrong I think the singer can carry a tune, his phrasing is excellent and the political lyrics are well thought out, its just the singers voice just kinda sticks out like a sore thumb. I'm starting to get a little used to it though and I think that the problem might just be in the way that they were mixed, or maybe if the singer doubled them up it would've sounded thicker. The booklet and cover are very nice with a little personal touch. Good luck and thanks. ADI (Handmade Records Collective c/o T. Benzell/Ringstr. 29/55776 Frauenberg/Germany)

SLAVE ONE • 7"

Two more tracks from the lone star state's Slave One. Heavy and harsh hardcore played well and with plenty of power. The vocals are oppressive and strained. The over all feel is depressing and morose, which fits with the general idea of the lyrics themselves. The vocals really add a certain depressing texture to the whole sound. Well done. KM (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

SLEEPING BY THE RIVERSIDE • 7"

An aggressive hardcore style is played by this band and it is played very well. Musically they're on par with the bands on Hydra Head these days. The lyrical content will most likely make it or break it for most people. Although there is significant Christian content, it is the first of these records that did not offend me. Although ultimately pro-life, there's a song against bombing clinics. There's also a love/loss song that goes, "something that holds me back, a code of morals that you lack... my soul is bound to one who died for me. what my body wants is secondary." Interesting. Although I can only relate to this in a vague and mostly opposite way, I give them credit for not coming off as preachy like many of their contemporaries. DF (PO Box 4435/Clearwater, FL 33758)

SOBERRESPONSE • Different Path 7"

With a name like that, you have to expect straightedge. Soberresponse play catchy, enthusiastic youth crew tunes. The vocal style is like Gorilla Biscuits, but the brisk music is more like Youth Of Today or 97a. While they are by no means pioneers, these guys do a good job of recreating a sound beloved by many. They have a lot of energy and are dedicated to the edge. LO (Commitment Records/Klein Muden 38/1393 RI. Nigtvecht/The Netherlands)

SPREAD THE DISEASE • We Bleed From Many Wounds CD

Metal. Straight up metal. Spread The Disease play eerie sounding hardcore influenced metal with most elements and raspy and nasty vocal work. The sound quality is clean and it is well produced. Forty minutes of ass kicking metal hardcore. Ouch. KM (Eulogy Records/PO Box 8692/Coral Springs, FL 33075)

SPY VERSUS SPY • CD

These six songs take twenty-seven minutes to tell their stories and sing their songs. Spy Versus Spy has energy and emotion. It comes through loud and clear. Emo music with plenty of singing and melody, some mellow moments and some bombastic moments. It stays clear of boredom and manages to rock without feeling tired and lonesome. Emo for the emo. KM (Subjugation/PO Box 191/Darlington/DL3 8YN/England)

STICKLER • Everybody's Punk Rock Now 7"

Boring pop punk influenced by new school bands like MXPX and Mr. T Experience. I hate to say it, but they're not even as good as those two bands. The guitar player sings on the A side, and the drummer takes over vocal duties on the B side. This record was mixed poorly, and the vocals and everything about them is just plain annoying. GOR (Hell-Bent For Lather/PO Box 89224/Sioux Falls, SD 57109)

STROKE OF GRACE • The Body, The Soul, The Spirit CD

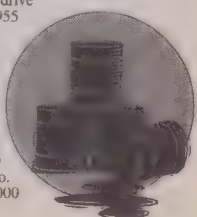
Although there is no lyric sheet for me to test my theory on, the lyrics seem to be focused on issues of faith. Many of the parts that I can make out seem to have religious overtones. I have to wonder if this is a band filled with divine spirit or a band using the weight of religion in their metaphors. The music itself has a lot of power. The melodic turns and fierce moments fill the CD with a lot of emotion. It is somewhere between intensified emo and harsh metal, like The Judas Factor. LO (Jurgen Werelds/Wirixstraat 28/3700 Tongeren/Belgium)

STANDING 8 • 7"

Shit, these Canadians can make some noise! Standing 8 play fast, chaotic, hectic songs that leave little room for pleasantness. Their lyrics are more than mindless babble, and while some songs are easily understood others are require more contemplation. "Rebellion Needs Rebels" for instance is self-explanatory, while "Baby Bear Gal Bladder" is less obvious. Noisy and crazy, but not without a good sense of drive and rhythm. KM (Eudora Recordings/16955 Oporto/Livonia, MI 48152)

SOCIAL CURE • Reflection CD

Social Cure play straight edge influenced punk rock from Malaysia. Their songs range from straightforward, chugging edge-core to more melodic, rock tunes. The harder stuff is catchier, but every song is played with the same intensity. This CD contains 9 songs. LO (Strange Culture/No. 33A, Jalan 1/19, Taman Bukit Hijau/56000 Cheras/Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia)



SUBMIT? • 7"

Hmmm... political lyrics... a plus! Really boring music... a minus. A free patch comes with it... a plus! Printed on recycled paper... a BIG plus! It's their first release and the layout is pretty good! But the slow, boring music holds this record back. The guitar just drones on and on! Lyrics about NAFTA, eating meat, personal issues and a great poem at the end about Native Americans! Two singers, one male and the other I'm not sure about, sounds female in the singing, but like a 12 year old boy when talking!! Hmmm. Hopefully this band will keep going, and the music will get better. DD (Systemsuck Records/PO Box 950/Bowling Green, OH 43402)

SUPERSLEUTH • The Hate Divides 7"

Supersleuth play hardcore that sounds a lot like In My Eyes. They try to be more '90s (they cover "Through These Eyes" by Chain of Strength) hardcore rather than '80s—complete with the breakdowns and back ups. The really cool thing about this record is that it doesn't look like a hardcore record at all. The cover opens up like a book and the lyrics are on each page. Lyrics are quite different, as they don't have any songs about how their friend stabbed them in the back or lost the edge, but they have lyrics that deal with racism—not in the scene but in life. Pretty decent... a little generic, but all the kids that like that stuff will like this. NS (Underestimated Records/PO Box 13274/Chicago, IL 60613)

TARENTEL • CD

All I can say is I want more. 2 songs (and a hidden track which I think is a remix) clocking in at 28:40 just isn't enough for me. This falls right in between Cerberus Shoal and Antartica. Lots of effects and ambient noise combined with mellow repetition is very addicting. I start going though withdrawals if I haven't listened to this once a day. No vocals and the booklet is sparse pushing nothingness. I feel so relaxed as I fall into a trace, I salute the new slow-core war lords. ADI (Temporary Residence Limited/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

THROWAWAY GENERATION • CD

Anthem punk played by four guys that are trying to look cute but tough at the same time, which also kinda describes the music as well. This reminds me of those Social Distortion or Face To Face songs that I had to listen to on the crappy radio station at work but this is much more raw, unpolished and chaotic. One of the singers sounds like the cookie monster and is really hard to take seriously. If you somehow can't find enough poppy punk records in this world to suit you then you might want to check this out. I think the singer/front man likes himself. ADI (USR Records/354 W 100 N/Logan, UT 84321)

THROWDOWN • Beyond Repair CD

Throwdown hails from the violent and harshly unpredictable streets of Newport Beach, CA, where friendship, honor, commitment, and unity can mean the difference between scene points and death. It's really difficult to take any band seriously with a name like "Throwdown," not to mention songs on this record like "get sick (motherfuckers)," but what the hell, I'll try. This is basically Adamantium but less technical, and for this type of cheesy metal, not as good. I confess I did find myself giving into the irresistible moshcore of this record at some points, singing along... "until the day you die straight edge..." PCD (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

TIMEBOMB • The Full Wrath Of The Slave CD

Timebomb play mosh metal with a heavy bass line and pounding vocals. The pure intensity of their songs is due to the undercurrent of black metal style speed parts on the guitar and the drummer using a double bass pedal. Fans of metal and straightedge should check out this CD. The lyrics are intelligent attacks on religion, repression, and work—as well as anthems supporting animal/human liberation, ecology, cooperation, and friendship. LO (CrimethInc. Records/2695 Rangelwood Dr./Atlanta, GA 30345)

THE ULTIMATE WARRIORS • Nazo Wrestle-Violence 7"

Play-as-fast-as-you-can-and-write-silly-ass-lyrics style hardcore. The Ultimate Warriors claim in their first song that "there is more to wrestling than just bodyslams" and with other titles like "Don't Yell Names of Any Stupid Ass Metal Bands In Between Our Songs," "Dischord Test Pressing in the Hand of Jamie Holmes," "The Guy at 7-11 Looks Like a Leprechaun" and "Wine, Women and Wrestle-Violence" this one is a winner. 19 songs in all, I'm not likely to be listening to it a whole lot, but I know that they'll find they're target audience, because they can actually PLAY this stuff well and it is pretty fun reading the lyric sheet. The total package is quite nice looking, too. Marble vinyl, quality paper and plenty of old-school wrestling photos. Hectic with a sense of humor. I think that this one will do just fine for them... sort of like Good Clean Fun is to straight-edge hardcore. 19 songs, 10 minutes or something... DO (Double Decker/803 St. John St./Allentown, PA 18103)

UNDYING • This Day All Gods Die CD

Six tracks clocking in at a little over twenty-one minutes. Hardcore influenced mosh metal with raspy vocals that utilize religious and apocalyptic imagery... songs about this tortured existence and the downfall of humanity. Slow and powerful. I actually liked Undying well enough. They may not be the most original band on the planet, but their vow against religion is a good one, and their dark music underscores their messages very well. KM (Fifth Column Conspiracy/PO Box 10461/Greensboro, NC 27404-0461)

UNSURE • Sunshine Lake CD

Unsure play pop punk. This CD has six upbeat tunes. I can't say that the lyrics about relationships are all that engaging, but it stays true to the pop punk genre. LO (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

UPHOLLOW • Soundtrack To An Imaginary Life CD

A new style of punk rock has emerged giving life to what is known as the punk rock opera. Uphollow, who play a live set with much enthusiasm and energy, play at the most 2 songs in one live set that consist of possibly 15 different songs combined to create a classically orchestrated piece. Musically, this album gives off a strong and beautiful representation of eclectic jazz influenced Fender sounding punk rock that bellows for an encore. Vocals are shared with two funny and "whit"ty characters (don't mind the pun) that express strange and personal instances of every day life and its quirks. There are 18 songs of finger snappin', toe tappin', and smile jerkin' on this CD as with an artistic layout much like Braid's last album. If Uphollow comes in your town don't miss one of the coolest katz out of Denver, Colorado. Positive kids writing positive music! Keep it up! SA (BMR/2075 S University Blvd. #264/Denver, CO 80210)

THE UPSETS • Tommy Gun Heat 7"

This record contains three tracks of loud and fast punk rock. The Upsets have a big dual guitar sound that shreds rather magnificently. Punk 7"ers like this are a dime a dozen. The Upsets stand out because the rock hard. Each song explodes out of the grooves and sustains that energy with a few tasty guitar breaks and perfectly matched vocals: located somewhere between Fear and Flipper. The lyrics are a bit of a letdown though, relying heavily on the well worn "don't need you... black and blue" and "grenade in my head" style. SJS (TKO/4104 24th St./San Francisco, CA 94114)

UNITED SUPER VILLAINS • Escapist 7"

When I first put this on I thought it was on 45 rpm, but no, it was on 33. Fast fast fast punk rock with lyrics about fucking cops, fucking frat boys, and a friend who maintained their spirit despite a fucked up relationship. I can't read any of the other lyrics and I sure as hell can't understand what they're saying on the record except for an occasional fuck. JP (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

URBAN LEGENDS • 7"

Hutch Harris seems to be the man of the solo projects. From Haelah, now is Urban Legends. This band has strong retrospective influence from '70s synthesized led bands. Psychedelic and transforming. Hutch relieves more of his yesteryear on this record than he does on his other releases. As a Tree release, this definitely speaks for itself and keeps its individualism far above other outfits that I have heard from this upcoming label. Urban Legends is a great band live as it is on this 7". If I may market a bit, buy this but make sure you buy the latest CD. SA (Tree/PO Box 578582/Chicago, IL 60657)

URBAN LEGENDS • CD

Wow, I didn't know anything could be so boring. I bet you would hear this on your local radio station that plays all that lame rock stuff that is so-called alternative. This just never takes off, it just kind of sits there waiting to be thrown away. NS (PO Box 12495/Portland, OR 97212)

URBAN LEGENDS • Her Space Holiday 7"

Hutch Harris on a dark and solemn note reminiscent to some earlier more melancholy Cure. The music creates an ambience of depression and dreary, foggy nights. Slow and careful, Hutch plays his chords so sweet and so beautiful. Ends on a misty note just the way he wanted (I'm sure). Marc Bianchi, formerly of Indian Summer fame, plays a song that swallows the bitterest pill. Very, very patient and solemn. Some might catch themselves drifting in a somber while others will be brought to their last day dream where Pedro The Lion was playing with Elliott Smith. It is 3:18am right now and this split makes for a great 3:18am soother. SA (Train Bridge/PO Box 12595/Berkeley, CA 94712)

VARSITY • Team Effort 7"

Finally some band used that Goonies sample—"Don't say that... Goonies never say die!" I have been waiting for that to be used. Anyway, beside the horrible name they chose, they sound like a really bad version of Chain Of Strength—lyrically, vocally, and musically. Post-youth crew with the same lyrics regurgitated back since 1988. This only creates a problem when bands just choose the catchier posi-core phrase so kids will sing along blindly. Varsity sounds so much like every other band it is hard for me to take them seriously. Although I am a strong supporter of positive youth as Varsity seems to be, I can't get into their sing-a-longs, let alone their COS rip-off sound. SA (Nonsense Records/PO Box 381143/Clinton Twp., MI 48038-0077)



VICTIMS OF A LOST SOCIETY • Screaming Alone CD

The best thing about this album was the corny drawing on the cover of a green-faced devil surrounded by a fork and a knife, about to eat a bullet that had just circled his head. As far as the content: Youth-crew meets Pennywise meets Slayer. Unfortunately, this band is as bad as Pennywise is at their worst. Ugh... GD (Daybreak Records/Liersesteenweg 167/2220 Heist od Berg)

VITAMIN X • A Natural High 7"

This is the best straight-edge record I've heard since the Former Members split 12". Vitamin X is indeed overtly X, but not in a fashion oriented way. They have many opinions and ideas for a better world and proceed to pontificate with these seven songs. Power chords, gang vocals, and hand clapping make this a highly energetic and fun listen. I would really enjoy more bands like this. DF (Commitment Records/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL, Nigtevecht/The Netherlands)

WHEELJACK • LP

Definitely not background music here. Stylings similar to Milemarker, Thumbnail, Craving, etc. At times, really melodic and weird. Toe-tapping enjoyment. The interesting song titles ("kulture kampf," "eunuch intelligentsia," "we bailed at dawn") make me wish there were markings for sides a and b, and maybe some liner notes and lyrics to follow along. Oh well, guess that's DIY for ya. PCD (Stickfigure Records/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

WE REGAZZI • CD

My fondness for My Pal God Records led to a discrepancy between how much I wanted to like this, and how much I actually liked it. This is definitely an intelligent and well executed record. Even with all the keyboards out there these days, they've carved out their own sound, and the lyrics are particularly good. But I just couldn't get into the vocals. They sound like a cross between Bud Fair and Bob Dylan, and those are fine models, but it just didn't come across as ultimately genuine to me. DF (My Pal God Records/PO Box 13335/Chicago, IL 60613)

THE WEDNESDAYS • Live in an Alabama Prison 7"

Hmmm... interesting. This was recorded using a '70s tape recorder hidden in the back of a guitar amp... and I'm not jokin', it says that on the sleeve. Since it's illegal to record anything in prisons, don't tell your local law enforcement agents about this one. The record comes with some info on Alabama prisons like % of people incarcerated by race and sex and all. But the music is weird, no politics, no lyrics, it sounds like fast country and has song names like "Heartbreak a Go-Go." The have a song about seeing the light by Hank Williams, and talk about being close to the lord an all. But I'm sure someone out there must like this stuff... right? DD (Arkam Records/223 Ford Court Apt. #3/Auburn, AL 36830)

WINO • CD

Eleven songs at 36:12 minutes. Wino is a competent, somewhat noisy rock band from Louisville. They use some synthesizer sounds and a trumpet to good effect on a couple tunes while creating low key droning tunes. The faster and louder songs are less interesting with screaming distorted vocals and a layer of sludge sound. Good bass playing throughout though. SJS (The Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

THE WORKIN' STIFFS • Liquid Courage CD

Straight from the Bay comes this ten-song CD from San Francisco's Workin' Stiffs. It's funny I should review this the same issue as The Randumbs, because they're all drinking buddies. The Workin' Stiffs crank out ten songs of blue collar, piss drunk ballads. The recording is good, the booklet is well done, and the music is upbeat and positive. If you're into some simple, catchy street punk with a hankering for some drinkin', then this was made for you. KA (T.K.O. Records/4104 24th St. #103/San Francisco, CA 94114)

THE WORLD IS MY FUSE • 7"

This 7" is so fucking rad. Think new Jimmy Eat World with bassy whispered vocals like Seam-meets-Far with the potential to be the next big alternative rock sensation or stay smaller and gain a big following among those of us who like creepy, beautiful rock. This is sweet. Big rock, but with a cool mixture of rawness and polish and slight experimentation. I can't really describe it as well as I'd like, but I think that the previous comparison, along with some heavy old Smashing Pumpkins (circa "Gish" and maybe "Siamese Dream") shit will lead you in the right direction. If it sounds at all interesting, please take a chance on it, because I think it's fucking excellent. 2 songs, 8 minutes. DO (Espo/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

WORMWOOD • 7"

Well-fitting name for this band because I picture myself adventuring in some fantasy land called Wormwood when I am listening to this. Trudging off to battle with my small band of rogues and fighters. No guitars, just dual bass, drums and keyboard (the band that is, not my party). The keyboards set an environmental tone of tragedy while the music slowly and emotionally moves along at a slow, steady pace. RG (\$3 to Arm Records/PO Box 19577/Lawrence, KS 66044)

X-MEN • We Won't Take Part 7"

Would it be redundant to mention that X-Men is a straightedge band? Just kidding, of course would be. There is an amazing similarity to Insted's "Feel Their Pain" in the first song, so I couldn't shake that comparison as I listened to the rest of the record. All but one of their songs deal with personal struggle and commitment. The other songs brings up animal liberation and vegetarianism in a few obscure lines. Not bad. LO (Commitment Records)

YAPHE KOTTO • The Killer Was In The Government... 12"

Melodic, but retaining a hard edge. Their songs vary from a hard driving sound to a mellow melodic-ness; neither is done to excess and the transitions aren't awkward. The vocals tend to follow this as well, with three singers running the range from melodic singing to raspy yelling—the only problem being that at some points the melodic singer's voice is mixed too quietly compared to the music and other singers. My only other complaint is that this record fails to completely capture the live experience, though this is the case with most bands and this record doesn't completely fail to capture the intensity of YK's live show, but if you've seen them you will probably agree that this isn't a complete substitute. At this point I'd say this is one of my favorite records to come out this year. BH (Ebullition/PO Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

(YOUNG) PIONEERS • Free The (Young) Pioneers Now! CD

Previously, the innovative (Young) Pioneers have fused soul and blues into their punk rock anthems. This CD continues along their eclectic path, adding some folk and country along the way. I had to get used to its oddities, but now I really like this record. The lyrics are all about personal struggle and seem simple, but they are laced with socialist and revolutionary ideas that bring the imagery home. Cool. LO (Lookout)

KINDREAD/TABARAKA • split CD

Kindread are in the Rorschach metal/hardcore screamed vocals vein, though their songs tend to drag here and there. Tabaraka are similar, but moshier. Neither band is all that exciting, though they aren't all that bad either. BH (Strange Culture Records/Sdn Bhd/PO Box 13391/50808 Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia)

DEAD THIRTEEN/DOWN FOUNDATION • split 7"

Down Foundation play youth crew influenced hardcore complete with chorus and catch. Dead Thirteen are more grind orientated with low tortured and screaming vocals. Both bands have good sound quality. KM (\$3 to Slave Union/58 Grace St./Waterford, NY 12188)

GRINDING PROCESS/IMPOSTERS • split 7" with LUKE SKAWALKER • cassette

The 7" and the cassette come in the same plastic sleeve. The Imposters contribute six tracks of speedy ska punk. They talk about working to end violence and avoiding media manipulation. The music is not spectacular but they sound like they are having a blast playing together. Grinding Process play screaming, mushy grindcore. Their lyrics also address violence in our society. The music is so poorly recorded that it is difficult to listen to and the rapped vocals do not fit at all. Luke Skawalker play as fast as possible thrash hardcore with faithfully shrill vocals. The music is a blur that slows occasionally. This cassette is a retrospective of music from their two plus years as a band. There are 21 tracks and I would not recommend listening to the whole thing in one sitting. SJS (Luke Skawalker/2501 Indian Ridge Dr./Glenview, IL 60025)

AKARSO/FARAQUET • split CD

Eight songs from two bands. Both play harmonic, groovy, and graceful songs that stay on the light side of things. Faraquet are from DC, so their smooth sound is no surprise. One could easily compare them with other current Dischord bands. Akorso are more upbeat and rougher around the edges. I think these two bands complement each other well. Faraquet sets the groove and Akorso pick things up at the end. LO (404 Records/PO Box 827/Normal, IL 61761)

**THROWAWAY GENERATION/
THE ZILLIONAIRES • split 7"**

The Z's play moderately paced, but basically pretty slow, rock and roll. Sounds like the kind of music that would be singing about girls and such, and that is what they are doing. TG don't sound too much different; maybe the voice is a little scratchier. They didn't print their lyrics, so I don't really know what they are singing about. Sort of bored me. RG (Unity Squad Records)

BILLY LIAR/HOMER • A 1,000,000 \$ Homer CD

Hey everybody! Here comes, Dylan, playing his favorite role... the UGLY AMERICAN! Yes... here I am again. My asshole nature has once again reared its ugly head after hearing the first track of Billy Liar's three songs on this disc. Musically, they play decent pop-punk stuff, but goddamn do the vocals make me wince. The singer tries hard to use his English (for the benefit of pathetic people like me who don't know Swedish or the native language of whatever country they're from), but it comes off sounding painful. The lyrics lack any quality, even for pop-punk. The choruses sound pleasing to the ear, but I can't even think about the lyrics or it ruins it for me. Homer, on the other hand, takes the good qualities of Billy Liar (and some of the bad, like the little ska parts) adds some vocal work that is heavy in Serpico, Europe and Bon Jovi influence. Some crappy Sublime shit in there, too, but I'd rather listen to these guys' three songs than another Sublime song. Part glam, part metal, part pop-punk and part old "emo." Good and bad. Not enough of the good, unfortunately. 6 songs, 15 minutes. DO (Funtime Records/no other information except a phone number: +32(0)16-62.18.00. Weird phone number.)

EVERSOR/LOVEMEN • split 7"

A nice melodic record. Lovemen play toe-tapping, euphonic emo that verges on indie rock. They keep it simple and do it well. Evorsor play faster, but the harmony is still there. Their two songs are definitely indie rock, but European indie rock seems more based on the stuff from the '80s. Listening to this record is a pleasant experience. LO (Snuffy Smile/4-24-4-302 Daiwau/Setagaya-Ku/Tokyo 155-0032/Japan)

**SCROTUM GRINDER/COMBAT WOUNDED
VETERAN • split 7"**

Awesome packaging on this one with a really nice die-cut design. A lot of people may find this to be a confusing record, though, because there is no distinction between which songs are Combat Wounded Veteran's and which belong to Scrotum Grinder. As far as I can tell they alternate songs on the record, so there isn't one side for one band and one for the other. It doesn't really matter, though, because honestly both bands kick ass on this 7" and it isn't like I would only want to listen to one side. Both bands play super aggressive and harsh hardcore stuff with the big distinction being in the vocal style. Brutal and ugly. KM (\$3 to Burrito Records/PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

**LEGEND OF THE OVERFIEND/THE
LADDERBACK • split 7"**

Legend Of The Overfiend play fast, low pitched hardcore that is a lot like Inept. Their two songs are mostly rough with a few melodic moments of male and female vocals in between. The Ladderback have a full sound in both their songs. Their emo parts are well done and often remind me of Ordination Of Aaron or Fields Lay Follow. LO (BiFocal/PO Box 296/Greenville, NC 27835)

GODSTOMPER/NO COMPLY • split 7"

Godstomper is a two piece playing, no, more like improvising songs they seemed to make up the day before the recording. Now, the thing is I love 2 piece outfits, especially after I heard Ruins from Japan, who soon became one of my favorite bands, but Godstomper makes sore ears for the kids that can handle this type of insanity. It just doesn't cut it for me. I'd rather hear Bastard Noise mixed with some Agathocles than this. No Comply play a mix of brutality from fast upper hand beats to slower sludgy shit that makes their 45 second songs sound thick. 3 covers—2 by the notorious Stikky and the other a K-Shipley cover which I am not familiar with. This side plays like a 5". Not much brutality to bust my brain. SA (False Sense/PO Box 49641/Greensboro, NC 27419)

WELLINGTON/NOOTHGRUSH • split 7"

Oppressive and heavy. Both of these bands build a sound of destruction and take their time destroying the serenity of silence; seek and destroy. Ugly and uncompromising. After a few listens you will be left with bleeding ear-drums and a stiff neck from head banging. KM (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

UPSET/RUBBISH HEAP • split 7"

Wow, life for these folks must really suck. They put tortured zombies chased by falling bombs on the cover and hanging corpses inside. Upset sing about rejected unconditional love, their scarred and wounded souls, and the "abyss of despair" into which they must continuously stare. Rubbish Heap lightens things up a bit while singing about humanity's conditioned desperation while navigating the maze dictating our every movement. They determine to carry on by searching for strength "in the darkest corners of my soul." Good grief. The music is generic thrash with tortured screams or asphyxiated growls from the singers. SJS (Conspiracy Records/PO Box 269/2000 Antwerpen 1/Belgium)

AMALGAMATION/JEROMES DREAM • split 7"

Both bands play very chaotic forms of hardcore. Jeromes Dream are pretty out there in terms of emotion, I could totally see these guys falling on the ground, throwing tantrums and crying while they are playing. Kind of reminds me of the old San Diego emo style, with the high pitched feed back and shit. Amalgamation uses a trumpet (I think that's what it is) sometimes and their songs are more tangible and a little poppier while still keeping the total screaming vocals. The writing on the insert makes me embarrassed for these guys, I hope you guys are feeling better about life. ADI (PO Box 3489/Silver Spring, MD 20918)

J CHURCH/RESTOS FOSSILES • split 7"

I am not sure if these are new J Church songs or some older ones. I don't think they are still together, but hell, I could be wrong. In any event their songs are very much in the J Church style of gritty pop punk with great soulful singing. Restos Fossiles are a great match for J Church. Their music is pop punk with just a bit of edge, and the vocals, which are in Spanish, are well done and pleasant to listen to. KM (Sniffing Recording Industries/CC 3288 (1000)/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

MYNDBENT/SAPHEAD • split 7"

Myndbent seems to play pretty basic fast punk, except for the two singers—one with a lower voice and the other with a higher screaming one. It's got some originality though, with brutal slower parts and songs that aren't real fast. My optimistic side overpowers its opposition and I would have to say that I dig this. Saphead's music is very fast, with wanging guitar and set back vocals. I don't know if "wanging" is a descriptive enough word, so let's just say that the guitars have that solo sound to it. A good listen. RG (Green Card Records/2930 N Mitch/Tucson, AZ 85719) or (No Theme Records/2509 N Campbell Ave #75/Tucson, AZ 85719)

LOST GOAT/GRINCH • split LP

Grinch was a punk band from the Bay Area in the early to mid-'90s. They played rock music for the drunk, downtrodden, and deserted. Their songs are about gambling, women, alcohol, and other dismal adventures. Apparently, they feature former members of Crimphrine and Christ On Parade. My god, neither of those bands come to mind here. Lost Goat has some of the same rock tendencies, but their sound has more glam rock and metal influences along with it. The wicked lyrics sung by an eerie, but tough, female vocalist fit with the sound well. The two bands complement each other, so if you like one you'll probably like the other. LO (Probe Records/PO Box 5068/Pleasanton, CA 94566)

POTATO JUSTICE/SYSTEM DISARMED • split 7"

PJ play below average fast bc/punk. Points, though, for having lyrics and an explanation about each song. SD have got pretty much the same sound. No lyrics or explanations here and a sample at the beginning of their side using the N word which didn't exactly fly with me. JP (Bobyheadtadis Records/1615 Leroy/Bonne/El Paso, TX 79936)

SEAN NA NA/LUCKY JEREMY • split 7"

So, if I was sixteen and in love, this would be the split for me. Sean Na Na do a simplistic yet endearing number. A great voice accompanied by drum-laden melody. Lucky Jeremy do a not so interesting acoustic song that did not keep my attention too well. I was turned off to it when I heard the lyrics "nice guys finish last"—contrived. This split could have been much better if the songs were equal in quality. MG (Heart Of A Champion/PO Box 3861/Minneapolis, MN 55403)

Not For The Lack Of Trying

by Miki Vuckovich

**CRIPPLE BASTARDS/P.E.L.M.E. • split 7"**

P.E.L.M.E. play noise and power violence, though the noise is all I seem to remember. Definitely not my thing. I have listened to a lot of noise stuff, but it I don't find much of it to be interesting. Cripple Bastards are equally as extreme, but their sound is pure grind and fucked up distortion. Brutal and ugly as a dead monkey with its face torn off. You want power violence and noise? Well, here it is served up raw and uncut. KM (Havin' A Spazz Records/Via M. di Cefalonia 47/20097 S. Donato Mil. se (mi/Italy)

OSKER/BLINDSIDED • split 7"

Osker play basic Epitaph style pop punk in a most unoriginal fashion. They sing about folks who haven't treated them well and the vocals are too loud. Blindsided play the same music on one song and then commit the worst 7" crime by covering a '70s soft rock tune. Don't waste your time. SJS (Bankshot! Records/Postal Box 1270/Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

BRAID/BURNING AIRLINES • Polyvinyl split CD single

The fourth installment of the Polyvinyl CD single series is simply two cover songs done by indie-rock legends Braid and seasoned newcomers (as paradoxical as that might sound), Burning Airlines. Braid plays a slowed-down, yet more triumphant version of the '80s anthem "Always Something There To Remind Me," written by Burt Bacharach and originally done by Naked Eyes. It's slow and swiny with moody Bob Nanna vocals and ends beautifully with a crescendo of stops and starts and multi-layered vocals. Burning Airlines (boasting J. Robbins of Jawbox/recording expert) gives us their take on Echo & The Bunnymen's "Back of Love." From this version, I honestly can't say that I remember the original, but I will say that I would have been a much bigger fan of the Bunnymen if it had sounded like this... fast-paced, poppy and quirky with low-end vocals giving into the higher-pitched trademark Robbins sound. Hot damn. Good stuff for fans of '80s pop and '90s indie-rock. Only complaint: 2 songs, 7 minutes. DO (Polyvinyl/PO Box 1885/Danville, IL 61834-1885; mailorder@polyvinylrecords.com)

FLORES DEL SOL/WHISPER • split CD

Flores Del Sol plays melodic emotive rockin' punk with very strong female vocals. Their four songs are well done, and the singing really carries the band. Whisper are similar, but their vocalist's voice is a bit rougher and their music can also be a bit rougher though still melodic and emotive. Pleasant stuff. Both bands are from Argentina and I believe they are singing in Spanish. The booklet has English translations. KM (Sniffing Recording Industries/CC 3288 (1000)/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

DEAD STATE/BANISHED • split 7"

This is a very tight piece of vinyl if I do say so myself. Both bands deliver a crusty grindcore attack with guy/girl vocals. I thought that musically Dead State was better. They had more of the grindy thing down with brilliant guitars and awesome drums that fit together nicely. Now I'm going to make this comparison that no one will get but they sound like this band that's broken up now called Army of the Parasites. The Music has more of a metal feel and the vocals are growled and political. Banished play a bit slower and I personally think they would sound more brutal if they put some speed into it. These bands are very original unique. The record cover is brutal to! I really like the artwork of the giant machine ripping up the ground with gaping jaws ready to devour. It paints a picture very much like the music brutal and serious. You should check it out! CF (Banished/47161 910th St/Elk Mound, WI 54739)

VITA-VERBUM-LUX/SLUDGE • split 7"

I don't know what the hell is going on with this seven inch. When I first put this on, all I got was an awful screeching noise and some indecipherable distortion. I thought the needle on my record player was broken. It turns out the record player was fine, and either something went horribly wrong with the pressing of this record, or the awful mud-like crap that was coming out of my speakers was meant to be there. Either way, don't pick this one up unless you know what you're getting into. Enough said. KA (Spasmoparapsychotic Records/1720 Talleyrand/Brossard, QC/J4W 2J2/Canada)

KALI YUGA/ONE DIMENSIONAL MAN • split 7"

Kali Yuga plays unpleasant aggressive rock with a penchant for the very dark side of human existence. One Dimensional Man plays similarly ugly music with messy rhythms and detuned guitar. SJS (Rumble Fish Corp/Antonelle Labate/Via Giusti, 93/2015 Fasano/Italy)

TEMPO ZERO/ALCATRAZ • split 7"

The record doesn't have anything written on it, so I don't know which band is which. This record is also in French, so it makes it even harder. One side is a little more old-school emo influenced, and has clean shouted vocals. The other side is pure spastic brutality with badass vocals. GOR (Obale Records/Residence la Vallée/9 rue des Iris/86180 Buxerolles/France)

PROXIMITY FUSE/EAST LIBERTY • split 7"

Proximity Fuse plays abrasive mid-tempo hardcore that needs a lot of work and time. They incorporate both quiet lucid parts with high energy chaotic yelling segments into one long and drawn out song. East Liberty maintains the emo sound throughout their two songs. But they don't bring their music to life. It is nothing exciting. Plain and uninteresting marks this split 7". SA (Liberty Fuse Records/2408 N Dickerson St/Arlington, VA 22207)

BLOODSTING/FURNACE • split 7"

One band plays mosh-metal, at times pulling a bit more to the metal side. The other band plays a bit faster with more of a hardcore tilt to their sound reminiscent of His Hero is Gone. I don't know which band is which since they didn't bother to label the sides of the record. BH (Dead Soul Records c/o Marcel Stroter/Bahnstrasse 40/41747 Vierson/Germany)

EULOGY/E. TINER • CD

Ok, this CD sucks, I mean it fucking SUCKS big time! Ahhhh, this the worst CD I've ever heard!!!! I picked this up because the CDR this was on had been painted on which I thought was a fun idea. I can't and don't want to tell the difference between the two "bands"/people; they're both recorded in the worst way and are really noisy in the worst way. Lots of lyrics contained in the sleeve seem artsy. 25 songs, 72:11. I hate this band!!!! Time to feed this CD to my rabbit. ADI (224 N Camac St/Philadelphia, PA 19107)

5 DAYS OFF/NOT THAT STRAIGHT • split CD

5 Days Off play really boring pop-punk similar to those Fat Wreck Chords bands. Not That Straight play really boring pop-punk similar to those Fat Wreck Chords bands. GD (Funtime Records)

AGAINE/EAU BOULI ET POISON • split CD

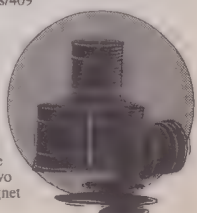
Againe sounded really familiar, but I couldn't really place the similarity. But once Lisa mentioned Hellbender then it was extremely obvious. Catchy melodic pop punk that is very akin to Hellbender. Well done. I didn't like Eau Bouili Et Poison very much. Their sound just isn't very catchy and most of the time I found their songs to be annoying. It wouldn't surprise me if they wrote these songs in the studio since they seem disjointed and made up on the fly. Oddly enough, their are printed lyrics for Againe and none for Eau Bouili Et Poison. Both bands from Brazil. KM (Sniffing Recording Industries/CC 3288 (1000)/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

**THE FIVE DEADLY VENOMS/
LUSTRE KING • split 7"**

Thick Records has been around for awhile and they have definitely picked up a unique way of bringing music to the kids—always a picture disc from what I understand. The Five Deadly Venoms are an overly occupied and intensely driven band that relies on high end chords and dark minor transitions. Vocals remind me a lot like Rob Hayworth's voice from State Of The Nation as with his new band Ludlow. And oddly enough, the whole outfit gives off a strong Ludlow impression. Well done. Lustre Kings brings the jagged sounds from bands like Slint or Hoover out into their looping track. Sounds much like their peers Sweep The Leg Johnny in the same off beat, off rhythm sense. This element is hard to master unless you are the master at this style. Lustre Kings pull this off with ease. However, only intelligible and mature ears can share affinity with this side of the record. SA (Thick Records/409 W Wolcott Ave./Chicago, IL 60622)

**SONG OF ZARATHUSTRA/
JOHNNY ANGEL • split 7"**

This is a compatible split 7". Both bands play scathing hardcore, and each uses a style of lyrics that leaves a lot of room for interpretation. Zarathustra is tight and full of action. I didn't like the Johnny Angel side as much, but I think it was because the recording wasn't as good. Both bands do two songs. DF (+319 Recordings/1128 Magnet Dr./St. Louis, MO 63132)



NOOTHGRUSH/WELLINGTON • split 7"

Another slow-core release from Noothgrush? I can't believe it! Noothgrush once again rips shit up Gasp style, but just very slowly. Healthy, full, and angry screams back up a heavy, emotional guitar. I've always liked this band very much, but I can't wait until they speed it up and rock the house! At first Wellington comes disguised as some kind of twisted dark emo, and just when you are about to give up on the band, they turn it up and knock your socks off. Wellington is slow and heavy like Noothgrush both musically and vocally, but they delight you and speed the shit up. My first Wellington experience was brutal and I will add it to my personal collection. JI (Deep Six/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

MARK BRUBACK/WHOREHOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES • split 7"

This split is titled, "Burn Down Niketown," and, like Submission Hold's *Flag + Flame = Fun*, this also comes with the matches necessary for the job. Mark Bruback does spoken word with a couple added sound bites. It's very political and he's done a good job. WOR is very fast and very punk. It falls into the rare category of having a vocal-driven sound that actually works. Good record. DF (Outcast Records/2608 Second Ave. Suite 184/Seattle, WA 98121-1276)

CIGARETTEMAN/DISCOUNT • split 7"

A couple of years ago, Kent gave me a cassette of a Japanese band called Cigaretteman. I never listened to it a whole lot, but the times that I did, it made everything okay in my life. They are poppy as hell and have these really cute female vocals with some nice-sounding male backing vocals and basically causes one mood to automatically lift a few notches. This same Cigaretteman plays a couple of lovely little pop numbers on this piece of vinyl (originally released in Japan on Snuffy Smile) and they still have the same effect on me... Discount is pretty much the American equivalent of Cigaretteman. As with everything American, however, there's a little more cynicism and bitterness mixed in the batter. Not enough to make the whole thing tainted, but just enough to give it some bite. Sounds quite a bit like Pohog, also Florida natives. Any way you cut it, this is some lovely-sounding indie-pop. Good stuff for those trying to cheer up or keep themselves in check. One shot of happiness and one shot of humility. 4 songs, 10 minutes. DO (Suburban Home/1750 30th St. #365/Boulder, CO 80301)

LINSAY/ENFOLD • The First Is The First... 7"

Hail Linsay!! The best band out of Germany has put out another amazingly terrifying record. Linsay!! Hail Linsay!! Goddamn!! I could not believe that something could top their last release but their side on this split brutally left me numb after slicing me with razorblades and bringing down the sledgehammer so goddamn hard. Fuck, I cannot stop saying more about this incredible band. After their continuous and persistent amount of excellent and destructive releases I have to denounce the reign of Acme as the best German band of all time and now give the crown to Linsay. So Hail Linsay for they are the next German idols of hardcore to come!! Enfold lays their bricks damn hard as well. They play more of a straightforward and driving sound like much of what Shawn Scallen of Spectrasonic puts out. But, they do roughen the edges a bit more so as to displace that raw feeling of being gutted by a butter knife. This split 7" is so damn hot I can't even play this shit without having a cup of ice to cool my fucking mouth down. Fucking go!! Support DIY hardcore bands like Linsay and Enfold. Murderistic!! SA (Per Koro/Fehrfeld 26/28203 Bremen/Germany)

LONGWAYHOME/EGRESS • split CD

This disc strikes me in this way: Longwayhome got the good recording and is more aesthetically-pleasing, while Egress got a pretty crappy recording, has the more interesting lyrics and needs a different medium to get their message across. Longwayhome is basically another Get Up Kids-sounding group that has a beat that you can dance to, but once that's gotten old is easy to fall asleep to. I swear that the vocals are straight out of the mouth of Matt Pryor (of the Kids)... blatant. Almost sickening. Egress needs more body in their recording, especially since the Longwayhome stuff is so full and rich in comparison. More drums, different tones for everyone, cohesion on the vocal tip and they might have something going here. The songs have lots of interesting elements, but the recording is so lacking that it's difficult to look past it. Sometimes like Rainer Maria, sometimes like Snapcase. Weird. In any case, both bands need work either in the creativity realm or the recording studio. It's too bad, really. They both have some great things going for them. 12 songs, 42 minutes. DO (Equinox/PO Box 292023/Dayton, OH 45429) or (\$7 to Egress c/o Nick Province/2806 Morningside Ave./Parkersville, WV 26101)

THE MERCURY PROGRAM/VERSAILLES • split 7"

Versailles: some heavy post-Hoover (Regulator Watts) vibes going on here... as the packaging also looks an awful lot like the old Regulator Watts 7". Math-core, DC-style, but a little draggy compared to some of the originators. Not bad, but not at the top of the heap, I'm afraid. Not quite a big enough sound on their side of the vinyl. The Mercury Program stirs up some similar stuff, but makes it eerier, like June of 44, Shipping News and maybe Indian Summer. A lot of that Quarterstick Records influence to the point of it being a bit of a rip-off... I like that style, but I've heard a few albums worth done by the masters already. These folks also choose to use the Fireproof Press to make the covers, which again puts them up against all of the above groups and labels and takes away from their own shot at innovation. It looks nice and sounds pretty good, too, but it's all been done before. Nice package, complete with white vinyl... just beware of plagiarism. 2 songs, about 8 minutes. DO (Boxcar/PO Box 1141/Melbourne, FL 32902)

V/A • Metal Is A Tough Business CD

Dissect, Forty Days Rain, Fault, Anodyne, Piecemeal, Drowningman, Slow Division, The Gensch, Graven, Shadows Fall, Non Compos Mentis, Isis, Sevenday Curse, Loga, The Year Of Our Lord, Cave In, Miltown, Scissorfight, and Compost Pile all offer up a track to the gods of metal. I hesitate to call most of this metal influenced hardcore, thinking it would be more appropriate to refer to these bands as hardcore influenced metal. There is a lot to listen to and if metal is the sort of thing that you crave then this will ease your fix with a solid blow to the cranium. For others this may be a bit too much metal up your ass in one sitting. KM (Tortuga Recordings/PO Box 15608/Boston, MA 02215)

V/A • Wild News From... Lollipop V.2 CD

Pure pop-punk madness from France, featuring all sorts of bands from their releases... some of the ones that caused my toes to tap: Cooper, Greenhouse AC, Shaggy Hound, Horace Pinker, Gasoholheads, Marshes (doing the Psychedelic Furs "Into You Like A Train"), and Sugarfix. This is pretty solid sampler for being almost exclusively pop-punk and, if it weren't for some poor recordings and the fact that there are next to no name-brand bands on here, this might catch a lot of attention with fans of Fat. It's similar to those bands on that label, but is somehow more sincere since it ISN'T THAT LABEL. Anyway, some quality pop punk on here and it is relatively cheap. Pick it up if you like the style. 20 songs, 50 minutes. DO (Lollipop/35 chemin de la Nerthe/13016 Marseille/France)

V/A • Glenview Hardcore 1998 LP

I don't know what to say about this LP. One side of me wants to give it a good review simply because of the youthful energy that most of the bands seem to possess. This record reminds me of all the high school bands that have long since broken up and been forgotten, and for that it is good, but it is a document of a scene that I am not a part of, so it is not very exciting. I can't say that this is anything that anyone would want to listen to this outside of Glenview, but it is a nice document of their scene. ARB (2501 Indian Ridge Dr./Glenview IL 60025)

V/A • The Collateral Compilation CD

The proceeds from this comp are going to fund the Vegetarian Grocer, a DIY vegan grocery store and punk resource space in Pontiac, MI. Small Brown Bike, Pressgang, Little Rock Nine, Thoughts Of Ionesco, Lovesick, The Middletown Project, Quixote, Madison, This Robot Kids, Kelton DMD, Voglio Capirio, and (the very strange) M'Sagro Wen all lend a hand. It is a nice collection of hardcore bands that play everything from emo to tough stuff. Not all of the tracks are great, but there are quite a few diamonds in the rough. This CD also comes with *Analysis Paralysis #1*, the review of which you'll find in the 'zine review section, giving you all the more bang for your community-enhancing buck. LO (Utilitarian/162 N Saginaw St./Pontiac, MI 48342)

V/A • Concrete + Cornfields 2 CD

19 bands from central Illinois. It's quite an eclectic mix, pop and rock/grunge are well represented, but there's also a Ministry wannabe, a guy banging on metal stuff and someone who sounds like Atom (of Atom and his Package fame) would sound like if he lost his mind and started singing about liking your panties. Most of the bands on this are just plain boring, the rest is too confusing to form an opinion on. BH (Fanatic Records/PO Box 9021/Peoria, IL 61612)



Submission Hold

by Chris(tine) Roar

V/A • Visionville Hardcore Comp No. 1 CD

Five bands from Malaysia, mostly mosh metal with older style youth crew type hardcore thrown in as well. Not bad, but not particularly interesting either. BH (As It Is Records c/o Mohd. Azmi/PO Box 13391/50808 Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia)

V/A • 4 Corners 7"

Die My Will play hardcore influenced hardcore, with a slight mosh influence and good vocals. Ground Zero play solid hardcore with harsh sounding vocals. Sever are slow and druggy with ugly sounding vocals. Dying Game Theory play mostly hard hardcore stuff, but then they drop into a Blast like moment of eerie atmospheric evil. KM (\$3 to Slave Union/58 Grace St./Waterford, NY 12188)

V/A • Iron Columns double LP

This is a pretty amazing compilation. It comes in a gatefold LP jacket with a huge booklet stapled into the jacket. Each band gets a large page to display graphics, lyrics and other thoughts. The line up is top notch, and while not being all that diverse, anyone that likes the harder stuff will wet their pants over this one, though if you don't like the harder anarcho-punk bands then listening to all twenty-eight bands may be an incredibly oppressive task. Bands include Extinction Of Mankind, Scatha, Border Inferior, Kriegshot, Los Crudos, Defiance, Anti-Product, Ebola, Boycott, Dezerter, Cress, Black Kronstadt, Liberate, Forca Macabra, Armistice, Unseen, Sitch, Makh, Counterblast, D.D.I., Hall Keft, Obnoxious, La Afera, Fucking Mass Destruction, Terminal Disgust, Scum Of Society, Disclose, and Sharpville. I wish more people that did comps took the time to make them as interesting and well put together as *Iron Columns*. KM (Mind Control Records/1012 Brodie St./Austin, TX 78704)

V/A • A Will To Extinction 7"

Thrash, thrash, and more thrash... John Bender, Ebola, Idi Amin, Disabuse, Soul Compost, and a few others... lots of band logos in crazy writing that is near impossible to read. Political lyrics and thrash and power violence. Plenty of suffering for those that like to suffer. KM (Disopress Records/193 Patricia Ln./White Lake, MI 48386)

V/A • Jaahyvaiset Aseille 2 CD

A compilation of punk bands from Finland. Includes songs from Endstand, Manifesto Jukebox, Wasted, Sharpeville, Contrast, and a few more. The sound varies band to band from fast screaming hardcore to pop-punk similar to Blink 182. Most of the stuff wasn't bad, and could be pretty representative of the overall Finland scene, but I have no idea. OK release, but nothing really stuck. GD (\$8 to Halla/PO Box 139/00131 Helsinki/Finland)

V/A • Songs Of The Dead 7"

Orchid, Ultimate Warriors, Emotion Zero, Toms 7, Senor Lululao, and Infinity Dive all contribute a song to this horror movie tribute comp 7". Apparently all the songs are about or inspired by horror movies (not sure how that is any different than a good number of bands today, but this is an official horror movies tribute record). All the bands play harsh hardcore stuff, with some being a lot more harsh than others. The sound is good, and if you are interested in horror movies or any of these bands then this is worth picking up. A B record about B movies. KM (Ape Records/PO Box 1584/Bloomington, IN 47402)

V/A • Destroying Southern Tradition 7"

This has one ugly ass cover, but the music is pretty damn good. It might be full color, but ugly is ugly, which is appropriate for the ugly music contained within. Suppression, Damad, Equity and Deathreath all offer up a track. Can't go wrong with that combo. Suppression goes for the slow heavy, Deathreath and Damad play quick and sick, and Equity has a sort of semi-moshy approach with harsh vocals. Everything said and done, this is solidly harsh sounding hardcore. KM (At A Loss Records)

V/A • Spirit Of '92 CD

I found this to be a pretty unexciting compilation. The CD comes with almost no info about the bands or the area that they come from, and while the CD does feature a twelve minute quicktime movie that you can play on your computer it doesn't offer much for anyone that doesn't already know these bands or the scenes they come from. The movie itself was funny towards the end, but the first few minutes were pretty slow; a one time watch only. Pistis, Carlisle, Song Of Kerman, Shyster, Peterbuilt, and Dear Ephesus all play emotive or indie rock influenced stuff, while Bible Of The Self, Coriolis, and Kills Competition play harder sounding hardcore. You would think that Backhand would play NYHC style mosh, but they were way more indie rock sounding. Fortitude reminded me of Wide Awake. They were pretty good. All in all I wouldn't recommend this to anyone that doesn't already like some of these bands or at least know some of the people involved. KM (GO! Team Records/PO Box 3491/Winter Park, FL 32790-3491)

V/A • Last Chance In Portland CD

Punk rock comp from Portland. Two songs from each of the following: 800 Octane, Witch Throttlegush, Bier Gut, Fuckpriest Fantastic, Scratch & The Rapes, Big Jim, Top Sider, Quik Fix, The Leeches, Jr. Samples, Silverkings, and Bomf! Unless you are really interested in these bands, steer clear. GD (Last Chance Records/3812-b SE Division/Portland, OR 97202)

V/A • Japan In Decline CD

What a fucking rip off. This is an extremely expensive CD comp that comes with no lyrics, no insert, no info what-so-ever. There is a note on the inside of the CD that says "for full artwork by the bands... buy the LP." What a great thing to tell someone after they already bought the CD. Well if you want to have your CD reviewed then send the LP. KM (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

V/A • Back To Donut CD

A comp as eclectic as No Idea itself. Actually, this sampler isn't limited to just stuff that has been released on No Idea. There are also tracks from bands on Schematics, Very Small, Second Nature, Boxcar, and other Floridian/affiliated labels. No all of it has been released, but it will all be at some point. The comp spans a lot of genres. There is raging crazy stuff from Coalesce, Left For Dead, Reversal Of Man, Strikeforce Diablo, and Swarm. Bands such as I Hate Myself, Anklebiter, Clairmel, Fay Wray, Grade, Hot Water Music, Moonraker, Panthro U.K. United 13, Rumbleseat, Small Brown Bike, and Tomorrow fill the emo, indie, and rock gap. Finally, because it is on No Idea, there is also a hefty amount of ska from bands like Less Than Jake and The Usuals. If you don't know much about these bands but would like to I'd suggest this comp. It is cheap and packed with all kinds of music. LO (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

V/A • Reality Part #3 LP

How can you go wrong with a line-up like this? Los Crudos, Infest, MK Ultra, Charles Bronson, Dropdead, Hellnation, Locust, Black Army Jacket, Corrupted, Phobia, Benumb, Jenny Piccolo, Peter Mangalore, and a few others... If you like crazy and harsh hardcore then this will pound away at your skull time after time. My only complaint is that the insert is so damn small. Hell it makes the text in *HearnoiaCk* look HUGE at times. Great music, boring and uncreative packaging. KM (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

V/A • Hello Nippon 7"

Included are four Japanese bands: Middishade, Navel, Tami, and Moga the Five Yen. Middishade plays upbeat punk at a moderately pace. Navel is faster with a poppy sound. Tami is sort of like the first band—upbeat with an emo/indie sound, but not just rock. Moga has the fastest song of all, but they still keep that poppy, emo sound going. The bands fit well together and there is a good blend between them—different genders singing. Wow, and the address is in Texas! RG (\$3 to 5707 de Lange/Houston, TX 77092)

V/A • You're On Your Own CD

Incredibly weird. This entire comp is noise bands from all corners of the genre. There is light dance stuff, industrial chaos, and straight up noise. The bands are Bleb, Jalopez, Leo Slayer, Dixie Blonde Action, Sore Throat, Suffer/Brilleaux, Joshua Norton Cabal, Jazzfingir, Orrin De Forest, Jeastice, Infinite Loves Poke, Stipetic, Stalingrad, Hellfeller, Bullpup, and Amanita Muscaria. I know very little about noise punk, so I can't really say if this is good or not. LO (Flat Earth Records/PO Box 169/Bradford/BD1 2UJ/UK)

HOBART • demo

If there's a recipe for good emo, these guys are following it to a T. A dash of slow mellowness, a cup of driving energy, a heaping spoonful of originality and mixed all up while being liberally sprinkled with healthy amounts of catchiness. I love this. And the singer kind of reminds of that guy from Modest Mouse. But I don't say that in a bad way. This is just great, that's all. JP (2930 N Mitch/Tucson, AZ 85719)

ACHÉ • demo

Crazy core that lies somewhere between Reversal Of Man and Charles Bronson. Of course, they'll need more more practice until they get that good. Their songs are anti-technology and pro-emotion. LO (17 Windmere Dr/Andover, MA 01810)

BIRDS OVER BUILDINGS • cassette

This is a neat little packet. The white envelope has a lovely, hand-painted bird and name and it comes with a quick little "zine" with some words and some drawings and the tape itself which is professionally reproduced, complete with a beautiful blue color on the cassette shell. This is apparently a couple of folks from The Tie That Binds (Blueprint) and Cedar of Lebanon doing some stripped-down mod-poppy stuff that sounds like some cross between Elliott Smith and The Beatles. It's quite pleasant and was created in part as a wedding present to Kevin's (from The Tie That Binds) wife, Stacey. Very lovely, it's a pleasant listen and the package is a gorgeous one. 10 songs, 25 minutes or so. DO (Dosei Jidai/5707 de Lange/Houston, TX 77092)

V/A • International Association Of Sound Volume 1 And 2 double cassette Eight "bands" here: The Pervators, The Biscuitons, Outermost, Weird Vision, Last Remaining Pinnacle, The Second Coming, Ataxia, and Snjaper. To tell you the truth, I think one person does all of this. They all sound exactly the same!! Just a lot of loops of static, a music box, some static, oh, and some more static like sounds. On two 90 minute tapes. Sound good to you? Not me. JP (Amendment Records/580 Nansemond Cres./Portsmouth, VA 23707)

FUCK YOU • demo

Fuck you? You ponder what kind of music a band with a name like that would play. The music is kind of sloppy, probably because the band only played 2 shows, but that doesn't matter because if you saw them or hear this tape you know they were serious in what they said and what they wanted to get across. Lyrically they seem to tackle more personal issues (educating yourself, being positive) and conflicts close to home (they do a funny cover of anarchy in IV, and a song about fucked up landlords). NS (Dim Mak Records)

KOBRA KHAN • demo

Non-sensical lyrics and furious music. At best, this band reminds me of Asshole Parade with their out of control songs. The lyrics, which are half in English and half in German, are hard to follow and have some meager logic. LO (Robert Schulz/Lehmkuhle 007/44287 Dortmund/Germany)

LICK GOLDEN SKY • demo

Demos usually are untrustworthy, but this sounds more like a well done 7". Lick Golden Sky play or better said, orchestrate masterpieces of disaster. They take advantage of grindcore's chaos and advance a concentrated and pure hardware of screaming intelligence. Musically, add heavy doses of EyeHateGod, fast brutality from most Relapse bands, and stir slowly or make sure that this concoction is thicker than molasses. Fucking A, right! This god forsaken talent is going to bring hell to the planet along with the Gwar women that chased me down when I was trippin' on acid at age 13. SA (PO Box 234/Little York, NJ 08834)

FORTHRIGHT • 7.16 demo

Pretty decent hc. None of that bringin' it back shit, not overly brutal or metal. Touching lyrics and an OK production. Even my girlfriend likes it and she's into that whiny emo shit. Not to say this is whiny, but emo, yes, in the sense that there's real energy and emotion here. I like this. JP (7503 Faxon Ct./Louisville, KY 40258)

MIKADO • demo

A strange fusion of punk, pop, and indie. When Ink & Dagger loose some of their dark themes and go full bore into the dance stuff they'll sound just like this. LO (Postbox 299/1702 Sarpsborg/Norway)

CEASE • demo

Listening to this a number of times in succession in order to come up with something useful to say has left me with a bitter-sweet taste in my ears... Some thoughts: 1) Grade, Bob Tilton, Endeavor and Still Life meet with crappy aspects of Pantera and Metallica. 2) This puts the "cheese" in "machismo." 3) The layout is one part Second Nature and one part goth. 4) Very nice recording quality. 5) Very poor lyrical quality ("blah, blah, blah... release me... from my... PAAAAIN!!"). Overall, mixed feelings about the melodic, mush-mouth God-core from Switzerland. Four songs. DO (Philipp Zimmerman/Himmelreichstr. 2A/6010 Kriens/Switzerland; pbzimm@giub.unibe.ch)

DIED AT BIRTH • demo

I'd love to compare this to something but I haven't heard much that sucks like this does. The music is horrendous—sloppy, generic punk/hc that's only made worse by vocals. Lyrics about destroying the system but they're so cliché it hurts. JP (905 Maryknoll Cir./Glen Ellyn, IL 60137)

BRAINSTAPLE • Columbia County Puncrock demo

So if BH was reviewing this the review would say something like "Phat Records clone band number 837" or something, which pretty much does sum this up. Other things I could say would be that the recording quality is good, the ska part in that one song sucked but these songs are fairly catchy. Oh ya, the last song is called "Hoebag"; very un-PC in a brainless meathead way. ADI (46 Wilderness Ln/Vestal, NY 12184)

SILTHOUSE • demo

Female shouted vocals with some growly backup vocals. The music is hardcore style with a lot of weird harmonies. The recording is absolutely horrible, but hell, it's a demo. The vocals are mixed way too high, and the drums sound like toys. Interesting lyrics, and they're included on the back of the cover. GOR (1101 Taft Ave./Endicott, NY 13760)

THE SIXTY-FIVE FILM SHOW • demo

After I got over how stupid their name was I realized that these guys sound like the Get Up Kids and all those types of bands. They do a good job of writing some sweet songs that you can groove to. The recording is good and the booklet has lyrics. Generic but good maybe they'll get signed or something and I'll sell this demo for an inflated price, so good luck. ADI (4558 Marlwood Way/Virginia Beach, VA 23462)

SLOWFORE • demo

This MA trio plays that loud/soft/loud/soft emo along the lines of SDRE and Mineral. Surprisingly good and original considering this style has been beaten to death. My only complaint is when they do the quiet, sensitive parts I can barely hear the vocals. But I guess that's cool, the loud parts fucking rock and totally make up for it. Good recording, good songs, lots of potential, hope to hear more!!!! JP (74 AldieSt. #2/Allston, MA 02134)

THE MALE VERSION OF CATHERINE • demo

This tape consists of one singer, one guitarist and one drummer, all apparently recording live, because it really sounds pretty "lo-fi." I get mixed feelings listening to this... I like the effort to keep it personal, but dislike the hollow sound. The vocals are like Tim Kinsella (Cap'n Jazz, Joan of Arc) on a bad day... even more wavery and off-key than that famed tone-deaf superstar... sometimes it works, sometimes not. The lyrics are pretty typical of the whole Mid-Western region and the sloppiness of the drums and guitars leaves this lots and lots of room for improvement. Overall, it's sort of like seven songs worth of the acoustic stuff that bands sometimes throw on the end of a song or cd or something. Nothing all that noteworthy. Keep trying, though. DIY is good. Sloppy isn't quite so good. 7 songs, 22 minutes or so. DO (\$2 to Bifocal Media/Raymen Records/PO Box 296/Greenville, NC 27835-0296; bi_focal@hotmail.com)

CHILDREN OF THE FALLEN • demo

This is certainly more of a project than a band. Two people recording their music. One plays all the instruments, though the drums are done with a machine, and the other singing. A decent recording considering it was done on a 4 track. Emotive influenced hardcore with raspy vocals, and an undercurrent of melody in the music. Not bad. Lyrics about life and the ordeal of developing in an alien world. KM (Johansson/Fricksatan 1/214 26 Malmö/Sweden)

BROKEN FOG • Plato, Love, Cherry Coke demo

I think this is Italian, damn this happens every issue I get a couple items that I can't figure out where they're from because there's no Country on the address, help me out, I failed geography. Also these guys committed another pet peeve of mine which is putting NO LABEL ON THE TAPE!!!! Things get mixed up and for all I know this could be some other band. Enough moping, these guys have got an up beat, emotional sound going on here, swaying at times towards indie rock cheesiness, but I would not say this band is totally cheese-ball. The singing is whiny while not being too annoying. Lots of double vocal harmonies. ADI (Fucci Francesco/Via Ventotene 106-2B/16134 Genova/Italy)

DESTRO • demo

3 words: bringin' it back. Was he really that great 10 years ago that so many bands need to copy that style today? And if you're going to be derivative, as least do it well. I think I'd be more satisfied if they were just playing Gorilla Biscuits covers. JP (PO Box 720/Island Heights, NJ 08732)

BOUND BY NOTHING • demo 1999

Hardcore on the poppier side with sweet vocals that are sung and yelled. Reminds me of DBS. Most of the lyrics seem to be about relationships with a couple political songs thrown in. These guys are tight and the recording is good. I wish I could say more. ADI (4 Kimberly Way/Acushnet, MA 02743)



ZODIAC • demo

Boy. This is honestly a new record-holder for lyrics least likely to be deciphered. Following along with the scrap of paper with the alleged words coming out of the vocalist's mouth, one is baffled by what sort of creature is able to communicate with so little enunciation. It's as if this repetitious (and frankly, quite boring) "metallic hardcore" band asked themselves who would be best suited to sing for them and logically came up with "a howler monkey whose jaw muscles have recently been severed and whose ass hair has been set aflame and is really upset and uncomfortable about its situation." Now I'm playing the role of said monkey and, after listening to these four songs, am no longer comfortable with my situation... DO (CSRP Recordings c/o Greg Brown/PO Box 35/Glencoe, KY... oops... no zip code... now how am I supposed to get my back-up copy?!!)

V/A • Free East Timor—A Benefit Compilation cassette

Benefit comp featuring Kung Fu Rick, Ambition Mission, The Geezers, Trepan Nation, Xdemonic approachX, Chauncy, Strength In Numbers, Last In Line, and The Felons. I liked this for the most part and I'm just going to feel guilty for saying anything bad about a benefit comp, but here goes anyway. Overall an OK to bad recording, good mix of punk and hc. I just had trouble figuring out which band was doing what. And some info on the situation in East Timor would have been nice. I feel guilty already!! JP (Synapse Records and Zine Distro/628 Pheasant Ln/Deerfield, IL 60015)

THE YELLOWJACKET LAPSE • demo

Two guys from Canada layin' down the funk. The production sounds like ass and I'm kinda bummed. I wanted to boom this from my 76 Caddy and go cruising down the strip looking for some fly honeys and be like dolomite. Yeah. Bluesy funk that gets repetitious, but I dig it baby. JP (51 Dampsey Crescent/Winnipeg, MB/R2K 3L7/Canada)

CRUCIAL UNIT • demo

This is exactly what happens when 5 kids get together and 1 of them has the crazy idea to make a joke band and record it on a 4-track. What you get is terrible sounding, unthought-out songs that aren't recorded well. All you hear is the guitar and some screech that is supposed to be the singer. The only thing that saves this band is their humor. To quote "Fuck Electrons," "We love protons because they're positive." They also make fun of the S.O.D. album cover and a Dag Nasty song. NS (Crucial Unit/3509 Blvd. of the Allies/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

THROUGH ASHES • demo

Hmm, a one song demo. "Supernova" is a five minutes plus eerie metal tune. You can tell they are getting their inspiration from horror movies and demonic metal bands by the creepy guitar and howled vocals. There are even keyboards. LO (110 N Russel/Mount Prospect, IL 60056)

ANOTHER SIDE • Cause Of Pain demo

Metalcore from Malaysia. I was kind of excited to hear this since they layout is all slick and they list all these amazing metal and hc bands as influences. So I pop the tape in and I'm like, yes! Something that wasn't recorded on 4 track in someone's garage. Effects on the vocals that make them sound all evil a la Overcast at some points. But I was quickly disappointed. There's nothing original here musically. You've got to use more than the same 2 chords in every song. What's that saying, like if something sucks, no matter how good you try to make it look, it's still going to suck? It applies here. JP (Strange Culture Records/PO Box 13391/50808 Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia)

WE SAY NO! • Dust Memories demo

New skoolish punk from Brazil. I wonder if this genre is as cliché as it is here? This isn't that bad actually, the songs are simple but are catchy, have flow and energy to them, and the singer has a decent enough voice; some of his phrasing reminds me of Lifetime in a few places. We Say No also makes good use of melodic melody as well as straight up punk rock. Lyrics are hard to read because they do that thing where they print the lyrics out in really long horizontal lines making it really easy to get lost. ADI (R. Rio De Janeiro, 998/801 BHZ/MG 30160-041/Brazil)

V/A • Dixie Punks tape

Well, this is actually pretty good. Lots of Variety from Alabama! From "surf" punk to thrash to crust! Some of the stuff isn't recorded very well though, and there aren't any lyrics for the 15 bands on here... but it's still good! Haste was by far the best with a crusty dirge like sound that reminds me of Gasp a bit, but only a bit. Worth the \$3. DD (Revolution Records/PO Box 660881/Birmingham, AL 35266)

NAOKO KEEMO • demo

So I guess this is the product of two guys who would get together every so often and write and record a song. Most of the recording quality is shitty but I see potential. The music on this is diverse ranging from chaotic

hardcore to melodic emo with singing but it all seems natural. I like the 3rd song the most, with the melodic harmonious singing which actually wasn't pulled off all that well but the idea got across and with a better production it would've made a damn good song. ADI (Rayman/PO Box 296/Greenville, NC 27835-0296)

PIMP SKILLS • demo

Bad name, worse band. Screamy screamy hardcore with 2 singers. I have no clue what they're saying or what these songs are about. One guy sounds like he swallowed a razor blade and it's causing him extreme pain. The other sounds like he's got a sock or marbles in his mouth, or both. Just not my cup of tea. JP (2930 N Mitch/Tucson, AZ 85719)

KOBAYASHI • demo

Angst and aggression from Austria's own Kobayashi. This band comes equipped with tommy guns and bazookas shooting everyone down that doesn't comply with their intensity. Dual vocals reaching polarity confidently. There is a lot of potential for this band. Just give them enough time in the studio and they can pull off something like the Cole Quintet or Linsay. Be on the lookout for Kobayashi. SA (Wienerstrasse 14/3452 Heiligenbach/Austria)

WALLS OF JERICO • demo

This is the best demo I review for this issue of HaC. Chugga-chugga hardcore with some fast parts thrown in. The female vocals really set this band apart

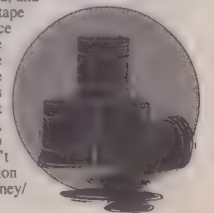
and the lyrics aren't bad either. Four songs. LO (28518 Elmwood/Garden City, MI 48135)

THE LEGENDARY SASKATCHEWAN HARDCORE TRIO • demo

Not legendary, not saskatchewan, not hardcore. 12 annoying punk ditties in about 5 minutes. Topics range from A.C. Slater to the Spice Girls to hating pop punk. It all sounds like ass to me, but points for being annoying. JP (37 Edgecumb Rd./West Milford, NJ 07480)

THEJANMICHAELVINCENTCARCRASH • demo

The packaging for this looked really good, and so I snapped this up for a listen. The tape comes in an evidence bag with an evidence tag. Very cool and an original idea. The music, however, just doesn't live up to the rest of the package. The faster and more brutal parts are good, but the slower parts just lack any focus and lose my interest quickly. Also, some lyrics would be nice, or some info about the band. Why go to the trouble of doing a demo if you aren't going to give us something to information about your band? KM (\$3 to Tom Mahoney/PO Box 2209/Ogynquit, ME 03907)



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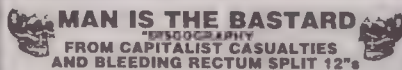


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| 10 Malmö-sweden | |
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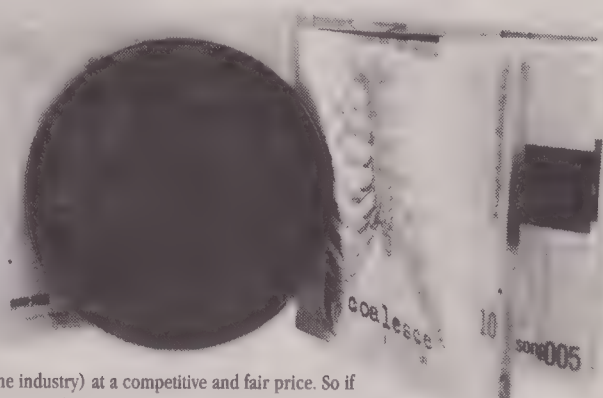


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3KC #4 5.5x8.5 free 60pgs.

This political, straightedge, and DIY 'zine comes from France. Thus, it is in French and most of my review is going to be based on the included note to HaC. Outrage, an ALF activist, and the editor of *International Straightedge Bulletin* are interviewed in this issue. There are also columns about animal liberation, the abolition of work, DIY, and some reviews. LO (Sidonie Hugues/BP 37/79001 Niot Cedex/France)

3RD ARM ELECTRICITY #13 & #14 disk/4.25x5.5 \$1/50¢ disk/40pgs.

3rd Arm Electricity tried to innovate with issue #13, but they only succeeded in annoying me. See, the editor thought it would be really cool to put the 'zine on a disk so you can look at it on your computer. The idea being that different parts of the 'zine have links to the internet where you can get more information or photos. However, instead of writing it as an html file or posting it on the internet, they decided to make it a PDF file and put it on a disk. This means you have to have Acrobat to read it and once you do you aren't in the internet program, so any link would be useless. So basically, what I got was a bunch of pictures of pages of a 'zine on computer. The layout and graphics weren't all that exciting, in fact they were just as crappy as the printed 'zine. I didn't see the advantage of this format. Content-wise, the two issues are very similar. They are both filled (it seems) with numerous rants on anything that passes in front of them. It is bad humor and boring filler. The kid who does this gives me the feeling that he tries to make the 'zine inconsequential—but how many issues can this go on for? Fourteen I guess. LO (PO Box 41393/Brecksville, OH 44141)

ABOLITION COALITION #1 8.5x11 \$2 28pgs.

Interviews galore! AC takes on ample amount of bands that splinter off into some funny stories and engaging conversations. All done on a xerox copy machine to keep up the DIY positivity. AC pulls off a snazzy punk rock 'zine. So let's see... a few bands interviewed: Up Front, Striped Bastards, Faction Zero, The Disenchanted, 30 Seconds Over Tokyo, Whorehouse Of Representatives, and others I didn't get to. The rest are columns and reviews. Like I said before, this one is geared for the kids that are interested in the interviews. Keep up the DIY positivity! SA (34 Knollwood Dr./Valatie, NY 12184)

JH-Jen Hate, SJS-Steve Snyder, ARB-Adam Brandt, LK-Leslie Kahan, 1ST-Eric First, MA-Mike Amezcua, TCD-Paul Dekaman, JLG-Jamie Gluck, NS-Noel Sullivan, GOR-Eric Gormley, RG-Ryan Gratzer, KM-Kent McLard, SA-Steve Aoki, & LO-Lisa Oglesby

ADORN #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

Adorn is a personal 'zine done by a teenagers with plenty to say. There are rants on everything from the high school's appearance code to frustration with other kids their age to Beanie Babies. You'll also find a few poems from various sources and an interview with a punker who started a record label when he was 12. This 'zine has a lot of spunk, but it could stand some fine tuning. LO (PO Box 892/Hartville, OH 44632)

ALLIANCE FAN 'ZINE #2 8.5x11 \$1 16pgs.

If this 'zine were a store it would be called "All Things Straight Edge." Thoughtful essays on what SXE is (that, of course, depends on what your interpretation of "is" is), vegetarianism, and the ills of smoking. An e-mail interview with Ian MacKaye is also included. Can you guess the main topic? Could it be... straight edge? To poetically summarize: If you want to know more about the XXX, then *Alliance Fan 'Zine* is just the 'zine for you. JLG (Chris/659 Willow Ln/Vass, NC 28394)

ANALYSIS PARALYSIS #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 24pgs.

"The world is fucked up. It's time to build a new one." This is what the 'zine focuses its first issue around. Personal writings about vegan empowerment, starting a Food Not Bombs restaurant, and other DIY positive shit as well. Wishful thinking maybe or just a beginning upon which to build some positive elements in this "fuckedness" as James puts it. Short but tasty as some vegan food sounds right now. SA (162 N Saginaw St/Pontiac, MI 48342)

ANTHEM #1 8.5x11 \$2 36pgs.

I took this 'zine for review because I wanted to read the interview with Chrissy Piper, photographer extraordinaire. What I found in this 'zine was a bunch of interviews and a bunch of columns—basically your typical MRR/HaC 'zine fare, less the reviews (which they hope to add for the next issue) and without ads. The columns are all what I would expect from issue #1 of a 'zine, which is not a bad thing to say at all because my impression is that these columnists (if they continue to write) will evolve into a good bunch of writers—it's just that in this issue some of the columnists come across a bit tentative in their writing. There are a bunch of interviews, some good, some (really) bad, but I'm not a huge band interview fan generally, so here's a list... Jets To Brazil, Bane, Elliott, Give Until Gone, Far, Derek Hess (a poster artist), and Chrissy Piper. This is well put together, and I expect that it will continue to get better with age. LK (PO Box 186/Huntington Beach, CA 92648-0816)

ANTI-EVERYTHING #2 8.5x11 \$1 24pgs.

For there amount of paper used here, there is a surprisingly small amount of content. The pieces are about the distinguishing line between hip hop and punk, offensive phrases in Italian, David Duke, and more. There is also a One Size Fits Most interview and some reviews. LO (105 E 14th St/Grand Island, NE 68801)

ANTI-EVERYTHING #3 8.5x11 free 26pgs.

I'll start by informing everyone what is in this 'zine. There are a bunch of interviews from Boy-Caught, The Gods Hate Kansas, Fed By Ravens, Creatures of Habit, and Tom from Threat of Thought distro. There are also columns, letters, and ads. The interviews aren't terribly long, but still interesting to read none the less. The columns aren't too long as well, and seeing as how I have read many crappy ones in my time and can safely say that I don't have any qualms about these. Some of them are funny, some of them make good points, and one of them talks about the author cleaning up his language, which is good. And there are reviews: 'zines, records, and movies all in one. It is safe to say this is probably better than their first issue. RG (see above address)

BODY BAGS #7 8.5x11 \$1/trade 40pgs.

A collage of quirky newspaper cut outs standardized by a random note from the author on each page. Aside from the longer pieces on wrestling, porn, and Ted Bundy, you are left to wonder what the editor is thinking. (Or not thinking, as the case may be.) Odd. LO (Maim/1275 SW 46 Ave. #2210/Pompano, FL 33069)

BRAT #8 8.5x11 \$2 56pgs.

The most compelling 'zine I've received for review this time around. There is a lot of information that many punk kids need to wise up on, especially if they want to learn more about their favorite bands. The articles are written by many different people, not just about scene politics but important and elementary truths that get disguised by the mass media and other racist and classist tools. The best example of this is in "They Lied To You About Welfare" by Nathan Tobin. "According to the US government, the majority of welfare recipients are white, live in the suburbs, have two kids, want to work, and stay on welfare an average of only two years." I bet most of you kids felt cheated when told that welfare is a scapegoat for the black and Latino communities to get their "handouts." I sure did. Information on Mumia Abu Jamal—imperative to read!! If you don't know who this living prophet is, it is another good reason to buy *Brat* and support this progressive woman. Also this issue headlines with "The Truth About Youth Violence" which is quite engaging and accurate. Over 25 other pieces that will make you angry and better equipped for the war against the conservative fucks in our country. Read on and lastly SUPPORT WOMEN'S PUBLICATIONS! SA (Liz Palmer/PO Box 4964/Louisville, KY 40204-0964)

CLASS WAR #76 news \$2 32pgs.

This political journal exposes and discusses some of the current political issues in England. The information focuses mostly on working class struggle, but spans out into other related issues as well. LO (PO Box 467/London/E8 3QX/England)

CHYP #15 5.5x8.5 free 12pgs.

This is just a few poorly photocopied pages folded up and called a 'zine. It doesn't have an address, but I think it might be from Portugal or Spain. It has a small report on a band called Unabom-Bom-Chyp and what seems to be a very, very short transcribed phone conversation with Martin from Los Crudos. MA (no address)

COLORADO 'ZINE MAFIA #1 5.5x8.5 33¢ 4pgs.

This is a short newsletter that basically lists classified ads from various 'zines out of Colorado. There are only 8 listed here, but this project is said to grow with time. LO (PO Box 271/Hygiene, CO 80533-0271)

CAUSTIC TRUTHS #66 8.5x11 \$2 16pgs.

Judging by the size, I was surprised to see that this is indeed their 66th issue of *Caustic Truths*. They still seem inexperienced in the art of interviews, since the ones with Gloria Record, Indecision, The Legendary Klopeks, SNFU, and Blanks 77 were so short and unengaging. There just isn't much content. Lots of ads, but not much content. LO (PO Box 92548/152 Carlton St/Toronto, ON/M5A 2K0/Canada)

CHRONICLES OF DISGUST #3 8.5x11 free 16pgs.

Positivity for the wimmin in the house! Big old 'zine with big old stories. I wish I could identify with this one more, but I found my girlfriend delving in this one more. Very good writings on everything from date rape to drinking. It doesn't even fall into the world of bland 'zines with the typical contents. I really liked the stream of consciousness writing. Check it out. CF (Emily Greenwalt/5842 Sunshine #1 S/St. Louis, MO 63109)

CHUMPIRE #111-#114 8.5x11 33¢ 2pgs.

Send Greg a stamp and get all kinds of info on people, bands, releases, and 'zines. He'll even throw in a few ideas for you. The commentary is good and the news is timely. The 114th issue has a lot more analysis and interpretation of life from Greg, and I enjoyed that. LO (PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

CAMP VOMIT #1 4.25x5.5 \$2/trade 32pgs.

Good title, intriguing art work, bad story lines. Basically this person had to visit and later work at some summer camp for a number of years. Those harrowing experiences are the meat of this short comic and accompanying anecdote. More disgusting than anything else, *Camp Vomit* tells the tales of dangerous camp food and environmental imbalance. LO (Fil/325 Palm St./Canton, IL 61520)

CONFESSIONS TO CORY #1 & #2

5.5x8.5 \$1/50¢ 60/21pgs.

This is a personal 'zine from a guy who does not hold much back when it comes to expressing what he feels. The 'zines are modest in appearance with cut and paste layout and stapling by hand, which belies the good stuff inside. In issue #1 the author, Chris, writes about small events that stand out in his day as a poem or essay. Each one shows his ability to observe and appreciate the subtle emotional responses to events and interactions with fellow humans that define his personality. Chris experiences angst, happiness, anger, frustration, etc., all the usual stuff of personal 'zines, but he writes about it with a simple honesty that does not whine or bemoan his troubles. Chris seems to understand that life can be a tough endeavor that must be lived and learned from. Issue #2 is one of the most creative 'zines I've seen in a while. This is written as a conversation between Chris and his emotions that keep appearing to harass him and question his motivations for making a 'zine. Chris investigates his insecurities, apathy, innocence, rationality, ignorance, and arrogance while trying to understand his reasons for needing to communicate and interact with other people. He opens a lot of psychological baggage revealing some difficult situations with which he struggles while trying to figure out what to do with his life. A complex story told with simplicity and sincerity. SJS (Chris Carroll/1725 Greenwood Rd./Roanoke, VA 24015)

CRICKETS SEEM LOUD #3 8.5x7 \$1 36pgs.

From Austria comes *Crickets Seem Loud*. These hardcore kids put together a fine piece of literature that is compiled with a unique touch. Interviews with Markus Kietreiber of *Avenue* magazine (an Austrian skateboard magazine). Kill the Man Who Questions, and entrance org—a popular hardcore e-'zine. There is also a story about depressing real life episodes like "The Businessman," that explores a particular event from a human rights observer in Guatemala. This issue is real quick to flip through but leaves me wanting more. Keep up the positivity Reiner and I hope to see more! SA (Wienerstr. 14/3452 Heiligenbach/Austria)

CRUZ NEGRA ANARQUISTA

5.5x8.5 \$2 6pgs.

This short pamphlet apparently has information on political prisoners and activists. It is written in Spanish. LO (CNA/ C. 254/(1900) La Plata/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

COOTIES #7 5.5x8.5 \$2+stamps 68pgs.

Without a doubt, this is one of the greatest 'zines I have read in a long while. It is all extremely well written, with a perfect balance between personality and politics. Plus it is PACKED with information—it is certainly not one of those 68 page 'zines that you know could be condensed into 20 pages if the font was smaller, because Kate has squeezed so much in here. There are short blurbs and observations, longer articles, and a bunch of contributions. This issue has so much, so I'll just list some of the major themes: pornography and sex work, fat lib, friendship, straightedge, rape and sexism in the punk community, recipes, book and 'zine recommendations/reviews, and so much more. It took me a long time to get through the entire 'zine, because each section got me thinking for a long time. Do yourself a favor and order this 'zine—you won't be disappointed, and I guarantee that you will learn something. Fantastic. Incidentally, part of the next issue is going to have the theme of "Bad Dates: the tragicomedies of love gone awry," so send any stories that you have to Kate at cooties@punkrock.net or 2504 Ravencroft Ct./Va. Beach, VA 23454. If you want to order the 'zine, however, you can get it from Tree of Knowledge distro. LK (Tree of Knowledge/1011 Scott St./Little Rock, AR 72202)

COMFORT CREATURE #3 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

Eighteen stories from Kap. While each story didn't always evoke empathy and arouse my interest, every story does help to illuminate Kap's life. The thing is, though, Kap really doesn't give a shit about entertaining others. *Comfort Creature* exists purely as a medium of expression—and that alone is cool. The writing has improved since issue #2 and I hope the next issue will be even better. LO (PO Box 4251/Boulder, CO 80302)

COMFORT CREATURE #4 5.5x8.5 \$2/trade 36pgs.

I am a sucker for 'zines that are filled with stories (a la I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck), so I'm always excited when I sit down with a new one. *Comfort Creature* lies in that category, but Kap seems to be a bit newer at the game. I liked some of the stories a lot and I think that future issues of this 'zine will get better and better. It comes across as honest and I like that—someone just writing shit down and talking about how things make them feel, the often ignored stuff that goes on in everyone's head. I got a steamed soy milk and read this in one sitting, which is

saying a lot because generally my attention span for reading is quite short. I look forward to seeing what comes of this 'zine in the future. LK (see above address)

COUNTER CULTURE #2 news \$1 8pgs.

This one is brought to you by the cats at the Crassholo Collective and the Anarcho-Punk Federation. Pointed and subjective columns with some anarchist history and reports of events. This is more of a newsletter so no reviews, etc. This is worth checking out if you're more interested in learning more about the A.P.F. and other anarchist activities. CF (PO Box 73/Odenton, MD 21113)

THE CRUCIAL TIMES #11 8.5x11 \$2 24pgs.

It was really hard for me to concentrate on this one. I found my mind wandering as I read many of the pieces. I'm not sure if that is a comment on my state of mind or the quality of the 'zine though. There are a lot of columns from various people which come together to make one more interesting piece of work. Separately, they are not that exciting. The bands interviewed (DPW, Born Blind, The Juliana Theory, Embodiment, and Empty Set) are all Christian hardcore bands, so I didn't know who they were and grew tired of the rhetoric in each interview. This one just didn't do it for me. LO (PO Box 190/Shawnee-On-Delaware, PA 18536)

DECADES OF CONFUSION FEED

THE INSECT #22 8.5x11 \$2 28pgs.

This is a beautiful collection of drawings, poetic writings, and a story or two. Some of these drawings are reproduced in full color and they are quite attractive. Some of the writings are stream of conscious and occasionally become quite dense but are worth reading throughout. A tiny handmade doll is included in a pocket on the cover, which goes along with several stories about snow cats. This is a nice 'zine. SJS (Justin/224 N Camac St./Philadelphia, PA 19107)

DKV #8 5.5x8.5 \$2 36pgs.

This one is written in Castellano and I think it comes from Spain, there's no contact address on this. It looks good, it has two short but well done interviews with Opstand and Still Life, an article with writer/poet Nel Amaro, and another article on H.P. Lovcraft. Other little things here and there but nothing worth mentioning, overall it was a good read. Too bad you can't order one. MA (no address)

DOO WRONG #2 7x8.5 \$2 44pgs.

This 'zine is at times hilarious, but at others moronic. Let me explain... First off, you can play the included board game "Scentego" and land of spaces such as "While listening to Strife at a show you get caught not knowing the words, but fake it pretty good. Gain 1 scene point." Also included is a 6 page interview with Hatebreed. What??? Who felt the need to fill six pages with this crap? They do provide us with some great tidbits about Carl from Earth Crisis' camo pants, which is always worthwhile to read about. (Note sarcasm.) ARB (2194 Glenside Ave./Norwood, OH 45212)

DOUBLE DECKER #3 8.5x11 \$1 64pgs.

Adhering to a MRR/PP/HaCish format, *Double Decker* has tons of letters, columns, interviews, ads, reviews (including web sites), and more—such as field trip reports from a graveyard and a ghost tour, a debate on Megan's Law, and some fun puzzles. An in-depth history of the Bad Brains and the interview with Dan O'Mahoney of Speak 714 are the two pieces that stand out. This east coast flavored 'zine manages to carry an upbeat feel throughout, which I contribute to Amy's introductions and sporadically placed writings. Looking forward to more new features in issue #4! JLG (803 St. John St./Allentown, PA 18103)

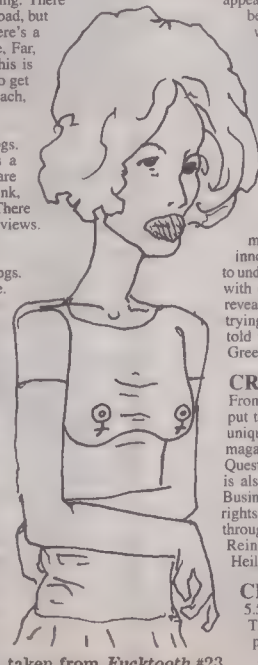
DROPOUT #7 news \$1 16pgs.

Dropout is a resource guide for people who don't support standardized education. They print stories from kids who dissatisfied with their school system, write articles describing and praising independent learning, and present lots of information for people who want to take a critical look at the standardized school system. Recently, the *Dropout* collective even opened a resource center in Sacramento. If this topic interests you at all, get in touch for more info. LO (1114 21st St./Sacramento, CA 95814)

THE DISINHERITED OF THE EARTH #1

5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

At first glance, this 'zine struck me as chaotic due to the random cut and paste layout of mostly hand written poems and journal entries coupled with xeroxed images. After actually reading it, I realized that the content



taken from *Fucktooth* #23

was chaotic as well. That doesn't necessarily mean I didn't like it though. Desiree's poetry illustrates that she has a way with words even if I couldn't relate to everything that she wrote. One intriguing aspect of TDOE was how some of the short, seemingly incongruous poems showed up in longer pieces that now made more sense and had a familiar ring to them. JLG (Desiree/3718 London Cir./Roanoke, VA 24018)

EAT PEOPLE! 5.5x8.5 \$? 12pgs.

This vegan/vegetarian info-'zine gives you hard to find information about what animal derived substances are in which products. And not just food either, products like cosmetics and skateboards are also discussed. The editor wants to let people know what is out there, without sounding preachy, so people can be better consumers according to their own conscience. The issue is done all in Italian, though they promise the English version will soon be accessible on the web. LO (Olaf/Via Bondi, 6/40138 Bologna/Italy or olafpig@hotmail.com)

ELOQUENCE OF A PARIASH #1 8.5x11 \$2 36pgs.

There's an interesting perspective in this 'zine, since it's written by a Belgian hardcore kid who's living in Wisconsin and attending school there. Although I think there's too many interviews in here, they are nonetheless good interviews with Liar, Nora, Andromeda, Enemy of the Sun, Skycamefalling, Unborn, and Statement. There's also the last statement from Refused as a band, some reviews, a scene report from Singapore—plus a couple columns. I think this will definitely progress with time, and I look forward to future issues. PCD (127 S Fischer Ave./Jefferson, MI 53549)

EVENTIDE #4 8.5x11 \$3 168pgs.

You know when you're at the supermarket and you pass the aisle where people like to buy their groceries in bulk? That is exactly what this 'zine reminds me of. SO BIG with too many pages to count and not enough pictures to see. It's almost too big when holding it to read. The bands in this one are: Braid, Frodus, Snapcase, Disembodied, Sarge, Grade, Jesuit, and what seem like 100's more. The layout is a little bigger than most which probably explains the huge amount of pages. If you like more for your money and like to travel, you will be satisfied. NS (225 Riveredge Rd./Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

"There is joy or self-fulfillment or whatever have you somewhere in these pages and I'll be damned if I could explain to you why I do this. But I do, we do, and we will continue to." - Skyscraper #4

THE EMBLEM OF GRIEF... 5.5x8.5 50¢ 12pgs.

Self-defined as "a carrier of death," *Emblem Of Grief* explores this person's dark side so as to experience as much life as possible. What isn't poetry is abstract prose about the oddity of his/her existence. I liked it. The couple reviews at the end sort of sucked me out of the mood, but not too much. LO (Victor/24786 Hwy 281 South/San Antonio, TX 78264)

FEAR NO LOVE #16 4.25x5.5 \$? 16pgs.

This short 'zine starts off with some news from Switzerland, but most of the content is focused on lyrics from a various bands that influenced the author or retain a special meaning. Inside Out, Absolution, Seven Seconds, SFA, Marginal Man, and SSD have special places in nearly everyone's hearts...? Hey, it's a fanzine with a personal side, and kind of refreshing after all of the column/interview/review 'zines. IST (PO Box 9351/CH-8036 Zürich/Switzerland)

FIST #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 36pgs.

This 'zine looked incredibly interesting because of how nicely it was put together, but unfortunately I didn't realize that it was all written in a different language. It is from Italy so I'm sure it is in Italian. No band pictures, the content is all straight writing with a neat picture of some guy holding a gas nozzle to his head. SA (Jacopo Borazzo/Via Campana 7/10125 Torino/Italy)

FIST FUCKED #4 8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.

I have always liked the attitude of this 'zine. I don't know what it is about it, but there is a "take no shit" feeling that I get when reading it, and that's cool. This current issue, however, has a bit less of that attitude and some more writing from contributors—including letters and stories. There always seems to be an overriding presence of sex and sexuality in *Fist Fucked*, which is again present in #4. The art, as always, is great. It comes (I think?) from a variety of people, but it is always nice to look at and think about. I'm not sure why I am so non-committal with this particular issue—I like it, but it doesn't have quite the same oomph that previous issues have hit me with. LK (Heidi Riches/PO Box 34/Listowel, ON/N4W 3H2/Canada)

FLUTTER BY FIREFLY 5.5x8.5 \$1 114pgs.

A time intensive read. Editor Carrie and a few friends pour their hearts and souls into these pages. There are numerous feminist rants, liberating stories, short columns, political news, and appropriated and renewed art. As non-linear as this type of 'zine tends to be, I found myself drawn to it. It is sloppy and crazy and unforgiving. It shows true dedication above all else. Resistance is everywhere; it is lying in every page and even in the layout. Punk fucking rock. LO (Carrie/2115 Booth St./Simi Valley, CA 93065)

FORGINGxAHEAD #2 5.5x8.5 \$? 4pgs.

This is a cool newsletter on the scene in the Philippines put out by the guys from *Get In Touch*. (See the review for more info.) Write for this newsletter to get in touch with Philippine 'zines, a few distros, and bands. IST (Dangie Regala/1260-D Quirica St. Sta./Cruz, Manila 1003/Philippines)

FORK COALITION #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 36pgs.

Good intentions with a lack of content. Everything in this 'zine is brief... the few small columns, the limited poetry section, as well as the short interview with Underhand. The only thing that I was really able to get into was the photocopied Greenpeace bulletin on PVC. JLG (Gary/100 Langford Hall Rm. 223/Bozeman, MT 59715)

FREEDOM #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 36pgs.

A focused look at the local Hawaiian scene as well as a few special events that might have brought the tourists out, such as surfing and skating contests. There were two interviews, one with Jason Miller of Hawaiian Express Records, who distros local bands and puts on shows, and the other with Unit 101, a band that I gather has something to do with Hawaiian Express. A silly comic and show album reviews round out this product of Hawaii. JLG (46-365 Kahupapa St./Kaneohe, HI 96744)

FRESH COW PIE #3 8.5x11 \$2 16pgs.

The bulk of this 'zine is taken up by record reviews. I think he wants me to say they are funny, short, and to the point. There is also an interview with the band Puck, and a list of the "Pasture Rockin'" releases of 1998. There is a strong farming theme throughout, as the author is a farmer. I thought that gave the project some originality. Nice, but a little short. RG (5112 77th Ave SE/Monpetier, ND 58472)

FORTHRIGHT #2 5.5x8.5 \$? 20pgs.

I didn't really enjoy this 'zine. I found that I didn't agree with most of what David had to say, but not in a "hey, you made me think" sort of way... more like a "please, NO MORE!" type of feeling. First off, it must be said that this is a HCC 'zine. I didn't know what that meant at first, so for those of you who don't know either, it means HardcoreChristian. And Christian it is. There is even a Bible study. This issue has a few non-religious ditties, but starting with issue #3 this 'zine is to be, "sheer brain pounding Christian information." Yikes. Nearly everything is somehow related to Christianity, so if that topic annoys you, this is one to avoid. The interviews (Stretch Arm Strong, Eso Charis, Born Blind, Discordance Axis) with nearly all one-line answers were not too thrilling, but it was intriguing to see how many ways David could tie religion into the interviews, even with bands who obviously didn't give a shit. One thing I did find of interest was David's stance that there is no such thing as a Christian punk. Otherwise, I think he makes some generalizations about stuff where he doesn't really know what he is talking about, but I guess we all do that to some extent. One question—if you think HaC and MRR are "sellouts" because we make thousands of copies as opposed to a hundred (and, according to your figures [which I deem to be WAY off base because they seem to ignore printing and postage costs, among other things], MRR is making \$420,000 a year profit), why do you send your 'zine in for review? It would seem to me that when you declare these 'zines "not underground," you would want to avoid them in an act of peaceful protest... or do you want a review so that more people will read your 'zine? It seems to me like that would make you into exactly what you are complaining about. LK (David Smittcamp/4133 Ocala Ave./Lakewood, CA 90713)

FRACTURE #6 8.5x11 \$3.50 64pgs.

Fracture is very similar to HaC in its approach and intent. They want people to get involved and support the scene they are passionate about. Previous issues have included great columns and fascinating interviews, this issue also has plenty of good stuff. The features this time around are last year's poll results, a Newcastle scene report, and the interviews with Spy Versus Spy, Imbalance, One Man Army, Pop Unknown, and Wrench Records. Of course, there are the regular columns and review as well. Check it out. LO (PO Box 623/Cardiff/CF3 9ZA/Wales/UK)

FRIENDS LIKE YOU #5 7x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

I confused this 'zine with *Friends Of Mine* till I was halfway through it. They have some similarities, but not too many. The attitude of this 'zine is very positive. The columns are on things like the state of the local Christian hardcore scene, dealing with people who don't have faith, and the resurgence of metal. They also interview The Toasters, Living Sacrifice, and Yeti. There are numerous music reviews and a few 'zine reviews as well. The long anti-abortion article didn't please me much, but I had to expect that. LO (Neil/123 Arlee Ave./Butler, PA 16001)

F.T.W. #3 7x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

Hmm... a sick mind. Most of the content here is sophomoric humor and observations laced with jokes about silly things being "gay." I hope this isn't the product of a sober mind. Let's see if I can come up with some examples: dirty jokes, an anti-John Ringholf column, an exposé on why stand-up comedians aren't funny, a rant on the abnormal aspects of TV's "Too Close For Comfort," and a person pretending to be an old man giving out dating advice. Lame. LO (2700 Ellendale Pl. #208/Los Angeles, CA 90007)

FUCKTOOTH #23 5.5x8.5 \$2 100pgs.

Jen Angel returns with another absorbing issue of *Fucktooth*. As with every issue, she contemplates relationships, politics, punk, health, and life's experiences. The more interesting pieces include the article on Unnary Tract infections, the all out exposé of her short stint as a coordinator of MRR and time in San Francisco, and the ongoing interviews with punk people. This time she interviews Mark "Ick!" Murrman of *Sty 'Zine*, Alex from *Dwgsht*, Kevin Zelko, and Irwin of *All The Answers*. A very entertaining read. LO (PO Box 353/Mentor, OH 44061)

FUERZA DE CAMBIO #2 5.5x8.5 \$? 58pgs.

I really liked the first issue of this 'zine. Although it was mainly focused on the philosophy of straightedge, it still had a lot of other interesting topics which made it a well balanced first issue that showed a lot of potential. Now we have issue #2 and the main focus of this issue is vegetarianism and really not much more. This includes articles on nutrition, recipes, and animal rights. I'm not sure if this is something new to the kids in Ensenada and they're just trying to get this info out in their area. If it is, that's great, but in all honesty this was very boring to read, it's all factual info you can get in PETA pamphlets and the like. MA (Francisco Maldonado/Berlin 577 Ampl. Moderna/Ensenada, B.C./C.P. 22879/Mexico)

FUNKY STUNTS #3: CALENDAR 1999

4.25x5.5 50¢ 28pgs.
Last issue I was supposed to let people know about this, but I put it up on my wall and forgot to review it. This nice collection of photos is a calendar made from a sweet guy up in WA. He normally does a 'zine called *Funky Stunts* but this issue is special. Inside there are pictures of Behad The Prophet N.L.S.L., Bread & Circuits, Botch, Former Members Of Alfonsini, The Get Up Kids, Milemarker, My Lai, Reversal Of Man, and a few more placed in a calendar format. It is a convenient little deal to have in your room. LO (Judd/N 4208 Whitehouse/Spokane, WA 99205)

FURTHER COMPLICATIONS #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

I really enjoyed reading this 'zine. It is short, but the personal observations are pretty interesting. The essays relate to her work in the sex industry, move to Norway, and love for travel, just for starters. The openness she shows in each piece really appealed to me. LO (Carolyn Hamm/Purpuripolku 7-9 A4/00420 Helsinki/Finland)

THE FUTURE PHATNESS #14 8.5x11 \$? 44pgs.

A fictional short story makes up most of this 'zine about a guy who gets dumped by his girlfriend so he seeks to impress her by trying to gain "god-like" power with the use of a gun. Also a short report on how the comic book industry makes fans shell out more money than they should on comics. Being an avid collector of comic books in my early teens, I couldn't agree more. MA (Unreal Workshop/335 Lullwater Dr./Wilmington, NC 28403)

GET IN TOUCH #5 5.5x8.5 \$2 44pgs.

I rarely hear about the hardcore/punk scene in Asia, outside of Japan that is. A few folks I know claim that there is a tiny tiny scene in Taiwan, and a couple friends from Hong Kong swear that nothing punk rock is happening there. Yet here it is—a 'zine with international flavor from the Philippines with info from Manila, Lampung, Hong Kong, Malaysia, and Singapore. *Get In Touch* has a very DIY photocopy feel; the layout is

clear text over pages from a phone book. Some of the writing is in sort of a column format, with general responses and views about what hardcore is, what it should be, and what it means to the writers. The Fall Silent interview may be less interesting to US readers, but it emphasizes the desire to reach out to other scenes. There are scene reports from Germany and Poland, but the most striking was one from Singapore (which was somewhat negative, but then again I never imagined much of a scene could exist there). The reviews contain a lot of interesting releases that are probably very obscure to western readers, with an especially large number of 'zines from the Philippines. Yeah, a lot of the content may seem basic, trying to find voices and make sense out of the hardcore/punk thing, but GIT seems pretty hell-bent on adding to the international voice of punk rock. You should check it out. IST (Dangie Regala/1260-D Quirica St. Sta./Cruz, Manila 1003/Philippines)

GIRLS WITH MINDS 8.5x11 \$1 18pgs.

The focus of this 'zine is combating sexism; thus, all the pieces move towards that goal. Re-printed articles, quotes, and lists of inspiring and interesting female authors and musicians fill the pages. Reading this 'zine reminds you that resistance is still necessary. LO (mlarocco@kent.edu)

GIVE THANKS #A 8.5x11 \$1.50 28pgs.

This is dedicated to the promising tendencies of hardcore. The column about underrated records, interviews with Palpatine and Rob Moran, music and show reviews, and general feel of the 'zine all reflect Kevin's belief in hardcore's potential. But the 'zine doesn't limit itself, it also tries to interpret political issues in the world as well. There is also a lengthy, researched article about the US's conflicts with Iraq. It is a well rounded and thoughtful issue. LO (606 3rd Ave. #234/San Diego, CA 92101)

GLOBAL PILLAGE #1 5x5 \$? 16pgs.

This is a small, personal 'zine focused on anarchy. The format is lean, but overall is a good photocopy production with a decent cut and paste layout. I especially like the irregular pocket-size. Marc starts off with a short essay regarding freedom and education, and includes a few short pieces of poetry. The rest is a collection of anarchist material, with ideas for action, and includes a several pages in which the Crasshole collective answers questions on the Anarcho Punk Federation. The basic motivation

and ideology of the A.P.F. are discussed. The 'zine finishes up with some basic, brief tips on organizing an anarchist collective. Some of the action ideas seem a little naive, but the writing, especially the personal reflection and poetry, gives a sense of exploration and questioning. IST (Marc Silverman/5275 Whisper Dr./Coral Springs, FL 33062)

GRRR! #4 8.5x11 \$1 28pgs.

Cutesy crap that makes me want to puke. Here's a sampling: "With him I was no better than everything I despise. Everything that I have ever done to make a name for myself was shoved in a corner to get dusty and stepped on while I was made to hold his hand, and sometimes his hoodie, and look cute while he floorpunched. I was once a liberated woman—a feminist even—and I did stuff more powerful than most boys took the time/effort to do... but somehow he managed to steal my worth and re-arrange it so it resembled a coat rack." Too much scene crap sugar-coated with animal rights info. About the only interesting thing in here is a how-to breast examination ad from the American Cancer Society. Tied together with colored yarn. Gaud. PCD (Andee/4 High St. Apt. 3-1/Battleboro, VT 05301)

HAPPY NOT STUPID #9 5.5x8.5 \$2 48pgs.

I guess this can be called a personal 'zine but not in a way that the writings become so personal that it makes the reader uninterested. The journal type writings were okay, but I enjoyed the letter section a lot more—as well as the article type writings he did on crime & punishment, religion in the news, and chemical weapons. MA (John Johnson/PO Box 8145/Reno, NV 89507)

HERE BE DRAGONS #4 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

Excellent 'zine coming from Pittsburgh. Jam-packed with stuff to read. Including a list/description of movies for the working class, a story on the stupidity of kids and hunting, bike activism, identifying oneself as a Red, stories about work, revolution in agriculture, surviving your HMO, and a pro-gun thing. All of these are well written and resourceful. And it's printed on 100% tree-free kenaf paper. RG (2036 Wendover St. Apt. #4/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

HODGEPODGE #5 8.5x11 \$3 88pgs.

While following the typical format of a music-oriented 'zine, this 'zine is anything but typical. The interviews with Kaia, Ramona Africa, 400 Years, and Tony Cadena are all great. I especially enjoyed reading what Tony Cadena had to say, and found myself glad that the interview went on for so many pages—it delved much deeper than a typical "talk about your bands" interview. In between the interviews, there are well thought out articles (on old growth and Home Depot, responsible investments for schools, and more). The Zapatista stuff was amazing—a first hand account of many of the goings-on in that region of Mexico. While I have read a lot of stuff about the Zapatista situation, this article was particularly interesting to me because it was the voice of someone speaking from within. *Hodgepodge* does an awesome job of combining musical interests with politics. There are a variety of columns, and record and 'zine reviews as well. LK (Mike Schade/140 Lisbon Ave./Buffalo, NY 14214)

THE HOGAN FAMILY REUNION various \$5 box set

This box set is a collection of all the past issues of *The Hogan Family Reunion*. If yours is like mine, then it came with the seven back issues and a patch. Unfortunately, the 'zine itself really isn't all that exciting. There are amusing anecdotes here and there, but not much real content. Most of the 'zine is taken up by silly jokes and manipulated art. If you like haphazard stories and silly stuff, and someone out there must because there are so many 'zines like this and *F.T.W.*, then this box set is a good deal. LO (Nat/124 Catalpa St. #4/Santa Cruz, CA 95062)

HOPELESS SOCIETY #8 5.5x8.5 \$? 22pgs.

Stupid cover of US soldiers and people celebrating Japanese surrendering in WWII. (Yeah, they surrendered because we instantly killed 200,000 innocents in the span of three days with two A-bombs.) As far as what is inside the 'zine, there are things I liked and things I didn't. I liked the stories against racists and homophobes, as well as the short interviews with Stand Your Ground, Whereabouts, and Floorpunch. What I didn't like was the column titled "Reject Religion, Embrace Jesus." More bullshit trying to justify why common sense overpowers religion. Take a Geology course on evolution and you will learn there is no missing link. "Who created the Big Bang theory?" What the hell does that mean? The Bible does not talk about evolution because that theory was not made until the 19th century. And finally, please avoid writing columns where you target one specific person, like the reader, and call them narrow minded and

make other ridiculous accusations because it makes you (the author) sound like a moron. And what is bringing Oxnard back to its DC days supposed to mean? RG (PO Box 904/Somis, CA 93066)

I CRIED THE DAY JOE STRUMMER DIED #2

8.5x14 33¢/trade 2pgs.
This short 'zine consists of a few scattered personal thoughts and short story called "Tour Diary." The story was a little nice thing on love and traveling. In fact, all of the writing was pleasing to read. I'd like to see this 'zine growing into a full sized project. He is asking for story submissions as well. LO (Matt Coe/Clark Univ. Box 388/50 Main St./Worcester, MA 01610)

IF THE BIBLE TOLD YOU TO JUMP OFF A CLIFF... #4

5.5x8.5 \$1.25/trade 28pgs.
Chad is still fine tuning all the parts of this 'zine. He is easing his way into a more professional project with articles, columns, and open letters. This issue exposes him more than anything or anyone else, especially since his pieces are mostly unpolished accounts of what he thinks or experiences. The highlight of this issue is the long, researched article on the dangers of fluoride. Let's see more of that in issue #5. LO (Chad Cronk/4006 Lakeview Ave./Regina, SK/S4S 1H9/Canada)

IN ABANDON #4

5.5x8.5 \$2 72pgs.
This new installment of *In Abandon* is primarily a journal documenting travel around the United States of America. It struck me when I read it, though, that it was much more about the people traveling than it was about the places that they visited. Sure, there was a bit about each of the places, but focus was placed mainly upon the experiences and thoughts of the traveling individuals. It is very much written in the style of a journal, and expresses an overall sense of optimism. Certainly there were some downfalls to the adventure, but through it all Mike emerges with a hopeful attitude that clearly comes across. I have always liked *In Abandon*, and this issue is no exception. To top it all off, this 'zine looks great! I mean, really great! It's all stamped and typed and rub-off (I think) letters, and the stark black and white and the graphics make it look great (without being at all hard to read). Very well done. LK (Mike/PO Box 82192/Tampa, FL 33682)

Check these out: *Not Far Enough* #5 *Second Nature* #8 & #9 *Zine Guide* #2 *Here Be Dragons* #4 *Cooties* #7 *In Abandon* #4 *Fracture* #6 *Fucktooth* #23 *Ripping Thrash* #17 *Hodgepodge* #5 *Prat* #8 *Publik Enemy* #15 *Slav-Kore* #1 *Liquid Foundation* #4

I HATE THE WORLD THAT I THINK HATES ME #1 & #3

5.5x8.5 \$2 60/36pgs.
Andreas has really put together a good collection of mostly personal writings, some columns, short stories, etc. If you've ever felt alone, pissed off, or alienated from the opposite sex, then I'm sure you can identify. Though I think layout is the last thing you should look for in any 'zine, this one is excellent. The first issue is an amalgamation of writings from different people, and the third issue is just about all poetic-type stuff written by Andreas. As far as the opinion pieces go, I like that they seem to be a bit more researched than the rest and tend to look at all sides of the issue being addressed. Recommended. PCD (Andreas Hagberg/Fjardingsmannav. 15/643 32 Vingaker/Sweden)

I HATE THE WORLD AND I THINK IT HATES ME #2

5.5x8.5 \$2 56pgs.
The admirable quality with this 'zine is its longwinded columns. The editor goes into subjects such as Hardline, religion, work, and sexual desire at length. While I didn't always find myself in tune with what he was expressing, I thought he declared himself well. Beyond those pieces, there are numerous record and 'zine reviews, as well as a vacation diary. The reviews are generally well done but I felt the diary dragged at times. Finally, the layout is very clean and clear. LO (Andreas Hagberg/Fjardingsmannav. 15/643 32 Vingaker/Sweden)

IMPACT PRESS #19

8x11 \$2 48pgs.
An insightful publication that addresses today's social issues. The cover story of this issue is "Population Control" and it talks about the economic, social and environmental problems as a result of overcrowding in the US. This is something I've never really given much thought to and am still very unsure as to what the solution, if any, should be. There's a lot of other interesting topics covered here such as the US policy towards Cuba, the mass amount of imprisonment in the US and much more. Although there was a few things I did not agree with I still found it to be very informative. MA (10151 University Boulevard/Suite #151/Orlando, FL 32817)

INFINITY PLUS ONE #3

5.5x8.5 \$1 44pgs.
The folks who do *Infinity Plus One* are making a concerted effort to improve each issue of this 'zine. This comes through in the numerous articles and personal pieces, wherein they really appear to have spent time figuring things out. At least, more than past issues. The part that will probably interest the most people is the lengthy article about Christianity. The piece synthesizes interviews, an editorial, scripture, and rebuttal from all sides. They deconstruct the subject and try to answer a lot of tough questions. The rest of the 'zine, aside from the article on the life of Che Guevara, focuses mostly on personal text. LO (1995 Stewart Ave./Courtney, BC/V9N 3H8/Canada)

INVISIBLE MAN #3

7x8.5 \$2 28pgs.
I enjoy *Invisible Man*, but I recognize that part of my enjoyment stems from the fact that I know Forbes and think that he is a pretty cool guy. The parts of this 'zine that I like the most are the personal ones—observations that Forbes makes about life and his surroundings that may seem simple, yet are actually quite complex and thought-provoking. I guess that is the direction that I would like to see this 'zine travel in. More personal stuff and an effort to dig deeper into those brief observations. Forbes casually mentions things that I would like to know more about, such as his spirituality and thoughts on race. He offhandedly mentions several topics, yet I could see him writing entire 'zines on each one of them. This issue features interviews with Portrait, De Nada, and Miss Lisa Oglesby. My personal favorite was the interview with Lisa (not entirely due to the fact that I know and love her but) because her responses were long and she answered the questions with more than just one-liners. Also included are reviews, though they are not the highlight of the issue. LK (Forbes Graham/PO Box 3489/Silver Spring, MD 20918)

IT'S RAINING TRUTHS #3

8.5x5.5 \$3 56pgs.
I grabbed this because of the interview with Seem' Red, who are always so interesting, and it didn't let me down at all. As usual, they are awesome. The other interviews are great as well, with Suzanne and Johan from *Reflections* magazine, and GuidingLine. There are also columns from several contributors and the editor, with topics ranging from straightedge (including some stuff that's critical of sXe consumerism) to idealism to religion. The articles are well thought out, which made me happy, but I wish there were more. Also included are 'zine and record reviews. A good read. LK (Pytryk Schafraad/Topas 1/5231 KL Den Bosch/The Netherlands)

JINX #4

8.5x11 \$2.95 60pgs.
Jinx advertises itself as a magazine about "danger, adventure, and underground style." This is true. The articles are a mix of serious reports and fun tid-bits, but style plays a major role in every piece. I found the pieces on incarceration, New York subway graffiti, and torture tactics to be the most interesting, but the numerous other write ups on movies, music and American pop culture are worth a quick look as well. Seeing as how *Jinx* is a design based magazine, there was amazing amount of space (from the perspective of *HeartAttack*) wasted—but all these devices do make it pleasing to read. I can't come up with the target audience for *Jinx*, though I doubt I am in that group. LO (David Leibowitz/Bowling Green Station/PO Box 1051/New York, NY 10274-1051)

KIKGRRL #1

4.24x5.5 \$1 32pgs.
This is a short trip into the life of Jaime. The opening page said that the 'zine contains, "thoughts and musing, info and general observations on Japan where I live now..." I was super-excited to hear about life in Japan (from the perspective of someone who moved there from the United States), but unfortunately there wasn't too much content within focused on that topic. The largest chunk of the 'zine was filled with information about tampons and other period-related products. Interesting. There are also some reviews of Japanese music and shows, and the tidbit about Avail playing in Japan—that was really the only information that I got about the editor's life in Japan. LK (Jaime Huelse/c/o Center for International Education/Kansai Gaidai University/16-1 Kitakatohoko-Cho/Hirakata-shi/Osaka 573-1001/Japan)

LA DAMA #2

5.5x8.5 60¢ 12pgs.
I found myself engrossed with the information and writing in this 'zine. *La Dama* focuses mostly on women's reproductive issues but, since those topics can encompass so much, the 'zine deals with a number of things. Nic gives a long account of her bad experiences with Norplant, tells stories of being a mother, expresses her thoughts on abortion, and details DIY healthcare and birth control methods. She also fills the blank spaces with inspirational quotes and images. At the end, there are a few pages of info about the local scene and what you can go to get connected to it. I am looking forward to issue #3. LO (Nic/310 Jill Ave. #109/Celina, OH 45822)

LA MALA MANZANA #5

8.5x11 \$1 32pgs.
A music based fanzine out of Colorado. The columnists discuss the similarities of punk rock and religion, vegan cooking, corporations, and lobe stretching. Along with the regular reviews and ads, there are also interviews with Funeral Oration, The Deadies, The Mansfields, and Virgil Dickerson of Suburban Home Records. LO (PO Box 1712/Colorado Springs, CO 80901)

LIFE AND HOW TO LIVE IT #3

5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.
I really couldn't get into this, mostly because it was 100% about music. Nothing else. Even the interviews just talked about music. But, so you know, the interviews are with June of 44, Pinhead Circus, The Enkindels, Empire State Games and Drowningman. Honestly though, I'm not kidding when I say that the interviews are all about music—the questions tend to be about favorite shows, touring, record labels, releases, influences... you get the idea. Visually speaking, it was hard to read the handwritten stuff (though that was only on a fraction of the pages). One thing that I did find a bit interesting was that Eric didn't present all the interviews in the question-answer format; rather, he took the concepts and put them into paragraph form, like you might see in a newspaper or something. Odd. LK (Eric Devin/PO Box 145/Hope Valley, RI 02832)

LIQUID FOUNDATION #4

5.5x8.5 \$7 80pgs.
This 'zine is awesome! *Liquid Foundation* is packed full of in-depth political articles that are both well written and informative. Upon first opening this 'zine, I came upon an article on HIV and AIDS. It explains how there is an alternate theory that HIV and AIDS are not connected at all. It was well researched and very enlightening. Also included are an interview with Michael Albert (Co-founder of *Z Magazine*) and the Zapatistas. I wholly recommend this to any person into progressive politics and positive change! ARB (2614 Grove Ave. Apt #1/Richmond, VA 23220)

LOSER MANIFESTO #3

5.5x8.5 \$1.50 48pgs.
An amazing political 'zine with lots of information. What I liked best was the synthesis between the personal stories of resistance and the factual information. There is a really strong intro about not losing sight of our goals, followed by researched and lengthy descriptions of how PepsiCo and Coca-Cola support military regimes in other parts of the world. It is a humanistic and convincing argument for finding something else to quench your thirst with. The piece on East Timor was also very informative, the highlight being a reprinted interview with Ramos-Horta. Rounding off the issue are the contemplative pieces and the short story of some rebellious kids. Check this out. LO (IPO Distro/1995 Stewart Ave./Courtney, BC/V9N 3H8/Canada)

LOUDER THAN BOMBS #1

8.5x11 \$2 12pgs.
Although this is a short read, there was a lot of content. This 'zine features columns from the editor about pornography, political situations/action around the world, how to sabotage corporations, and homophobia. He even squeezes in a few record reviews. I liked the honesty he showed in writing up the stuff in his head. Looking forward to issue #2. LO (Mark Phillips/104 Winslow Dr./Winnipeg, MB/R2M 4M9/Canada)

MANIC DEPRESSANT #7

5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.
Well put together punk 'zine that includes interviews with Retribution, Narcoplex Youth and Stratford Mercenaries. Also has record and 'zine reviews plus a couple of writings. One on how corporate entertainment rules the masses and the other on the Coors company and their support of a white male dominated society. Other than that, nothing too much out of the ordinary here—just a solid enjoyable 'zine. MA (1201 S Woods Ave./Fullerton, CA 92832)

MAXIMUM ROCK N' WRESTLING #1

8.5x11 \$2 20pgs.
Maybe I am missing something here, but this actually appears to be exactly what the title contends; photocopied pages from MRR and photocopied pages from wrestling magazines. The people who put this together didn't write anything in the whole 'zine except for what is coming up in the next issue. The photocopied pages of MRR appear to be from issues from '83, '84, and '85. Maybe other years as well, I can't tell. I isn't even worth mentioning what they actually copied, but what the hell... There is an interview with Minor Threat from '83, an interview with the Nihilistics, record reviews from a couple different issues, and, yes folks, even ads. The wrestling stuff is just stats, pictures, and articles taken from somewhere else. This is the worst 'zine I have ever reviewed. RG (Sanford/6438 S 44th St./Phoenix, AZ 85040)

METROPOLITAN BY THE SEA #2

5.5x4.25 2 stamps 16pgs.
A few short interviews—with Rainer Maria and Patti Kim from *Fuzzy Heads Are Better* 'zine—and some random tidbits from Nick make up the whole of *Metropolitan By The Sea*. I've got to admit that there wasn't much for me to grab onto here. The meat-eater/plant-eater/human being chart was an interesting plug for vegetarianism/veganism. The thing is, I couldn't get it out of my head that this was only copied on one side of each page and folded up so the blank pages were not seen. I understand that sometimes the only things available are one-sided copies, but whenever possible let's all try to limit the tree massacre and go double-sided!! LK (Nick Pritchard/3748 Cayuga Ln./York, PA 17402)

MIDGET BREAKDANCING DIGEST #11

8.5x11 free 48pgs.
Hey now, here's a newsprint 'zine from Colorado that ain't bad. The standard thing: interviews, columns, reviews, and ads. Geez, where have I seen that before? Anyway, the columns are on the short side, and pretty concise. Mel Misfitted has a good column, "Sick Punk," about dealing with cystic fibrosis, and I had to read the drug testing column over. The interviews are average jobs, often through the mail—Dave Brown of *Muddle*, Jimmy Eat World, and Fireside. The best content here is an interview with Shepard Fairey, the creator of the Andre the Giant sticker campaign. The discussion skirts issues I would like to have seen discussed in depth more; especially the contrast between the almost DIY-oriented sticker effort versus the seemingly corporate-oriented design agency Fairey is a part of. Well, the reviews are reviews, but there is a good, fairly robust article on 'zine publishing. Throughout MBD, there is this odd, somewhat elusive feeling of professionalism. Maybe it's just over-exposure to other 'zines with hardcore DIY ethics that draw a very clear black-and-white line between the two, or the pervasiveness of business-talk in our society, but it bugs me a little. 1ST (PO Box 271/Hygiene, CO 80533-7513)

MILLPOOL #1

8.5x11 free 20pgs.
Typical music 'zine with columns, interviews, and reviews; plus articles on Food Not Bombs and the Y2K bug. The bands interviewed are The Broadways and Walker. Boring layout format but descent for a first issue. MA (Jason Sidown/3922 Grand Ave./Western Springs, IL 60558)

MADBOMBER #4

8.5x11 free 32pgs.
There wasn't too much in here that sparked my interest. The short columns are amusing, but only in the second it takes to read them. The interviews with The Specials, Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Hepcat, Assorted Jellybeans, and The Usuals follow the basic blueprint. Some of the other content, like the reviews, is more pleasing—but not by much. LO (Brian & Matt/12850 St. Rd. 84 11-10/Davie, FL 33325)

MOTION SICKNESS #7

8.5x11 \$2 80pgs.
Motion Sickness is a newsprint music 'zine from St. Louis that shows support for that scene while looking at events elsewhere. The columns are mostly well written and cover a variety of topics. There are two major features of this issue. First, a chronicle of the editor's experiences at the More Than Music Festival last summer, which includes a transcription of some of the rape discussion. The second is lengthy analysis of alienation and how it is created, maintained, and used for the benefit of very few people. There are interviews with Rainer Maria, Dave Vanian, Athena of the Dread, and a brief correspondence with Aaron Cometus. There is a transcription of a Jello Biafra piece called "Wake Up And Smell The Noise." Filling up the remainder of the pages is 'book, 'zine, and record reviews. *Motion Sickness* is worth reading this time. SJS (PO Box 24277/St. Louis, MO 63130)

MY VIEWS CHANGE OVER TIME #3

8.5x7 32¢ 24pgs.
A personal 'zine with a lot of character. Spilling out subjective thought and his ideas that have slowly changed over time, I assume, as the title states appropriately. The highlight of this issue was the truth about Christopher Columbus—about his quest to enslave, rape and pillage the "Indians" that were occupying the Americas before the white bastard even got there. In any case, he leaves us with more introspective writing about particular everyday events and philosophical poetic rambling. A DIY positive publication that keeps the question alive. SA (Rob/237 SW 2nd Pl./Gainesville, FL 32601)

NEWSKASTER #7

8.5x11 free 8pgs.
This newsletter is for those interested in ska, it is especially beneficial if you live in the Philippines. Issue #7 interviews Skapone, reviews punk and ska releases, and has a short column. LO (Jerry Cruz/PO Box 51640/Meycauayan/Bulacan/Philippines)

NO EFFING TITLE

5.5x8.5 \$7 64pgs.
Sometimes poetry comes through as an amazing vision told in altered words and forms. Sometimes poetry is dead, demented words on a page, written by someone who does seem to have their act together enough to write prose or, in the case of free verse, understand rhyme or meter. Unfortunately, this book of poems belongs to the latter group. Inside this (I'm guessing) drug altered, Bukowski inspired book we find over sixty poems. None of them had much for me to be inspired by. Most of the content revolves around the escapades of a man gone crazy (often referred to as "Dr. Grid"), expressions of frustration, or the latent misogynist desires of the author. I'll pass. LO (Amazing Experiences Press/1908 Keswick Lane/Concord, CA 94518)

NO GUTS, NO GLORY #2

8.5x11 free 36pgs.
Hard-koah 'zine from Baltimore with a low content density. The main thing here is Karl spouting off his opinions of the local scene—something which didn't go over too well in issue #1 from what I gather. A lot of spew and negativity gives the impression of a lot of kids running around beating on each other for various disses, etc. Oh well, it's somewhat salvaged by a four-page discussion of religion which delves into some of the philosophical aspects of theology, especially focusing on Thomas Aquinas and the proof of God's existence. Of course, contrast that with the next page full of locker room jokes. You get the idea—hit or miss, trying to find some consistency. 1ST (PO Box 1803/Glen Burnie, MD 21060-1803)

NEWLAND #2

5.5x8.5 \$2 44pgs.
This project is the collective effort of 18 different writers and is a riot of extreme opinions, for lack of better words. *Newland* contains a lot of positive information about compulsory voting in Belgium, an excellent and informative interview with the country's only Anarchist Black Cross chapter, an interesting piece about a few 'zines for the open and wretched homophobia, and an interview/steel case match pitting 2 punks in a DIY band against 2 European Epitaph employees (which was pretty interesting). The punx were racking up all these DIY points but then go off claiming NOFX are "sexist" because a song of theirs that talks about 2 lesbians in

love fucking—and that is labeled as “degrading to women,” which is crazy to me. The line “I’ll never forget the first time we kissed and I want you to fist me” is cited as an example of said “sexism” and pretty much discounted any intelligence these kids were proving before, in my opinion. Women actually do those things—sex does not equate sexism, so I thought that was frightening. Not to discount the remaining contents, but majority of the rest deals with anger towards the mainstream music industry, enough to make me think that there must be a DIY label and distro draught over there, so bands are constantly looking for any way to have their music released. There’s so much more I can’t summarize—just loaded with info, opinions and the devil’s advocate. There is a feeling of a big collective heart—like everyone is desperate to communicate, and you can’t knock that. Some of the close minded stuff (like that sexist non-point) really pissed me off, but I think this is a really positive effort. It took me days to finish. JH (Rob/Tennisbaanstraat 85/9000 Gent/Belgium)

NEUS SUBJEX 8.5x11 33¢ 2pgs.

A short newsletter/zine that is giving out news, reviews, and some opinions to whoever wants them. Most of the information here centers around their local Cincinnati scene, so this would probably interest people from that local the most. LO (PO Box 18051/Fairfield, OH 45018)

NO POWER FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE #3

8.5x7 stamps 24pgs.

I have no idea if this is even the name of the ‘zine. It says NPFTLP in big letters, then next to it, real tiny and sloppy, it reads, “#3 One Man’s Profit is Another’s Pain,” so I don’t know what it’s called—which should say something about how well done this effort is. Not very. There is a general theme of war and the numbers destroyed by it, and its effect on the world, through many pictures found in magazines and history books, I assume. Most of the pages are littered with these collages (also with no writings)—reminding me of imitation Crass records—think of the “Your Country Needs You” thing and you’ve got an idea of the reprinted photo art here. I found these images to be more memorable than all of the poems spliced in between; some of the writings are just poorly done, but the picture of a disembodied head hanging from a tree is nice. I’m still bothered by the fact that it’s so sloppy that I can’t make out the name from another slogan. Be neat. JH (Rob/237 SW 2nd Pl./Gainesville, FL 32601)

“There are many issues that affect me on a daily basis, and I want *La Dama* to reflect that.” - *La Dama* #2

NOT FAR ENOUGH #5 4.25x7 \$1 48pgs.

The writing in here is powerful. There is a large section of this issue devoted to an experience involving an unidentified lump in Erin’s breast, and the journal-style relaying of the incident made it seem so real—I actually found myself quite concerned for this woman whom I have never spoken to. The writing reflects both her fear and the actions taken, and also helpfully describes how women can self-exam their breasts. Other pieces in the ‘zine (some written by Erin and some contributed by others) describe being followed when walking home, being raped by a boyfriend, Food Not Bombs, friendship, and love. Though the articles may appear to be about topics that are frequently discussed, the content of this ‘zine takes a personal and powerful approach to the issues. The ‘zine has personality, which makes it both interesting and intriguing. Well worth a dollar. LK (Erin/6044 Quinpool Rd. Apt. #5/Halifax, NS/B3L 1A1/Canada)

OPEN #7 8.5x11 free 48pgs.

A few things threw me off since I’m used to seeing only DIY ‘zines: an interview with The MM Bostones and mainstream record reviews—like for Grammy award winning Lauryn Hill—do these people need more promotion? Results from a previous issue’s reader’s poll shows that a majority of their people are “hip hop,” which would explain why there’s no DIY punk in these pages. The layout and graphics are crisp and perfect, though, with A LOT of beautiful graffiti, which I really dig. It must be mentioned that in the intro, the editor talks on about the importance of customer service and uses Starbucks as the model example of said struggle. He explains that because of their superior customer service (like if you don’t like your brew, they’ll buy your next cup), “That’s why there is a Starbucks on every street corner”—what a rip! Actually the reason is because they are a monopolizing corporation—not an opinion, but just how it is. So I thought that was hilarious. Russell Simmons from Def Jam Records is on the thank you list. JH (PO Box 562243/Miami, FL 33256)

OTAKU #4 4.25x5.5 \$2 100pgs.

This is a great little diary ‘zine. The pages are encased in a small manila envelope with a black and white picture of the name of the ‘zine attached to the front. A beautiful beginning. Inside, there are numerous stories of mishaps, relationships, and adventures all told from the mind of this young kid. The writing style is very open and customary and the way he asks questions and really tries to get something out of each memory. That makes this ‘zine extra special. LO (114 Canter Blvd./Nepean, ON/K2G 2M7/Canada)

OUNCE IF DOUBT #1 5.5x8.5 66¢ 38pgs.

The first thing I noticed in this ‘zine was the color laser copied Slayer poster. Yes! Also included are interviews with Troubleman Unlimited Records, Spazz, and MK-Ultra. The Spazz interview is actually just a mad lib filled in by them. You’ll also find some nice pictures of bands, some record reviews, and a bunch of articles and opinions. A decent and interesting ‘zine—with a great cover! RG (Joe Hays/61 Hacklebarney Rd./Long Valley, NJ 07853)

OUR SHALLOW SELF-DESTRUCTION

5.5x8.5 \$1 12pgs.

Our Shallow Self-Destruction is a small personal project. There are a handful of poems, a story, and some short comments. The pieces are mostly introspective or relating to his close relationships. I see a lot of these coming from people, especially teenagers, who are finding themselves and searching for something from the people around them. I think it is great that ‘zines can give people this release. LO (Zach Glass/6052 S 2125 W/Roy, UT 84067)

OVERFLOW #2 8.5x11 free 32pgs.

This is a cut and paste ‘zine from Gainesville that provides a bunch of information about local activist events from Food Not Bombs to community radio. There is also information and graphics from various Industrial Workers of the World publications. Interviews with Reina Aveja and the Lexington/Habituals, record and show reviews, and a few opinion pieces fill out the remainder. The concern for the local punks and activist community is kind of undermined by the abysmal reproduction quality. SJS (John Matthews/PO Box 289/Gainesville, FL 32602)

OBSCURE #3 5.5x8.5 \$2 24pgs.

This ‘zine is an image-based meditation on death, although it leaves me without understanding exactly why. Is it the purely disconnected fascination, or something that is meant to push readers into a contemplation

of their mortality? Is it the response to the death of a relative or friend? The inescapability of dying seems to permeate through the use of matter-of-fact language and at times forensic tid-bits. For instance, two pages present tables for determining the time of death and the state of decay of a corpse. On the other hand, other pages make use of archaic imagery that evokes a subtle, mystical feel. Many of the images and text have been manipulated with various xerox techniques, blurring them, emphasizing the ill definition between fact, hope, and fiction. The entire ‘zine is printed in black on heavy red paper, a technique that somewhat sacrifices the contrasting elements of the material. Interesting nonetheless. 1ST (Bug/PO Box 534/Boise, ID 83701)

OBSESE #2 8.5x11 \$? 32pgs.

Mildly interesting music ‘zine out of Boston. The bands featured in this issue are Trial, Avail, Shai Hulud, and Piecemeal. Most of the interviews were average, with a few entertaining points mixed in with what the band is doing and what records they have put out. The music reviews are well done, and there is lots of contact and label information. LO (Keith Ward/PO Box 15499/Boston, MA 02215)

OFF! 8.5x11 ? 64pgs.

This SUNY Binghamton publication truly contains way too much good stuff for me to do it justice in this brief review. Don’t be put off by the fact that *Off!* is a “school paper” because it covers so much more than campus politics, and the few times when campus issues are addressed there is enough background information to make us non-SUNYs feel included. Larger pieces are devoted to The Day Without The Pentagon protest, the business of prisons, tips for activists, Objectivism, Chiapas, and a few pages of diverse poetry. This ‘zine is surprisingly well written for the large number of contributors it has and I promise that anyone who picks it up will learn something from reading it. JLG (Editor/Off Campus College/SUNY Binghamton/Binghamton, NY 13902)

PEOPLE CAN’T DRIVE #4 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

When I saw the title, I was hoping it would be all kinds of entertaining stories about road rage, how much cars suck, and other things like that. Instead it was a bunch of short personal poetry writings by different people. I was disappointed. GOR (1004 Rose Ave./Des Moines, IA 50315)

PANDORA #6 5.5x8.5 3-DM 96pgs.

Well, I can’t read it, but I sure can drool over the nice layout and packaging. Hardcore, punk, crust, and stuff. These guys put a lot of time into this. The layout is awesome. I love these ‘zines—they just look so cool. If I could read German it would be just too much to handle. Wow! CF (Hilmar Demant/Luisenstr. 82/76689 Neuthard/Germany)

PANDORA #7 5.5x8.5 3-DM 96pgs.

Wenn mein Deutsch nicht so schlecht wäre, könnte ich diese Ausgabe besser beschreiben. Es gibt so viel drin, ich weiß nicht, wo ich anfangen soll. Allerdings sieht es sehr gut aus, und das macht das Ganze leichter zu lesen und erfassen. (Und es gibt viele zu erfassen.) Die Kolonnen und Artikeln sind echt klug und interessant. Die handeln von Sachen wie Antisemitismus, die gegenwärtige Lage des Kommunismus, Straightedge, die Prinzip des Utilitarismus, die Kampagne “Kein Mensch ist Illegal” und Emigration, Entscheidungen, Anarchie, die russische Revolution, und Frauenrechte. Ich fand alle die Stücke ganz intelligent und gut behandelt. Es gibt auch viele Reviews und Anzeigen. Lies mal *Pandora*. LO (Hilmar Demant/Luisenstr. 82/76689 Neuthard/Germany)

PERSONALITY LIBERATION FRONT #2

5.5x8.5 \$2 52pgs.

Cut and paste ‘zine from down under, Australia. All the good stuff and more. Interviews with Whorehouse Of Representatives, Upsyndrome, and the Back Up mailorder/distro. I liked this one because other than having the normal punk rock ramblings it had little bits of personal explosions from both of the women writers. I liked their points of view. Articles on PC, reclaiming the night, and a weird one about serial killers that kind of scared me. I learned that Beki Bondage, of past punk fame in the Vice Squad, is now an animal rights activist and even has a TV show about it. Put together nicely, definitely worth checking out. CF (PO Box 3023/South Brisbane/BC, Qld/4101/Australia)

PUBLIK ENEMA #15 7x8.5 \$1 64pgs.

This ‘zine comes from the person who coordinated *Rule Of Thumb*, which means you can expect a few travel stories here and there. The content is comprised of often times fascinating accounts of life and experiences. There are numerous contributions and articles on such topics as the radical cheerleaders, the Crescent Wrench Books infoshop, Fringe Banking, artist Elizabeth Carlett, and the Big Mountain Sundance gathering. While I think that pieces are generally interesting, this ‘zine would probably appeal most to the earthy contingent. LO (Crescent Wrench Books/PO Box 30058/New Orleans, LA 70190)

PUREBREAD NERDS #3 8.5x5.5 \$? 16pgs.

Remember high school? It sucked, didn’t it? The popular people, the jocks, and those teachers and administrators determined to stifle anything remotely resembling creativity and blossoming critical thinking skills. Sure, you had a few friends and met one or two gifted teachers, but for the most part it’s just lonely Friday nights, silly relationships, breakups, and sleepy, uninspiring classes, right? The best thing about high school is you have a lot of time to sit in your room and read, draw, write a few tortured poems, and maybe put together a personal ‘zine. Many free hours and lots of creativity—high school’s the time to seize it. *Purebread Nerds* is a good window into that high school world. Lots of collage, rough drawings, poetry and short writings in a basic photocopy format. Not a lot of cohesiveness, it centers around gut-response writings, mostly from Abby, with some contributions by Tom. 1ST (Tom Naughton/19 Palmer Rd./Foxboro, MA 02035)

PIECE OF DUMP #2 7x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

Hoocoo-ray for team slip and slide!!! These Vegas kids serve up an enjoyable little piece of ‘zine for us this month. A lot of personality shows through here, and it is cool to see stuff come out of what looks to be such a young, fun scene. There are a few “big band” interviews here (Scared of Chaka, The Movie Life), but the local scene info makes this fun to read. ARB (2447 Winterwood Blvd./Las Vegas, NV 89122)

PAPER SCISSORS CLOCKS 8.5x11 \$4 144pgs.

This is a lot of ‘zine. 144 pages packed full of writing, photos, and cut and paste collages. The ‘zine itself has a collage like layout with articles overlapping one another, sections of print are pasted into the non text collages, and the words and images are mixed into a lively if occasionally jarring flow from cover to cover. Writings include travel logs, interviews, book and ‘zine reviews, and transcriptions of conversations amongst the perpetrators of *Paper Scissors Clocks*. The editor writes two lengthy journals of his travels. One covers a sightseeing adventure across

Scandinavia and Iceland. The other is a road trip from Minneapolis to Albuquerque. There is an article on black metal, a very good interview with John of the Mountain Goats, and an article covering the history of automatons. At the center of *Paper Scissors Clocks* is a series of conversations with ten fellow ‘zinesters who talk of their discovery of the ‘zine community and their growth within it. There is much other stuff I’ve not listed and the collages are well done with a good sense of humor. *Paper Scissors Clocks* is obviously a labor of love. SJS (Erik Farseth/PO Box 14117/Minneapolis, MN 55414)

PEPPERPOT! #6 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

The first time I saw a copy of this ‘zine I was blown away! Subsequent issues have been awesome, but none have been quite as inspiring as the first one I read. This newest issue has some stuff that I liked (such as the rants about guests and Christmas and being a Food Not Bombs volunteer) and some that I either didn’t understand or could have done without (such as the Hugo X—a filmmaker—interview). Kate also includes a series of old letters from a friend in prison which were interesting, but I would have liked to have seen more commentary from Kate regarding the letters—I find her commentary to generally be quite interesting. There is also a bit of information on factory farm animals and (as usual) some recipes. This ‘zine is always well done because of the awesome perspectives that Kate lends, but I guess this issue didn’t have the spark that other issues have hit me with (though I still think this is a great ‘zine). LK (Kate/Box 106-5855 Cowrie St./Sechtel, BC/V0N 3A0/Canada)

QUICK DUMMIES #11 5.5x8.5 free 32pgs.

This ‘zine is about density. There’s a hell of a lot of stuff packed into 32 pages, mostly because Rob uses a 6 point font. That makes for some pretty hard reading. QD is a miniature newspaper ‘zine. Rob takes a page or so to discuss his work, and a brief letter section follows. Next is a five page essay on Generation X which, believe me, is quite a bit of reading in a 6 point font. The interviews are probably the best feature—New Orleans locals The Royal Pendletons and King Louie from the Persuaders talk to Rob about their recent exploits. The Vapids are also interviewed. The rest is a mass of record and ‘zine reviews. QD is pretty interesting for getting an idea of the things going on in New Orleans, although I wish it would cover more of the local happenings. Nothing in the layout really stands

out, but there are two comics to get some variation. The ‘zine would probably be pretty interesting to locals or MRR readers interested in bands like the Persuaders or the Royal Pendletons. 1ST (6810 Bellaire Dr./New Orleans, LA 70124)

RATS IN THE HALLWAY #11 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

Rats In The Hallway continues with its no holds barred coverage of crazy punk rock. This issue they interview Sloppy Seconds, 88 Fingers Louie, Floorpunch, and The Gamits, while also including a Leatherface write-up/discography and a behind the scenes look at shock-rocker Allen Wrench. Their regular columns leave something to be desired, but the piece on Colorado Punk Radio and their reviews are pretty good. LO (PO Box 7151/Boulder, CO 80306)

REACH #4 5.5x8.5 \$1.50 24pgs.

After a lengthy hiatus, *Reach* returns as a short anecdote. Most of the ‘zine is comprised of Al’s observations and opinions about getting older, childhood memories, masturbating, and straight edge. The one article I really enjoyed was on the Alberta Sustainable Home, which is a radically designed eco-friendly house. Finally, there are some record reviews and a short goodbye. LO (1934 2nd Ave. NW/Calgary, AB/T2N 0G4/Canada)

THE REAL LIFE DIARY OF A BOY #9

5.5x8.5 \$1.50 44pgs.

This is comprised of a few short fiction stories, usually about a page long, with other random thoughts in between that are shorter. One of the stories is a chapter from a story he plans on printing in an upcoming issue. The layout is very clean with a nice, thick cover, etc. There are also many pictures scattered throughout. A nice alternative for me to read—something other than the normal ‘zine style. By that I mean that there is content which is interesting to read without all of the scrapping for filler, etc. RG (221 Oakcrest Dr./Wilmington, NC 28403)

REINFORCED #2 8.5x11 \$4 36pgs.

A nicely laid out ‘zine from Sweden. A little outdated but still brings the hardcore to heart. There is even a column from my old roomie Mike fucking Phyte who writes about touring with bands (which was printed in an old issue of HaC). Interviews with The Van Pelt, Ink & Dagger, Lovitt Records, Anhedonia Films, Evan Jacobs of “ice” fame, and The Locust. The Van Pelt interview was my highlight, especially since I don’t see much interviews with one of the most unique sounding bands from the East Coast. Another peak in this issue was the 1997 hardcore poll bringing HaC as the number one all time ‘zine and GB as the all time favorite band. Right on. The rest of the ‘zine was reviews and fabulous pictures all arranged nicely. Good piece of work. Keep it up! SA (Osterlidsgatan 7/33233 Gislaved/Sweden)

RIPPING THRASH #17 6x8.5 \$3 40pgs.

Ripping Thrash is definitely one of the more interesting punk/anarcho-‘zines around right now. This ‘zine covers punk and politics from all over the world with articles, news, interviews, and reviews. The interviews with White Frogs, Grito De Odio, and Police Bastard are done well, especially since they are done through the mail. My favorite part is the long article on Castor transportation in Germany and the resistance against it. I find it really interesting to hear about insurgency in other countries, especially when something is as wide spread as the anti-Castor demos. The personal rants are as much political as they are personal; particularly since they show people struggling and making decisions in their own lives. Finally, the news and reviews add to the international flavor of *Ripping Thrash* with information about the punk community throughout the world. LO (Steve/PO Box 152/Burton-On-Trent/Staffs/DE14 1XX/England)

RULE OF THUMB 7x8.5 \$2 90pgs.

One of the more original ‘zine projects I have seen lately. *Rule Of Thumb* is a collection of hitchhiking stories from various adventures. There is something on the order of twenty-five different accounts of life on the open road, each with its own flair and plot. The stories are short; yet they encapsulate so much of the traveling experience. People who like travel ‘zines and diary ‘zines should find this one considerably entertaining. LO (Crescent Wrench Books/PO Box 30058/New Orleans, LA 70190)

RANDOM DIGRESSION #6 8.5x11 free 32pgs.

Issue #6 is titled “The Rock Issue” because most of the content is band interviews. Cave In, The Enkindles, Monument, and The Get Up Kids are all dialogued with. Actually, the piece about The Get Up Kids is more like a write-up you might see in *Rolling Stone*. The writer talked with them, and then wrote a little story/description about that encounter. The

interviews are pretty average, mostly questions about records and things specific to what the band does. Not too much about their ideas. Seeing as how this is 'zine follows the MRR format, there are also columns and music reviews. I enjoyed some of the rants, but for the most part the writing could use some polishing. LO (Ben/22 Neville St./Center Moriches, NY 11934)

SECOND NATURE #8 & #9 8.5x11 \$3 64pgs. each
Even though I understand how projects become and incredible vexation, I am always surprised and saddened to see long running 'zines come to an end. So, with a sigh, I say goodbye to *Second Nature*. Issues #8 and #9 hook you in with two part editorials, news, and reviews—so you have to buy both to get the whole story; which is essentially that the 'zines is over and they are tying up all the loose ends. For that reason, there is an awesome amount of reviews in these two issues. But that is what you get when you wait a year between issues. [See HaC #14 and #15.] There is a small amount of commentary from the columnists. After all, they had over a year to write something. Sometimes I had to force myself to finish them, but they do have their highlights and are still better than what fills most of the 'zines I see. The main features in these issues are still the interviews, and there are plenty of them. Part one features Discount, Isis, Botch, and The Farewell Bend. Part two talks with Sharks Keep Moving, The Dillinger Escape Plan, George Rebelo (the drummer from Hot Water Music), Jejuné, and has a little thing from Elliott. Though not all of these conversations are what I consider the "definitive" interview for each band, their placement in this magazine does give them a certain something. Still, my favorite pieces in both the issues were the gutsy expositions that called scene parasites on their shit. Issue #8 names names and quotes exact amounts of money Dan has been ripped off for by fellow punks over the years. It is all documented and very believable. Issue #9 has a no holds barred account of how Mike from Conquer The World has ripped off just about everyone he has come into contact with. People from Boy Sets Fire, Chokehold, Morning Again, Boxcar Records, and No Idea Records all tell their horror stories of what Mike has promised and what they have actually got. Crazy shit. Finally, I have to mention the pleasing layout. Clean, gritty, and graceful. Other 'zines are going to be modeling themselves after *Second Nature* for a long time still. Dan Askwew does great design for his medium. LO (PO Box 11543/Kansas City, MO 64138)

STATUS #8 8.5x11 \$2 92pgs.
Everything I'm seeing from *Status* is flashy and slick. This issue is no exception. Which is great because we've all seen those 'zines that look like someone took no time or pride to make. This 'zine has a full color cover and interviews with Sunny Day Real Estate, Elliot, Chamberlain, Former Members of Alfosin, Ink & Dagger, and the list goes on. It also has all the other stuff you'd expect from other 'zines, with nice layouts and bigger ads than usual. The only thing that I thought was a little strange was the fact that Sunny Day Real Estate had almost a title page to their interview. Their not *that* good. NS (PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91318)

SWALLOW GLASS #4 5.5x8.5 2 stamps 24pgs.
This one was frightening to look through because the writer broadcasted his phone number on the front and back cover, encouraging people to call him—and then there's the art/layout which is, with all due respect, crap. Awful and half-assed. However, I really enjoyed the writing contained. Judging from mentions of school years, I think he's 16, which I was impressed by because his thoughts are so mature. Personal and sad dissections of hard relationships and the emptiness of friendships dissolved which, as a The Smith's fanatic, I was able to appreciate very much. Well written. One particular piece (that was actually laid out nice and neat, unlike the rest) that ended with "If they keep hurting each other, she'll die" made me want to whip out *The Queen Is Dead* and curse because it was so perfectly horrible and sad and beautiful. I'm so jealous it's not in my 'zine. I think it's a good effort, but I just hope that future bad layouts do not hamper the great writing. JH (Tom Naughton/19 Palmer Rd./Foxboro, MA 02035)

SUCK IT 8.5x11 \$1 46pgs.
Record collecting, spooky stories, rants about the scene, and Playstation reviews are just the beginning. Welcome to Chris' world. One filled with quirky stories, funny habits, and plenty of pet peeves. The 'zine begins with a long confession to being a record collector. Perhaps 'confession' isn't the right word, it's more like a description. His records come up again and again throughout the 'zine. I think most record collectors can empathize on that front though. Of the non-record related pieces, the one on the supernatural stood out for me as the most interesting. Chris has

URBAN GUERRILLA #7 5.5x8.5 \$2 48pgs.
An information intensive political 'zine. There are pieces on Mumia, Leonard Peltier, MacDonalds, oil companies in Guatemala, the Primate Freedom Tour, and more. They also do a few reviews and throw in a few other rants here and there. What is weird is that they reprinted interviews with Amebix from an '84 issue of MRR and an interview with Pat Smear. After all, they have enough content on their own. LO (Ear To The Ground/1442A Walnut St. #419/Berkeley, CA 94709)

WESTSIDE #4 8.5x5.5 66¢ 20pgs.
My biggest complaint with this 'zine, and many other 'zines, is the lack of original content. There is just too much stuff taken from comics and newspapers. Reading this 'zine, I could tell the editors have ideas of their own, but the fact that they rely so much on other sources takes away from anything they do. What they do, they aren't bad at. That is write scene reports, editorials, recipes, and reviews. I'd like to see an expansion of the those things in the next issue and less filler. LO (Craig & Nic/310 Jill Ave. #109/Celina, OH 45822)

THE WHIZZBANGER GUIDE TO 'ZINE DISTRIBUTORS #3 8.5x11 \$3 30pgs.
This shit is right up my alley. DIY 'zine distro information from the people who do it. This guide is simply a listing of what 'zine distros are out there and how to get in touch. Of course, there are a couple music distros trying to scam in on the action, but for the most part it is pure 'zines. What I like about it the most is the excessive amount of international listings, showing just how big the DIY 'zine community is. LO (PO Box 5591/Portland, OR 97228)

WONKA VISION #5 8.5x11 \$2 68pgs.
This rough around the edges music 'zine has short interviews and lots of sophomoric wit. Some of this issue's features are the interviews with Modest Mouse, Tuesday, Pez, 88 Fingers Louie, Everlast, Matt Freeman of Rancid, Discount, Tilt, and not forgetting the dating questions answered by members of Anti-Fit. There are also a few quick columns thrown in, but none notable enough to mention here. If you are really interested in the aforementioned bands, then this might strike your fancy. Otherwise probably not. LO (206 Twining Ford Rd./Richboro, PA 18954)

"More of a novel than an actual 'zine, and admittedly with too much shit crammed into too little space." - In Abandon #4

SENSELESS RAMBLINGS #2 5.5x8.5 50¢ 56pgs.
The title sums it up, unfortunately (for me). 56 pages of copy quality so poor, many pages were unreadable, containing nothing much to repeat. This is one of those 'zines where you just can't figure out what's trying to be said or shared and then why. A profound piece entitled "Why I Hate the Spice Girls" complains that the girls are responsible for encouraging young girls to "dress like sluts/whores" when I personally think that teen magazines encouraging girls to lose weight and tips on "how to make him notice you" are far worse death sentences to young girls. Actually, this is one of those problematic 'zines with all sorts of poorly written blurbs about "funny things that happened to me today" that have no effect on anyone unless you're a friend. Very "you had to be there." Then in the middle of all this disorganization, we have a piece called "Rodeo Creates Abusive People." I have no idea what an outsider is supposed to grasp from this, but I get that the 3 girls behind it had fun putting it together. JH (Candace/23 Veterans Dr./Frederickton, NB/E3A 4C4/Canada)

SKYSCRAPER #4 8.5x11 \$3 140pgs.
If you're into big 'zines you'll definitely want to pick this up. The bands interviewed are Snapcase, Man or Astro-Man, Nuzzle, Joan of Ark, The Promise Ring and a bunch of other big names. The pictures inside have that real grainy look that make them hard to look at. While they do a good job, issue #4 doesn't really stand out that much overall. It's just another 'zine. NS (PO Box 4432/Boulder, CO 80306)

SLAV-KORE #1 8.5x12 free 30pgs.
The publisher of *Slav-Kore* has chosen to document the punk and anarchist communities that exist in eastern Europe and the countries that formed following the breakup of the Soviet Union. With the help of folks involved in those communities Jane has accomplished that with gusto. These pages are full of descriptions of bands and their music, events, festivals, anarchist collectives and publications, venues, people who book shows, etc... There is a detailed write-up of the history and current status of the punk and anarchist scenes in 13 countries from Albania to Lithuania and Russia. For some places, like Estonia, there is little information while other countries, like Poland, have enough stuff happening to fill several pages. Also included is a news section covering the nuclear power situation in the former eastern Europe, a news bulletin from New York city that publishes information from inside the former Soviet Union, and efforts being made to open the border between Germany and Poland. *Slav-Kore* ends with a long list of the record and cassette releases, mentioned in the scene reports, descriptions of each, and which distributors carry those recordings. This 'zine and all of the distributors are based in Australia though. *Slav-Kore* is an essential endeavor for those who wish to learn more about the worldwide punk and hardcore underground. Hopefully Jane and her acquaintances throughout the region will continue to document what goes on there. If you want a copy you probably should send a couple IRCs or \$2 to cover postage. SJS (Jane Mitchell/PO Box 1368 Smith St./Callington/3066 VIC/Australia)

SLUG & LETTUCE #58 news postage 24pgs.
Christ(ine) Boarts, who did some writing for this issue and also took some of the photos, is the editor and chief of this long running hardcore newspaper. Each issue is a wealth of reviews and photos and contacts and classifieds and editorials. The highlight for this issue was a Y2K editorial by Adrienne Droogas. Y2K baby, the insanity cometh. KM (Christine Boarts/PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261-6632)

SOUNDS CELEBRATING RESISTANCE #5 news free 20pgs.
I'm thrilled that I was given this 'zine to review because it renewed my interest in and love for people who F.S.U. on the public airwaves. Unfortunately for us, this is to be the last issue of SCR as we know it, although some form of it will carry on over the web. Highlights include an interview with a member of Negativland, the masters of audio collage, a hilarious and poignant eight letter exchange between Ani DiFranco, *Ms. Magazine*, Craig, and a Righteous Babe Records employee, as well as a biography on German songwriter Konstantin Wecker. I guarantee that this final edition of SCR is way better than the past issues. JLG (PO Box 191715/Sacramento, CA 95819)

STREAM #13 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
A rambling personal 'zine that takes a moment to analyze the author, not just report on his day-to-day. Many of the pieces are directly about realizing the "normal" modes of thinking he has grown up with and turning those around in an attempt to live a less hurtful life. A noble project. LO (IPO Distro/1995 Stewart Ave./Courtenay, BC/V9N 3H8/Canada)

seen a lot of weird shit in this life, by this I mean ghosts, and in one piece he documents not only his experiences but the sightings of others. The article is downright freaky. The other pieces are delineations of the shit he is sick of. If you read his last 'zine, *Unforgiven*, you know what to expect. LO (PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834)

SO WHAT? #2 5.5x8.5 33¢ 20pgs.
Two ladies conspire to make *So What?* Unfortunately, a large section of the content doesn't mean much to the two lady reviewers. They do a decent job with the article on tobacco corporations—it is nothing that hasn't been said before, but repetition isn't always bad. The general theme is growing up—done in the style of the numerous riot girl 'zines that came on the scene a few years back. The poor photocopy job made some of it difficult to read. LO/LK (Molly/8133 S Fillmore Way/Littleton, CO 80122)

STRONGLY OPPOSED #2 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.
There are a lot of rants and bad quality pictures, in which you can't tell what's going on. There are some interviews with the Chineseapplepunch, Rashit, and Hibernation. This 'zine doesn't really provoke any feelings in me, it just kind of drifts on by. NS (PO Box 692/Wolverhampton/WV1 1XP/England)

STARK RAVING #3 8.5x11 \$1.55/trade 52pgs.
This is a 'zine that I really enjoyed. Every page has lots and lots of text, make that poetry, to fill your head. I liked the editor's flowing style and use of feminist and earthy metaphors. Most of the subject matter is personal, but the writing sucks you in with a sense of theory and hints of allegory. At times I felt she was writing about me, though she was obviously only really concentrating on her world. The whole 'zine is pretty long and intense, so don't expect to be able to ingest *Stark Raving* #3 in one sitting unless you are totally focused. Personally, I preferred reading it in parts. LO (Blue c/o Gerkin Records/Postal Box 63305/St. Louis, MO 63163)

SCREAMS FROM INSIDE #7.5 4.25x5.5 \$3 56pgs.
This issue of *Screams From Inside* is a "vintage" issue, containing (for the most part) writings from about two years ago that were never published (which, I guess, isn't really relevant, because the observations that are made aren't applicable only to the time they were written...). As always, Carissa has many observations and rants throughout the 'zine, with the basic topic just being life in general. She always lends an interesting perspective, and often brings stuff up that creates thought. There are some newer writings as well that focus on rape and friendship. P.S. Before you get all worked up over the fact that this 'zine costs \$3, let me tell you that they are all hard-backed, hand-bound, and have color covers. P.P.S. Carissa is thinking of doing a comp 'zine about first kisses, so send her your stories. LK (Carissa/4434 Ludlow St./Philadelphia, PA 19104)

TEN FOOT RULE #4 8.5x11 \$1+stamp/trade 20pgs.
This comic 'zine features writings and illustrations from several different people, and of course from Shawn, the editor. My personal favorite was "A Tuesday in Havre de Grace, Maryland" by Carle McNinch who does *The Assassin* and *The Whiner*. Her stories and art are always great! Other contributors included Tony Consiglio who does *Double Cross*, Andro Robinson from *Ped Xing* and K. Wolfgang from *Noefie*. I found some of the stuff to be great, and some of it to be mediocre, but overall I enjoyed this. I must admit that I don't know too much about the world of comic 'zines, but this seems to be a pretty cool project. LK (Shawn Granton/170 Beaver St./Ansonia, CT 06401)

THROWING STONES #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
This is a pretty good, though small, political 'zine. The most interesting pieces are an article on the futurity of the death penalty (written by the famous Clarence Darrow) and a letter from the Shell Oil Company defending their practices in Peru and Nigeria. There's also a short article about the anti-racist skinheads who were murdered in Las Vegas. PCD (Jack/PO Box 88232/Kentwood, MI 45118-0232)

TIME WILL TELL #6 8.5x11 \$2 40pgs.
Whichever band is interviewed in this 'zine always seems to be the editor's favorite band. Also, the guy's reviews seem to be very positive of any band that plays youth crew or just plain fast. He doesn't say much, nor does he hate anything that is trying something different. The bands interviewed include Floorpunch, Samiam, Fury of 5, and others. The pictures look like shit. NS (Steven Ashbury/PO Box 99/Fort Monmouth, NJ 07703)

YODA #8 5.5x8.5 \$2 64pgs.
A music based 'zine focusing the European straight edge scene and the American bands and labels which influence that scene greatly. There are interviews with Sabath, Damnation A.D., Toybox records, Atari, Thumbs Down, Reiziger, and Cable. Also included are the less interesting write-ups from the bands Hundred Years of Forgetting, Alignment, and Reply. The editor also manages to push out quite a few 'zine and record reviews as well. LO (Elfrid/Roggelelan 25/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

'ZINE GUIDE #2 8.5x11 \$6 196pgs.
A fucking crazy resource! The folks who do *'Zine Guide* spend and incredible amount of time gathering info and opinions on thousands of 'zines. I can't even begin to count how many 'zines are referenced here. They also take polls and print the favorite lists from various categories of people—which I found really interesting. This issue also features an article on Ana's Nin's independent publishing and a group interview from various 'zine editors. If you like 'zines, want to find out more about 'zines, or are trying to do some research on underground publishing I highly recommend this. LO (PO Box 5467/Evanston, IL 60204)

ROBOTS ONE HUMANS ZERO #8/LOADMASTER 4.25x5.5 \$1 44pgs.

Robots One Humans Zero is comprised of bunch of stick figure drawings and words to correspond with them. From that I get the impression that it is made by a little kid. Most the captions are personal stuff about being a person. *Loadmaster* consists of words and pictures as well, but not stick figures and the words are sort of poetic ramblings. They would be sentences, but they are broken up by periods everywhere. Grammar and sentence structure is not something that will be found. Word. Up. RG (Lee/PO Box 251565/Little Rock, AR 72225)

TASMANIAN ALCOHOLIC #5/ANGELHEART #10 5.5x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

Not much in both 'zines, but the broken English in TA rules! I can't get enough of shit like this. Example: Gore Beyond Necropsy from Japan are asked, "Many ice cream factories in Japan?" Response: "I like to eat ice cream but hate my job." Sadly for me, the interview with Spain's Violent Headache makes more sense. Normal English (boring) interviews with The Chineseapplepunch (UK) and our own Abstrain round it out. *Angelheart* provides helpful networking info for European DIY labels, distros and bands and interviews with Mrtva Budoucnost from Czech Republic and Harsh Irritate from Finland... these are much more in depth, straying far from ice cream, with political and personal dialogue. I'm impressed alone by the fact that it's a split 'zine with one from Finland and the other from Australia. JH (J-P Muikk/Apajakuja 1 d 14/FIN-80140 Joensuu/Finland)

9 AND A HALF LEFT #6/EYE CANDY #9

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 60pgs.
A split from two personal 'zines. Cut 'n' paste with journal entry type writings about anything. I found it uninteresting. MA (Mike Rodemann/1460 W 110th/Cleveland, OH 44102)

ANGELHEART #11/BAD SOCIETY #2

5.5x8.5 \$2 24pgs.
A split 'zine with crust and anarcho interests. Both 'zines are written in English that was translated from Finnish and Spanish. Some of the writing is hard to read but after a second look you get the point. It was kind of hard to distinguish the two 'zines apart from each other, but nonetheless they both had great bands to review: two of my favorite all time Japanese bands Battle Of Disarm and Beyond Description, and a band I am not to familiar with, Kafka, from Italy, and the intense Cause For Affect. The regular stuff reviews, etc. Good stuff. CF (J-P Muikk/Apajakuja 1 D 14/80140 Joensuu/Finland)



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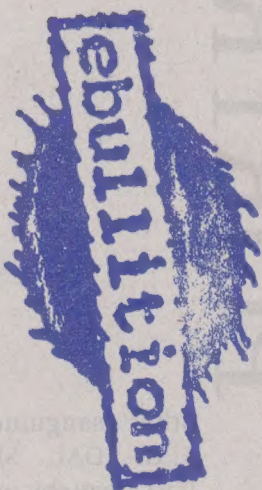
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